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CAMEOS

FROM

ENGLISH HISTORY

(*SEVENTH SERIES*)

THE REBELLION AND RESTORATION.

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CAMEOS

FROM

ENGLISH HISTORY

THE REBELLION AND RESTORATION
(1642—1678)

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE

SEVENTH SERIES

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK
1890

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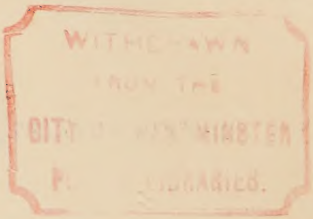

PREFACE.

THE present volume embraces a period on which there are a bewildering amount of lights, and on which our feelings are so freshly personal that all that can be done is to endeavour for fact and fairness.

C. M. YONGE.

April 30, 1890.

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CAMEOS

OF

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CAMEO I.

THE SETTING UP OF THE STANDARD.

(1642—1643.)

England.	*Germany.*	*France.*
1625. Charles I.	1637. Ferdinand III.	1643. Louis XIV.
Spain.		*Rome.*
1621. Philip IV.		1623. Urban VIII.

CAMEO I.
—
The Rupture.

THINGS had come to a point in England when the sword could alone decide the quarrel. More than two centuries have passed since that unhappy period, and still the feelings which actuated either side are as strong as ever in the descendants of those who fought, nay, so deeply implanted are they that until comparatively recent times, it was well nigh impossible for the one party to do justice to the motives of the other, or to believe any good of the personages on the opposite side. Either the Cavaliers seemed all devoted loyalists to Church and King, chivalrous, honourable and graceful, and the Roundheads all hypocritical sacrilegious rebels; or else the former party appeared as ferocious debauchees upholding tyranny, and the latter as grave, earnest, far-seeing religious patriots; while the King is again either a persecuted saint and martyr, or a weak, obstinate, perfidious tyrant.

Now the fact was that the Constitution had never been absolutely defined. The checks to the power of the Crown had come from the nobility, and their decadence had given supremacy to royalty, as was

CAMEO I.

The state of Parties.

the case in all the other countries of Europe. The great educated and wealthy middle class that had asserted itself was a novelty, sprung up since feudal times, though its germ had subsisted in the franklin class before the Conquest. It was much stronger than in other countries, because there was no line of demarcation between it and the men of noble birth. Not only were some of the foremost of its leaders sons of peers, but others were really untitled nobles, who anywhere else would have been barons, yet who were undistinguishable from the farmer, lawyer, and merchant aristocracy.

The law, as it had been moulded during the last century, was all in favour of the royal power. Very dim precedents could be found to the contrary, but these and general principles of right and justice were sufficient to make good and conscientious men feel it absolutely right to struggle for the restrictions and immunities they demanded. On the other hand, the King, often unconscious how vexatiously his agents used his powers, felt every concession wrung from him an injury to himself and his successors, and regarded the illegality of the means used against him as absolving him from the necessity of finally accepting what he had been forced to grant.

He was convinced that the pressure was not from the main body of the English people, but from a small faction among the Commons, backed by the London mob, and that if he could once be free from these, the genuine loyalty of the nation would rally round him, and he could recover his lost ground. That he made promises and gave pledges which he intended if possible to disregard, is only too certain, and it was this that drove on many in the Parliament to add to their first reasonable demands others which went much further, and were meant to bind the King's hands, and prevent him from revoking anything. At every stage, some conscientious men thought the concessions had gone as far as could be warranted, and went over to the side of the King; Strafford after the Petition of Right, Falkland and Hyde after the abolition of the Star Chamber, and many more after the Great Remonstrance; but the others viewed with alarm and indignation Charles's manifest desire to effect a counter revolution, and these set up claims for which they had not the slightest precedent or authority, and though unwilling to use violence themselves, gladly permitted the terrorism of the mob.

The mob acted under a wild panic. The fires of Smithfield and the Gunpowder Plot had left a horror and dread of Popery. Puritan and Covenanting preachers had taught people to identify the observance of the Prayer-book therewith, and the discipline enforced by Laud and his Bishops was supposed to be the beginning of the restoration of Rome with all its terrors, and the Londoners were therefore rabid against episcopacy. They were equally afraid, though without apparent cause, of the small garrison in the Tower, and this—together with the inherent love of brawling—made them the tools of the ultra party in the Commons. This party had gone far beyond the question of pre-

CAMEO I.

Demands of Parliament.

cedent, and had the fixed desire of establishing their own ideal. What that ideal was differed in almost every individual; but what most believed was, that the House of Commons ought to have almost all the power of the State, allowing as little as possible to King or Peers; and that the Church ought to be assimilated to the reformed bodies in other countries, Bishops abolished, and the Prayer-book either done away with, or deprived of all that in their eyes savoured of Popery.

On the other hand, Charles felt himself to have yielded everything, except the Church and the militia—which was his only army. He believed the time come for making a stand, and hoped, when out of reach of coercion by the Commons and their mob, to be able to ascertain the true spirit of the nation at large.

From Huntingdon, the King sent a message to Parliament informing them of his intention to reside at York, and requesting them to make all speed in dealing with the Irish rebellion, adding, that as he had shown his willingness to retract any measure trenching on the privileges of Parliament, so they would show equal respect to his prerogative, one essential part of which was that no subject could be obliged to obey any enactment to which the King had not given his consent.

This, though an appeal to a fundamental part of the constitution, put the Commons into a rage. They voted that whosoever had advised his departure and the message was an enemy to peace, and might be justly suspected of favouring the Irish rebellion; and that it was a breach of the privilege of Parliament to contradict what that body declared to be the law of the land. Moreover they voted that the appointment of the militia officers without the King's sanction was no transgression of the oath of allegiance; the trainbands were taken from the loyal Lord Mayor Gurney and given to the nominees of the Parliament; and when the citizens of London protested against this breach of their charter, those who signed the petition were committed to prison. So were three loyal members of the House of Commons, Sir Ralph Hopton, Godolphin, and Trelawny. The other royalist members, hopeless of stemming the tide, day by day quitted Westminster for their own estates, or to join the King.

Falkland, Holland, and Hyde had remained in London. Hyde prepared able answers to all the Parliamentary manifestoes and sent them to York, where the King copied them with his own hand at night, and had them printed. They had a great effect, and at the same time counter-petitions were poured in. Thirteen English and five Welsh counties sent up petitions in favour of episcopacy and the liturgy. There was a strong one from Kent, Laud's own diocese; one from Somerset signed by 14,350 gentlemen and freeholders, and the Cheshire one, with more than 10,000 signatures declared that in the Prayer-book 'the famous Church of England, our dear Mother, has just cause to glory.' Sir Edward Dering, who had been the first to attack the Bishops, now so put himself forward in their defence as to get himself

CAMEO I.
—
Charles at York.

committed to prison! The Kentish petition was suppressed, and Cromwell, informing the House that it was to be presented again, was directed to prevent the danger.

All sense of fairness seemed to be gone; and on the other hand loyal gentlemen flocked round Charles at his fine old city of York, where he kept his court in the Deanery. He was bent on collecting a trustworthy Government there. He sent orders to the Lord Keeper Littleton to intimate to Lords Essex and Holland that they must surrender their offices as Chamberlain and Groom of the Stole. Essex was a thorough Puritan, but an honourable man, who would have been faithful to the King as long as he held office. Holland was shifty, and from a courtly flatterer of the Queen had become the tool of the Commons; but Hyde thought the offence given by such dismissals would be perilous, Littleton shrank from executing the commission, and handed it on to Falkland, who performed it with great regret. Next, the King wished to take the Great Seal from Littleton. Hyde, however, wrote that the Lord Keeper was loyal at heart, and would probably be persuaded to join the King at York, Seal and all. He had nearly made up his mind to do so, when a bold and hasty gentleman named Eliot arrived, requiring the Seal instantly. This man afterwards avouched that he had forced it from the Keeper by pointing a pistol at him, but Littleton himself declared that no intimidation was used. However, the Parliament was enraged with him for the surrender, and he fled in secret to York, where the office was restored to him, but without the trust or favour of the King. Hyde soon followed him, equally in secret, and for some little time remained at a village in Yorkshire, preparing papers and manifestoes for the King. The Parliament announced that all who took these persons' offices from the King were enemies to the country, and this was returned by the King's declaring that all who received a commission from the Parliament were enemies to the King. The Earl of Northumberland, one of the peers who moderately held with the Parliament, was already High Admiral, but would not act, and there was a struggle between the King, who named Sir John Pennington as Vice-Admiral, and the Commons, who chose the Earl of Warwick, to whom the chief part of the navy adhered, mindful of having been called water-rats.

The King earnestly desired to go to Ireland to put a stop to the horrid cruelties of the Irish on the one side, and of the Lords Justices on the other; and when the Parliament kindly professed to be too careful of his person to let him risk himself there, he declared himself about to raise troops without asking their leave, and of arming them from the arsenal at Hull. Thereupon the Commons sent vessels to bring the stores from thence to the Tower. Charles, hearing this, determined to be beforehand with the ships, and to use his personal authority to detain the stores.

The Governor of Hull was Sir John Hotham, who had been a deputy-lieutenant at the time when Sir Thomas Wentworth was Lieutenant of the North. By some intrigue, he had been superseded

CAMEO I.

Exclusion from Hull.

by an inferior, in spite of the protest of Wentworth that he was perfectly faithful though of a captious temper, and this offence seems to have actuated him at the moment.

On the 22nd of April, Charles sent his young son, James, Duke of York, and his nephew, Charles Louis, the Prince Palatine, to Hull with their attendants, as it was said, to see the town. The next day he set forth on horseback with two or three hundred gentlemen, and when about a mile from the gate, he sent forward to inform the Governor that he would dine with him at noon.

Hotham returned for answer that he could not admit such a train agreeably with his charge from Parliament; and begged his Majesty to wait till he could receive their orders. Meanwhile he had the gates closed. There was a curious scene. The gates were shut and guarded by Hotham's men. The Mayor and Town Council were trying to have them opened, the King was outside calling for admission, Sir John Hotham on his knees on the ramparts talking about his oaths to Parliament, the Cavaliers around the King shouting to the garrison "Kill the traitor!" "Throw him over!" but the officers were more determined Roundheads than the Governor, and his son in especial was a very strange-tempered person, and they held him fast to his purpose. Every one shrank from shedding the first drop of blood, and Charles reduced his demand to admission for twenty persons besides himself, and this was refused; for, as Hotham wrote, "if only ten had come in with him, I should no longer have been master of the place." So the King publicly proclaimed Hotham and his officers guilty of treason, and the two princes having been sent forth by the loyal and indignant folk within, he retreated to Beverley, sending a message to Parliament to demand justice for the outrage.

Of course the Parliament justified Hotham, but thirty-two Peers and sixty Commoners left their seats at Westminster and rode off to York to join their sovereign.

They were ordered back again, and on their refusal, nine Peers were impeached, orders were sent to forbid arming without commands from Parliament, and at the same time the militia was exercised. Moreover, a committee was sent to York to follow the King about, watch him, and report on his proceedings. He ordered them off, but they would not go, and though they were confined to their lodgings, they contrived to send a good deal of news.

Charles summoned a county meeting at York of the gentlemen, to request them to give him a guard. They cheered him and hooted the commissioners; but at the same time, the freeholders and farmers, who had not been summoned as being less well affected, assembled at the door of the hall of meeting and demanded entrance. Not being able to obtain it, they sent in a protest. Fifty gentlemen signed a refusal of the guard, among them Sir Thomas Fairfax, eldest son of the Yorkshire Lord Fairfax. Afterwards, Charles summoned all to meet together on Heyworth Moor, where more than 40,000 came together on foot and on

CAMEO I. — *Heyworth Moor.* 1642.

horseback, their great object being apparently to obviate a civil war. The gentlemen in attendance on Charles perceived that a petition was going round among the assembly, and being signed. It was to deprecate the raising of troops, and to implore the King to be reconciled to his Parliament. His friends snatched it away, and tore it up, and there was much confusion and abuse on either hand. A declaration was read, and then the King was hastily riding away to avoid receiving the petition when Sir Thomas Fairfax struggled up to him and laid the petition on the pommel of his saddle, although the King tried to push him out of the way with his horse. However, the King succeeded in raising a troop of horse volunteer gentlemen, called the Prince of Wales's regiment, and 600 men were levied for the King's guard.

This the Parliament called levying of war and a breach of trust towards the nation, and in every county there were two sets of commissions for the militia, one from the King, and one from the Parliament. Moreover, the Commons sent nineteen requisitions. The education of the King's children was to be committed to persons of their choice ; the Church was to be reformed as they pleased ; the whole military force was to be entirely in their hands, and no new peer was to be admitted to the Upper House without their consent. In fact, nothing was left to the Sovereign save his crown and his title.

They then appointed the 10th of June for the muster of their troops, and invited their supporters to bring plate and money to the Guildhall. Wealth was poured in, not only the bullion and jewels of the rich, but poor women brought wedding-rings, thimbles, earrings, all they could give, in the enthusiasm of what they believed a sacred cause, while exhortations rang out in all the pulpits. Gurney was deposed from the mayoralty for setting forth the King's proclamation, and the Puritan Isaac Pennington placed in his chair. The King too called for plate and money, and the University of Oxford, together with many loyal families, sent him what they could, but so close a watch was kept on the ports that Queen Henrietta durst not send him the money and arms that she had collected. That strange person, Lord Digby, came over from Holland so perfectly disguised as a Frenchman that his own father, Lord Bristol, did not know him. He nearly succeeded in inducing Sir John Hotham to give up Hull to the King, but this failed, though shortly after a small vessel from the Queen contrived to run up the Humber, and land an instalment of money, arms and ammunition. Two noble speeches were made to the Commons by Sir Benjamin Rudyerd and Bulstrode Whitelock, entreating them to pause and avoid hurrying the country into the miseries of a civil war ; but all in vain ; an army was voted, and the Earl of Essex made general-in-chief.

The King made a progress in Yorkshire and the neighbouring counties, where gentlemen flocked to him, many with the old weapons unused since Flodden Field. Where the first blood was shed does not seem certain, but one account is, that a party of horse from Northumber-

CAMEO I.

The first blow. 1642.

land came upon a troop of Parliamentary militia, and following their Border instincts, fell upon them, seized their weapons, and burnt a barn in which they had taken shelter. This was about the 22nd of July. Another collision had taken place between the two sets of militia at Leicester, but with no injury to either party. Charles had meantime made the Earl of Lindsey, who had served abroad, general of the foot, but reserved the horse for his nephew, Prince Rupert, who was daily expected. His one unfortunate campaign was supposed to have given him sufficient experience; but in point of fact, no one on either side, except Oliver Cromwell, who had not yet come to the front, was capable of real generalship. Portsmouth was held by Sir George Goring, a man who, by his grace, ease, and readiness, contrived to deceive both parties, so that while the Parliament granted him 4,000*l.* for the repair of the fortifications, the Queen sent him 3,000*l.* to buy over the garrison. He had been made lieutenant-general of the Parliamentary army under Essex, but he decided on joining the other party, and when Lord Kimbolton wrote to summon him to his place in the House of Commons, he replied that he doubted the legality of their proceedings, and moreover said that he held Portsmouth from his Majesty and could not be absent thence without his permission.

This was throwing off the mask, and Sir William Waller was directed to march on Portsmouth by land, and the Earl of Warwick to attack it by sea. All this time Pym, Hampden, and the rest were persuaded that the King was "so ill-beloved" that he would never be able to raise an army, and thus would be obliged to submit to them on being convinced that the whole country was against him.

They were, however, mistaken. Personal attachment to the King, love of the Church and sense of loyalty, were far stronger than they supposed, and all that was wanted was a central point at which to rally. York and Warrington were thought too far north, and the place finally chosen was Nottingham. In the proclamation, in order to dispel prejudice, Roman Catholics were forbidden to join the royal forces; but in point of fact they came, were welcomed, and did good service. They had no choice in the matter, for the Roundheads would have shown them small toleration, and now commonly called the royal troops Popish and Malignant.

Leaving York, Charles made a progress through several counties, and hoped to secure Coventry, but the gates were closed, and the gentlemen who rode forward to demand an entrance were fired at and wounded. The next evening at Leicester, Charles was joined by his two nephews, Rupert and Maurice, who had crossed from the Texel to Tynemouth with Lord Digby in a vessel lent by the Prince of Orange, but had been delayed by Rupert's horse falling with him. His shoulder was dislocated, but was replaced by a country bone-setter, who refused to take more than half the fee the Prince offered him. Arriving at Nottingham, the princes followed their uncle to Leicester, and then Rupert received his charge as general of horse.

CAMEO I.
—
The Standard.
1642.

On the 22nd of August 1642, at six o'clock in the evening, the royal standard was raised on the top of one of the towers of Nottingham Castle, after the unfortunate precedent of Richard III. It bore the motto "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and on the knoll in front of the castle the King caused a proclamation to be read; but just as the herald was about to begin, some alteration occurred to Charles, which he scrawled on the paper laid across his knee, so that the herald had great difficulty in deciphering it, and stumbled in the reading.

It was a wild evening of early autumn (eleven days later than according to present reckoning) and ere long the standard was blown down. "Why did you put it there?" said the King. "It should have been set up in an open space. It looks imprisoned here." It was taken out into the path, but there the ground was so hard and rocky, that though swords were used to dig a hole to plant it, it could not be fixed deep enough, and six men were obliged to hold it up by turns for the four days that it remained there. About 600 horse had come in, mostly country gentlemen on their hunters, with as many of their sons, brothers or servants as they could equip. They wore their ordinary dresses, the broad-leaved and plumed hat, the doublet and short cloak. Prince Rupert's cloak was always scarlet, with a broad lace collar, and an embroidered scarf, in which the sword was hung. Some had buff coats and pistols; but weapons and power of combination were alike wanting. Rupert was not yet twenty-three, but the King was almost obliged to place him in command, because, as had been already experienced, the English gentry were apt to refuse to take orders from one another. His German birth was however a great misfortune, for he was disliked as a foreigner, and was credited with bringing in the savagery of the Thirty Years' War, although he had really seen little or nothing of it, having lived in Holland all his life, except for one brief expedition, ending in a long imprisonment. There were a few trained bands, but in such small numbers, that Sir Jacob Astley declared that the Parliamentary army, now forming at Nottingham, might easily take the King in his bed.

"What, already," said Charles, "before the war is begun?"

He was very sad, grave and dispirited, and so indeed were all the nobler spirits on his side. Falkland would often sit musing and sighing "Peace, peace!" as he and all the thoughtful and devoted men were fully aware of the grievous evils of civil war, even though they saw that the time was come for supporting the Crown against the aggressions of what had become an insatiable faction.

On the Parliamentary side too there were many minds. Men like the grave and melancholy Earl of Essex, or the thoughtful and religious John Hampden, had no desire to overthrow the throne, and had only been driven into taking up arms because they wished to secure what had been gained; and, knowing that the King did not hold himself bound by what had been extorted from

him, were resolved on depriving him of all means of revoking his concessions.

Others, of whom Pym was perhaps the type, were absolute republicans at heart; many more had been exasperated by the various exactions that had been made to supply the place of taxation, and the violent hatred of the Church, so diligently fanned by lecturers in almost every town, impelled multitudes to believe the cause a holy one, and to think of themselves as Israel attacking the Canaanites. Among these there were two chief divisions, Presbyterians, such as Essex, who wanted to assimilate the Church to the Kirk in Scotland, and Independents, of whom Cromwell was the ablest.

The expenses were to be paid by sequestering the lands of Bishops and deans. Indeed, episcopacy, "root and branch," had just been abolished by the remnant of the Commons, together with stage plays, and the Londoners had celebrated the edict with illuminations and bonfires.

Essex received orders from Parliament to advance to meet the King, who was coming towards London through Wolverhampton and Birmingham. Neither party seems to have had any clear idea where the other was till they found themselves on the opposite sides of the Vale of Redhorse, in Warwickshire, on a cold evening late in October, the royal troops on Edgehill, those of Essex at the village of Keinton. It was said that this evening Rupert was affronted because his uncle, being very weary and in bed, sent him orders through Lord Falkland, instead of giving them in person; but this is improbable, as there is a little affectionate note from Charles to his nephew extant, written at four o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 23rd of October, on the orders given. At sunrise Charles stood on the hill with his perspective glass, surveying the plain beneath of meadowland narrowing towards Keinton between hedges and copsewood. The enemy began to appear, like ants swarming on the hill, forming into masses in front of the village.

"I never saw them in a body before," he said. "I shall give them battle. God, and the prayers of good men to Him, assist the justice of my cause!"

The troops, however, were quartered at such a distance that all the morning passed by, and there had been time for religious services on either side before all had come in, and the royal troops made their way down the hill, unmolested by Essex. Charles made them a brief address, and brave old Sir Jacob Astley fell on his knees and uttered his brief prayer—"O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me;" then rising, he gave the order, "March, boys!"

Rupert made his characteristic headlong fiery charge, sweeping all before him. Mandeville and Cholmondeley strove in vain to rally their men; Sir Faithful Fortescue deserted and joined the prince, who galloped for two miles in pursuit, halting at Keinton, which was full of waggons of stores most welcome to the hungry Cavaliers, many of whom had not eaten for hours.

CAMEO I.

Defeat at Edgehill. 1642.

The infantry were more fatigued, and had fasted longer, and the horse had left them unsupported. Lord Brooke and Lord Say had fallen on them. Brave Lord Lindsay received a shot through his thigh, and his son, Lord Willoughby, stood over him till both were made prisoners. Sir Edmund Verney, the royal standard-bearer, fell, with his hand grasping the pole, and Essex's secretary, Chambers, was put in charge of the standard, but it was recovered by Captain Smith, who that same evening received knighthood beneath it. The Duke of Richmond and Sir John Colepepper entreated Charles to flee, but he would not hear of so doing, and it was now getting dark. Rupert and his horse came back to find their expectations damped. The Prince would have made another charge, but could not gather his men, and there was no knowing friend and foe apart. Each side thought the battle lost. The King returned to his quarters on the hill, Essex drew off to the distance of nearly a mile, and fires of brushwood were lighted, round which the men sat, while the frost dealt cruelly with the many wounded. Old Lord Lindsay lay in a stable, bleeding to death, and sighing that if ever he survived he would never fight in the same field with boys again. Essex sent doctors, and his own coach for him, but he died on the way to Warwick Castle the next morning.

It is doubtful whether he meant by "boys," Prince Rupert or the King's two sons, Charles and James, twelve and ten years old, who were on a hill above the field and had to be guarded at all costs. They were under the care of Dr. Harvey, the same who discovered the fact of the circulation of the blood. He had sat down under a bush with a book, in which he became so much absorbed that he knew nothing of the battle and was dragged out of danger by main force!

The King slept for a short time in his carriage, but at daybreak mounted his horse and viewed the green meadow covered with slain or dying men. No one could advance to their relief without hazarding another battle. Hampden had brought up 3,000 men and was urgent to strike a decisive blow; but Essex was dispirited and would not move. Then the King sent a flag of truce by the herald, Clarencieux King-at-Arms, to offer a free pardon to all. He was not allowed to approach the ranks, but Essex conversed with him, and asked a good many questions, ending by promising to refer the matter to Parliament. After three hours thus waiting, Essex drew off his forces towards London, and the Royalists were able to seek their dead and wounded, whose agony had thus been protracted, and sons found fathers, brothers, brothers, often in the hostile ranks.

Rupert and his cavalry rode after the Roundheads, and were able to secure the stores at Keinton, whence the brave Welshmen obtained better weapons.

Meantime, beacons had flashed from hill to hill the tidings that a battle was being fought. The fire at Harrow was seen in London, and

by morning came fugitives with tidings of defeat, followed a few hours later by letters from Holles and others claiming the victory.

The Londoners were, however, in great alarm, in spite of Lord Brooke's telling them that the Cavaliers had slain only 200, reckoning country-women, children and dogs, and ordered Essex home to protect them, while Skippon tried to drill the train-bands, and apprentices who enlisted were set free from their indentures. Rupert was for pushing forward to secure London in its first panic, but this was overruled. Charles attacked Banbury, waited at Reading, and let Essex and his army reach London before his own advance.

Negotiations were set on foot, chiefly through the Earl of Northumberland, and there was a suspension of arms for two days, but during this time Essex threw a body of men into Brentford, and Charles, viewing this as a breach of the truce, caused them to be attacked. The firing was heard in the House of Lords, and Essex hurried to the scene of action, but the royal party had gained the place, with fifteen pieces of cannon and 500 prisoners, whom the King released after making them take an oath not to serve against him any more. Each side considered the other to have acted treacherously. The troops mustered under Essex, and as he rode along the lines there was throwing up of caps and crying out of "Hey for old Robin!" with a remembrance perhaps of his much-loved father. The city dames meantime sent cartloads of pies and other provisions to their defenders.

Thus the two armies faced one another at Turnham Green, and the Cavaliers kept up their spirits with derisive songs on Lord Ware, who had hid in a saw-pit, as they said, during the battle of Edgehill, and on Brooke's speech.

> "'Farewell, my Lord Brooke, with a hey,
> Farewell, my Lord Brooke, with a ho,'
> He said, 'but first he had got him a rattle,
> That but a hundred fell in battle,
> Besides women, dogs, and such Parliamentary cattle,
> With a hey trolly lolly ho!'"

However, the Cavaliers knew that their ammunition was very low, and it was well for them that Essex was not to be persuaded to give the battle that all the idlers in London came out to see. It chanced that 200 of these, seeing a movement in the royal army, rushed back precipitately, and their flight produced such a panic among the train bands that Essex saw that these were not the stuff to meet high-spirited gentlemen, and he quietly suffered the royal army to draw off towards Oxford.

His men were much better provisioned, armed and accoutred than the Royalists, having the national stores and the purses of the Londoners to back them; but display was not the fashion among them. Even the political section had to dress soberly, or there would have been an outcry against them for sharing the "abomination of love-locks" and other vanities of the young Cavaliers; and the religious fanatics wore the gravest colours, except that their badge was an orange scarf,

CAMEO I.
Surrender of Portsmouth.
1642.

the narrowest bands, the shortest hair, the tallest of steeple-crowned hats, all put on in such a manner that the mere absence of jauntiness, and the lack of plume, scarf, lace collar and cuffs, easily disguised a Cavalier as a Roundhead.

There was something of uniform among them: Hampden's followers wore green; Lord Say's, blue; Lord Brooke's, purple; and Denzil Holles led the Londoners in red. The standard was black with five buff Bibles figured on it, and below them the words in gold, "God with us."

Twenty thousand men met at Nottingham under command of Essex, and the aspect of matters looked so bad for the King that the shifty and uncertain Goring sent him word that he could not hold out Portsmouth without relief, and this it was not possible to send, since Lord Hertford had been driven into Dorsetshire and was himself besieged in Sherborne Castle. Goring gave himself up to debauchery till Waller was at the gates, when he sent proposals to surrender the place, provided he himself was allowed to depart for Holland, threatening to burn the town with wildfire unless his proposals were accepted, and after all, stealing away at night, and leaving his garrison to shift for itself.

It was a great blow to the King, who had raised his standard trusting to Goring; but on the other hand many troops of nobles and gentry began to join him, and as the western counties were for the most part loyal, he decided on drawing off towards Shrewsbury, while Rupert and his light horse scoured the country round like wildfire, as the Parliamentarians declared. They offered no personal violence, but they seized horses, arms, provisions and whatever belonged to the hostile party, as munitions of war. A Mrs. Purefoy, whose husband was absent in the Puritan ranks, held out his old manor-house of Caldecott against them, with only one gentleman and eight serving men and twelve muskets among them, which the ladies loaded with bullets melted from the pewter plates. At last, however, the place was reduced to surrender, and the Prince complimented highly the brave little garrison, allowing no damage to be done, nor insult offered.

There was a skirmish near Pershore, at a place called Brickfield, where Rupert and his Cavaliers fell on Colonel Sandys and a troop of Roundheads far outnumbering them, and heavily accoutred in helmet and breast-plate. But the Cavaliers were high-spirited gentlemen, who rode at them as if hunting, and the poor fellows, mostly tradesfolk or labourers, encumbered with their armour, and totally new to war, could not stand against them for a moment, but ran off pell-mell, tumbled into the river and were drowned, or lay helpless in their steel casings. Their colonel and almost all his officers were killed. Sandys was carried into Worcester, where Rupert sent his chaplain to attend him. The dying man remembered that he had struck Lord Wilmot in the fight, and anxiously asked how he fared. Being told that his wound was trifling, he said, "I am thankful I have not that blood to answer

for!" Indeed, throughout the war, cases of reckless, thoughtless cruelty or rapine were exceptional, though some of course there were committed by the more ferocious fanatics on the one side, and the wilder Cavaliers on the other; but the struggle did not last long enough entirely to demoralise the combatants, and when we contrast this with the wars of France and Germany, we have reason to say, like Philippe de Comines long before, that our wars are merciful. Indeed, the Judges made their circuits part of the time, and both parties held themselves to be living under, and respecting the law of, England. Indeed, all the proclamations of Parliament still ran in the name of King Charles, and many of the soldiery believed themselves not fighting against him, but to liberate him from ill advisers. Lord Essex himself still had too much feeling for his Sovereign to be willing to take active measures against him, and the levies on either side held themselves to be in arms more for the purpose of showing their strength than of using it. But the raids of the light horse were creating a feeling against the Royalists in the country, as Rupert found shortly after his skirmish at Pershore. Dressed as an ordinary country gentleman, he went into an old woman's house, about a mile from Worcester, and asked for food. She said she had nothing but collops and eggs, whereof he ate heartily, and then asked for drink. She answered that she had nothing but small drink, she was a very poor widow, and had none but herself and her son. He asked where her son was. She told him "Gone to Worcester to hear what news of the Cavaliers, for she heard say (thank Heaven for it) that his Excellency had made them fly from the city, a company of rude knaves they were!" He asked her what she thought of Prince Rupert. "A plague choke Prince Rupert!" she said; "he might have kept himself where he was born. This kingdom has been worse ever since he landed."

A little after, Rupert, riding near Essex's army on Dunsmore heath to reconnoitre, found a man with a laden horse and asked what he had there.

"Apples to sell to his Excellency's soldiers," said the man.

"Why dost thou not go to the King's army?" said the Prince, "I hear they are generous sparks and will pay double."

"Oh!" said the fellow, "they are Cavaliers, and have a mad Prince among them, and never a penny could I get in the whole army—"

The Prince asked the price of his load, and hearing it was ten shillings, bought the whole on the spot, and promised more money for the loan of coat, hat, and horse, while he sold the apples, leaving his own horse and clothes in change.

He drove the packhorse through the camp, selling right and left, and making his observations, and finally restored the loan, telling the man to ask the captains how they liked the fruit Prince Rupert sold them!

At Chester the King found horses, weapons and ammunition, waiting for Lord Leicester to be taken to Ireland, and these were at once seized. Cheshire and Lancashire joined him willingly

CAMEO I.

Tax on property. 1642.

under the brave James Stanley, Earl of Derby, and when he reached Shrewsbury, the royal forces were far more numerous and better appointed than at Nottingham, though still there was much to be desired, and there was a body of Welshmen with only scythes, flails and staves. The numbers were, 2,000 cavalry, 6,000 infantry, and perhaps 1,500 dragoons, and with these he decided on marching southwards towards London.

On the news, the City and Westminster fortified themselves, threw up batteries, and put chains across the streets.

This year, 1642, was concluded by a universal tax on income and property, being voted by the Commons to enable them to continue the war.

CAMEO II.

THE LAST TRAGEDY OF RICHELIEU.

(1639–1642.)

England.
1625. Charles I.

Spain.
1621. Philip IV.

Germany.
1637. Ferdinand III.

France.
1543. Louis XIV.

Rome.
1623. Urban VIII.

THE cause of the Thirty Years' War had been almost forgotten. Few survived who had originally taken up arms, and Elizabeth, once Queen of Hearts, lived on at the Hague, chiefly maintained by her chivalrously devoted Lord Craven, and with the ambition that once had soared so high limited to the return of her son to his paternal states.

France, in the person of the keen-eyed Richelieu, had all the time been biding her time to profit by the ruin of her neighbours, though she did not seriously take up arms till they had nearly exhausted themselves. Besides the defeats of the House of Austria in Italy and Savoy, which have not been dwelt on here, the power of Spain had suffered a heavy loss in Portugal. This kingdom had been annexed by Philip II. in right of his mother, on the failure of the direct male line; but it had never been happy or contented under Spanish rulers, and as Isabel of Portugal had been made to renounce her claims to the throne on her marriage, they had, in the view of the people, passed to her cousin Catalina, wife to the Duke of Braganza. Spain was then too strong to be resisted; but it had been decaying ever since, and in the end of 1640 a revolt was successfully organised, and João, Duke of Braganza, was proclaimed King, thus not only depriving Philip IV. of a fifth part of the peninsula, but cutting him off from his best Atlantic port, and from Brazil and the East Indian colonies of Portugal.

Moreover, there was a great insurrection in Catalonia, and Spain, pressed on all sides, was unable to give much aid to its Austrian cousins in Germany, and suffered the further loss of the city of Arras, which

CAMEO II.

State of Europe.

was taken by Marshal de la Meilleraye on the 9th of August, 1640, the young Duke of Enghien being then in his army.

The Emperor Ferdinand III. had assembled a Diet at Ratisbon to consider of a peace; but in the midst the Swedish General Banier, in the depth of winter, made a sudden raid with 15,000 men, waiting at Erfurth with Marshal Guébriant, and 6,000 French, scattering all the Imperialist troops on his way. One detachment passing the Danube on ice, very nearly captured the Emperor who was out hunting, and reaching the neighbourhood of Ratisbon, insulted the Diet by a cannonade. The princes were disposed to break up at once; but the Emperor stood firm, declaring that he should defend the city to the last extremity. He thus kept them together, while reinforcements came up and a thaw interfered with the plans of their enemies; besides that, the French and Swedish commanders disagreed, so that finally Banier marched with unfortunate Bohemia and Guebriant back towards the Rhine.

Piccolomini opposed and harassed the Swedes, who retreated into Saxony, where at Halberstadt Banier died of his own excesses, at the age of forty-one, a sad end for an officer of the great Gustavus, and one who had taken from the enemy no less than 600 colours, which are still to be seen in the Arsenal of Stockholm. Torstensen, who succeeded him in the command, was totally crippled by gout, and obliged to be carried in a litter; but it was said of him that his body was bound to earth while his mind was free as air and his spirit had wings. He continued step by step to gain advantages over the Imperialists, and though forced back into Saxony by the Archduke Leopold and Piccolomini, it was only to fight a second battle on the field of Breitenfeld, on the 2nd of November, 1642, where Gustavus had conquered before. It was a very severe fight, and the Germans were totally hunted, with the loss of 1,000 men. The Archduke, in his indignation, punished one regiment severely, beheading their colonel, tearing their colours, decimating the men, and disarming the survivors.

His cousin, the Cardinal Infant, had just died in the Netherlands, and he was sent for to take the vacant viceroyalty, while the command was given to Gallas, at which Piccolomini was so disgusted as to transfer his service to Spain.

Just, however, as all was prosperous with France, it became evident that the mighty reign of Cardinal de Richelieu was verging towards its close. His health was decaying fast, as also was that of his master, Louis XIII., who was as weary and depressed as ever, and equally incapable of attending to business. The Cardinal had found female favourites more difficult to deal with than male, so he had allowed the King another youth as his plaything, Henri, Marquis de Cinq-Mars, eldest son of the Marshal d'Effiat. Being a handsome lad of only nineteen, there was reason to hope that he would not concern himself about the King's conscience as the two ladies had done; and

CAMEO II.

Marriage of the Duke of Enghien. 1640.

if he should prove a lion's whelp and show his claws, a man was far more easily put out of the way than a high-born lady of pure and innocent life.

Festivals were the fashion at Court more than ever, though they afforded little pleasure to the languid King, and the expenses fell heavily on the nation ; but the Cardinal thought that they occupied the nobles, and kept them from trying to shake off his authority.

There was a splendid one on the betrothal of Richelieu's niece with Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Enghien, eldest son of the Prince of Condé. This young prince, who was destined to become one of the most illustrious personages of France, had been born in 1621, and was thus twenty years old. He had shown great talent, spirit, and energy from earliest childhood ; but also great pride, and a hardness of heart, which his father had endeavoured to overcome in his childhood. For putting out the eyes of a sparrow the boy was severely whipped, and the Prince forbade that favour should be shown to him at the Jesuits' school at Bourges where he was educated, or that his comrades should give way to him. In bestowing his son in marriage, Condé, however, only thought of his family interest, and prince of the blood royal as he was, he besought the Cardinal almost on his knees to give him Claire Clemence de Mâillé Brezé, daughter to a sister of Richelieu, and at the same time to let her brother, the Duke de Brezé, marry his beautiful young daughter, Anne Geneviève de Bourbon. The Cardinal replied that he could give gentlewomen to princes, but not princesses to gentlemen.

Enghien would have rejoiced had the decision been otherwise. His destined bride was scarcely thirteen and very small and childish, still playing with dolls; but his father insisted, and the paternal authority was still so strong that he was forced to yield. He was rather short, but well made, with brilliant blue eyes full of fire, a large mouth with projecting teeth, and a hooked nose, which gave him a remarkable likeness to an eagle. The pair were betrothed in the King's cabinet on the 7th of February, and the Cardinal gave a great ball on the occasion. Poor little Claire was put into a pair of such high-heeled shoes that she could hardly walk, and fell ignominiously in the midst of dancing a *courante*. There was a general explosion of ill-bred laughter, the bridegroom loudest of all, evidently for the sake of mortifying her and her family. A bad illness which befell him immediately after was attributed to his disgust at the marriage, and on his recovery he set forth to his congenial element, the army.

He had become the leader of a set of youths who affected brutality of demeanour in opposition to the stately graces of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. The Duc de Nemours thought proper to flirt a cherry-stone across the table into Cinq-Mars's face ; and it was with the greatest difficulty that the King prevented the fiery youth from challenging him, though duelling was always visited with a most severe

CAMEO II.

Cinq-Mars. 1641.

hand by the Cardinal. In fact, Cinq-Mars was too high-spirited to brook the situation of King's plaything, and when offered the post of first equerry, which two previous favourites had held, he disdained it, saying that what was good enough for a little page was not fit for him, the son of a Marshal of France. He was therefore made Grand Equerry, which suited his pride better; but he burnt for an opportunity of rising above a post which he despised, and dreamt of overthrowing the Cardinal as Luynes had overthrown the Concini.

The Queen was still disregarded and neglected, though her young son was a beautiful and promising boy; and the birth of another son, Philippe, Duke of Anjou, made it plain that a regency would be in her hand as soon as the worn-out and feeble life of her husband should be over.

Another intrigue was going on against the Cardinal between the Duke of Orleans, the Count of Soissons (grandson of a younger son of the Huguenot Louis, Prince of Condé), and the Duke of Bouillon, who always dreaded attempts to deprive him of his little principality of Sédan. Richelieu had tried in vain to gain Soissons to his side by offering him the hand of his favourite niece, the Duchess of Aiguillon; but as this had been declined the Count became an object of distrust. With him were joined the Duke of Vendôme (Gabrielle's son, César), the old favourite, Duke of la Vallette, and the young Duke of Guise, who by unexpected deaths in his family had succeeded to the title, after he had been appointed to the Archbishopric of Rheims and an immense number of other benefices, although he was as yet only tonsured, and had received no higher orders.

The Queen Mother of course founded hopes of return on this conspiracy, and then the expectations of the co-operation of the Duke of Lorraine; but he was weary of having his territories occupied by French troops; and on the 1st of March, 1641, he suddenly made his appearance at the Louvre, knelt down before Louis XIII., entreated his pardon, promised to do homage for his French duchy of Bar, and to renounce all foreign alliances. On this, he was permitted to return to his dukedom, and he was welcomed with great joy by his subjects; but he had no intention of fulfilling his promises, and kept up a correspondence with Sédan, where all the conspirators were collecting, the Abbé de Retz promising to do his utmost to second them at Paris. One of the Princesses of Mantua, as the daughters of the Duke of Nevers were called, who was in love with the Archbishop Duke of Guise, started from Nevers to join him and marry him at Sédan. She was arrested in Burgundy; but on information being carried to the Cardinal, he ordered not only that she should be released, but that relays of horses should be provided for her. "She carries *en croupe*," he said, "the avoidance of all his benefices!" Another sister, named Marie, was believed to return the affection of the favourite, Cinq-Mars.

It was time to break up the conspiracy, and the Duke of Bouillon

Soissons conspiracy. 1641.

was commanded in the King's name to withdraw his hospitality from the Count of Soissons. He refused, having put Sédan in an admirable state of defence, and expecting aid both from the Cardinal Infant in the Low Countries, and from the Duke of Lorraine, whom the ever-restless Madame de Chevreuse was nagging to mingle in the fray.

On the 8th of June, 1641, Richelieu published a manifesto, setting forth the treasonable designs of the noblemen at Sédan, and declaring that unless they submitted within a month, they would be declared enemies to the King, while he himself advanced to Péronne with Louis.

They replied by a violent declaration against the Cardinal, and Soissons took the field with a little army of 7,000 men, chiefly Imperialists, under the Baron de Lamboy. Marshal de Châtillon was at hand with a small force, as an advanced guard, intended only to watch Sédan, and expecting reinforcements from the Duke of Lorraine, whose treachery was as yet unknown. He marched against the invaders and met them at a spot whose name has in our own day acquired a mournful fame, Bazeille, near the wood of Marfice. At the very first onset the French cavalry broke and galloped off, and the same panic infected the infantry, who fled, throwing away their arms almost without striking a blow. But when the victors were about to congratulate their leader, they could not find him, till at last his corpse was discovered on the field, shot through the head. Some said that his pistol had gone off in his own hand while he was pushing up his visor with the barrel; others that a stranger had ridden up to him and assassinated him.

Louis, on hearing of Châtillon's defeat, showed neither grief nor joy, but gave orders for a retreat to Paris; but when two hours later tidings were received of the death of Soissons, he became unusally animated, and gave orders to march upon Sédan.

Lamboy and his troops retreated beyond the frontier, Bouillon came to Mezières, and made his peace on terms more favourable than he had any right to expect, Vendôme, La Vallette, and Guise went into exile, and Epernon was imprisoned at Loches. Richelieu had triumphed again, and no doubt it was better that he, a thorough statesman, should prevail, than that these men, who acted out of selfish greed and ambition, with no idea of public welfare, should have had the upper hand.

But he had another enemy, nearer at hand. Young Cinq-Mars, or M. le Grand, as he was commonly called, as an abbreviation of Grand Écuyer, was not the stuff of which to make a King's plaything. He loved noise, life, and revelry, and the doleful depression, indolence, and melancholy of Louis XIII. were perfectly intolerable to him. At first there were little petulant quarrels; when the King blamed him for youthful escapades and extravagance Cinq-Mars sulked, and the Cardinal reconciled them again: but as the youth grew older, more serious designs awoke within him. One day the Cardinal grew impatient of never being able to speak to the King without him, and

CAMEO II.

Discontent of Cinq-Mars. 1641.

told him harshly, "I will not always have you at my heels." Cinq-Mars retired, but wept, threatened, and murmured till the King said to him, "Recollect that if M. le Cardinal should declare himself your open enemy, I shall no longer be able to keep you about me. Reckon upon that."

A stronger purpose began to grow upon the youth. He thought of Luynes's success, and dreamt of equalling him. The Vicomte de Fontrailles encouraged him, and influenced his discontent; and so likewise did his friend François Auguste de Thou, son of the historian of the wars of the League, a grave, earnest man of thirty-five, with a chivalrous admiration for Anne of Austria, and indignation for her wrongs, and who theoretically perceiving the tyranny of the Cardinal and the hollowness of his system, was ready to use any means for its overthrowal. Indeed, his restless spirit caused his friends to call him *Sou Inquietude*. The King appeared to be weary of subjection, the Queen and Gaston were ready to join in any intrigue against the minister, Bouillon promised Cinq-Mars a retreat at Sédan in case of need. Fontrailles went to Madrid and obtained pledges of the aid of Spanish troops.

The war with Spain was going on all this time, and an expedition against Perpignan was undertaken by Louis and the Cardinal, ill and failing as they both were. The Queen was intended to go with them, leaving her two children at Vincennes; but she went into an agony of grief, declaring that she would rather part with her life than her sons, and for once she prevailed and was left behind, under the guard of the Prince of Condé. The Duke of Orleans was compelled to follow his brother.

Louis and the Cardinal each had such a huge train that for want of rooms they had to keep at a distance from one another, and only met four times during the journey. Cinq-Mars had the King's ear, and thought him a fellow-conspirator. There was a scheme for assassinating Richelieu at Lyons, but this was dropped. Fontrailles was for it, and urged Cinq-Mars to lose no time; but the youth was bewildered by contrary counsels from all the conspirators, and did nothing, so that all that happened at Lyons was a grand Te Deum for a German victory; and the reception of Mazarin's creation as a Cardinal, on the nomination of France.

At Narbonne, Richelieu fell ill with a violent fever and an abscess in his arm, so that he could not write, when he dictated his will. The King and army went forward without him to Perpignan, whose capture was already secure; but his absence gave Louis so much more trouble with the business to be transacted, that it was far from favourable to Cinq-Mars. Meantime Marie de Gonzaga wrote to the young man "that his affair was as well known at Paris as that the Seine flowed under the Pont Neuf." But he still hesitated. Perhaps he thought nature would cut the knot, for not only was the Cardinal very ill, and only just able to move to Tarrascon, famous for mineral

waters, but the King, on reaching Narbonne in returning from Perpignan, fell sick, and was for a day or two in great danger. Moreover, the light and vain nature which had been ready to dabble in conspiracy, trembled before a great catastrophe, and dallied with the crisis, while the King felt more and more that he could not do without his minister, and, moreover, was displeased with the dissipations into which "M. le Grand" had plunged.

Fontrailles saw what was coming. "Monsieur," said he to Cinq-Mars, "you are of fine stature ; but if you were shortened by the head, you would still be very tall ; for my part, I am so small that mine could not be taken without great inconvenience to me, so I shall, if you please, get out of reach of knives." And he fled to Spain, but the Duke of Bouillon was with the army of Italy at Casale, and Gaston of Orleans had come to Maulins to hold a conference with Cinq-Mars, when, Richelieu being still at Tarrascon, a copy was put into his hands of the treaty with Spain, made by the conspirators. At the same time he received a letter from the King at Narbonne, saying, "I love you better than ever. We have been too long together ever to be separated."

Richelieu immediately sent his trustworthy follower Chavigny to Narbonne with a copy of the treaty. Cinq-Mars at last took alarm. He tried to have Chavigny assassinated before the interview with the King, but in vain, and then hid himself in a private house. The next morning he tried to escape from Narbonne, but it was too late ; the gates were guarded, and the King was setting out to join the Cardinal at Tarrascon. Richelieu was necessary to him, Cinq-Mars a mere toy, and he had not hesitated a moment, though he had, as before, murmured against his bondage, and trifled with the favourite's schemes. He went on the 10th ; on the 12th Cinq-Mars and De Thou were arrested, and orders were sent for the seizure of Bouillon at the head of his army.

Gaston was terrified beyond measure. He began by burning his copy of the treaty, and then sent off his confidant, the Abbé de la Rivière, with the most abject assurances of his fidelity and affection for the Cardinal. Richelieu, paralysed as he was, showed himself as terrible as ever, and lying on one couch, with the King on another, he brought the emissary into such a state that, half dead with fear, he betrayed all his master's secrets, and all his treacheries! This was the engine Richelieu wanted for making this basest of princes reveal all the ramifications of the plot, and the names and guilt of his colleagues.

A letter to Gaston informed him that confession was the only means of obtaining forgiveness, and in return for a complete avowal and denunciation of all his fellow-conspirators he was to receive "permission to travel" to Venice, and a pension of 12,000 crowns, the same as he was promised by the King of Spain.

Richelieu would fain have brought him forward as a witness in public, but the Chancellor Seguier had too much respect for the rank

CAMEO II

Death of Marie de Medici. 1641.

which he degraded to confront him with the others. He made but a half confession at first, but hopes of an increase of his pension, and permission to live in France, drew from him bit by bit all that was wanted.

The two sick men, King and minister, discussed the matter as they lay on their couches, and then Louis returned by slow stages to Fontainebleau, in the Cardinal's own litter. The first news he heard there was the death of his mother, which took place at Cologne, from fever and erysipelas, on the 3rd of July, 1641. She had lived in great poverty and neglect since her expulsion from England; but the Pope's Nuncio attended her death-bed and exhorted her, as a Christian, to forgive her enemies, especially the Cardinal. She assented, but when he added that as a pledge of pardon she should send her enemy the bracelet on her arm, she turned over on her side saying, "Too much."

As in the case of Montmorency, the Cardinal chose to have these State prisoners tried by a provincial parliament, instead of at Paris. The three chief prisioners, Bouillon, Cinq-Mars, and De Thou were all brought to the Château de Pierre Encise at Lyons, the Grand Equerry declaring all the time that he had done nothing to which the King had not consented.

The Cardinal came to Lyons at the same time. He could not bear the motion of a carriage, and travelled in a great square room, covered with red damask, and carried on the shoulders of eighteen bareheaded men, whatever might be the weather. He had his couch in it, a table, and seats for his secretary, or any one else whom he wished to converse with. Bridges were widened, inequalities filled up, and walls thrown down to admit this huge litter, which was guarded by nobles, gentlemen, and servants, befitting a monarch. At Anvers it went in a huge barge, to which was attached that containing the prisoners. He was seventeen days between Tarrascon and Lyons. He sent for the Chancellor Seguier to conduct the trial, together with the Presidents of the Parliaments of Paris and Grenoble, and thirteen other councillors.

The Court opened on the 6th of September. Cinq-Mars at first denied everything; but he was confronted not only with the copy of the treaty, and the evidence of Seaton, the commander of the Scottish guard whom he had tried to gain over, but with the deposition of the Duke of Orleans, who, at forty years of age, speaking of a youth of twenty-two, was not ashamed to declare that "Cinq-Mars had made him fall into crime by his pressing solicitations." Moreover, the King himself wrote to Seguier, informing him of the machinations against the Cardinal that the foolish youth had confided to him, thinking him a fellow-plotter.

Finding himself thus betrayed, Cinq-Mars, when interrogated, told everything, and threw himself on the King's mercy; so did Bouillon. But De Thou declared that he had only known of the Spanish treaty after it had been concluded, and then only in confidence from the

Grand Equerry; that he had never ceased to protest against it, and try to get it broken off, but that as it could have no effect unless the French were beaten in Germany, and they were always victorious, he had not thought it needful to betray his friend. His defence ended thus, "In fine, only knowing of the treaty through a conversation, and having no proofs of the truth of any such deposition, I should have exposed myself to the penalty of libellers if the guilty persisted in their denial."

All this had taken place separately. Afterwards the two friends were confronted, and De Thou described in detail the place and time of his conversation with Cinq-Mars, repeating his defence. Several of the judges thought that this ought to tell in his favour; but the will of Richelieu was otherwise, and the two were summoned to hear their sentence of death. "Well, Monsieur," said De Thou, turning to Cinq-Mars, "humanly speaking, I might complain of you. You accused me, you have caused my death, but God knows how much I love you. Let us die—die bravely, and win Paradise." And when Cinq-Mars tried to ask his pardon, he replied with an embrace, saying, "We must only think of dying well."

Five hours only were granted them for preparation. Cinq-Mars wrote to his mother, "I can judge better than any one of the worth of earthly things now that there is but a step between me and death." They both showed great devotion in fulfilling the final rites of the Church, and as they set forth for the scaffold in the great square of Lyons, De Thou exclaimed, "Enough of earthly things; let us set forth for Paradise." He repeated the Creed, reflecting aloud on it as he mounted the scaffold, while Cinq-Mars marched as if to battle, and met the headsman's sword with open undaunted eye. At that moment the cold and dull hearted Louis XIII., instructed by messengers of all the designs for each day, observed, while walking in his garden, "Monsieur le Grand is making a fine grimace." There was, however, in general, much compassion for the two friends, and Alfred de Vigny has, in our own time, made them the subjects of a fine historical romance, where they are shown as sacrificed to the ruthless will of a tyrant. But however it might have been with De Thou, Cinq-Mars showed no quality that makes us believe him to have acted from any motive but headstrong ambition and intrigue, and our pity for him arises from his early youth, the temptations into which he was thrust, and the cruel heartless manner in which he was betrayed and sacrificed.

Bouillon was spared at the intercession of Mazarin, who was a great friend of his brother, the Viscount de Turenne, one of the great generals who were winning fame and territory for France. He was pardoned on condition of exchanging his principality of Sédan for estates in the interior; and Monsieur, the most guilty of all, was allowed to remain in his obscurity at Blois.

On the day of the execution the Cardinal set forth in his moving

CAMEO II.

Last day of Richelieu. 1642.

palace on men's shoulders for Paris, but going by water whenever it was possible, for a jolt was agony to him. He looked pleased when he found himself in his own hotel at Paris—indeed, he thought himself better, for the ulcer in his arm had healed—but he only rested there for three days before being carried to Fontainebleau to the King. He durst not relax his watch, for he had perceived that Louis XIII. had not been utterly averse at the first moment to Cinq-Mars's proposal of killing him, and that several officers had consented to be the instruments. He knew himself to be universally hated, and a morbid terror, in his weakened and suffering state, seized on him, so that he was haunted by the dread of being assassinated by the order of the King for whose glory he had toiled; and he could not rest till he had forced Louis to dismiss the persons whom he suspected, though the King only yielded with tears. At the same time, a declaration was put forth enunciating the whole *rôle* of the misdeeds and treasons of Gaston of Orleans, depriving him of his government of Auvergne, and his guard of honour, and sentencing him never to be regent, nor to have any share in the government.

This was on the 1st of December, 1642, and before the day was over the Cardinal became much worse. Violent fever, oppression of breath, and pain in the side set in, caused by abscesses in the lungs. The physicians told him that he was so necessary to France that a miracle would be worked in his favour; but Dr. Chicot, on being entreated to tell the truth, said, "Monseigneur, your Eminence will be cured or dead in twenty-four hours."

On this, Richelieu sent for the King, who had gone to St. Germain. "Sire," said the Cardinal, "this is the last adieu. In taking leave of your Majesty, I have the consolation of leaving the kingdom more powerful than ever, and your enemies overthrown. The only recompense I ask for my toils and services is the continuance of your Majesty's favour to my nephews and relations. Your Majesty has in your council several persons capable of useful service; I advise their retention." And it is believed that he then recommended Mazarin as the best person to take his post. He put into Louis's hands a deed of gift of his splendid Palais-Cardinal, and bade him a final adieu, without much emotion on the part of the dull, feeble Sovereign, to whom this great man had been as much of a tyrant as a minister, serving him and his country against their will.

The Cardinal then turned to his religious duties. His room was constantly full of visitors, many of the clergy, some friends, some enemies, many curious spectators, all astonished at his perfect calmness and apparent complete satisfaction with his own course. The curate of St. Eustache came to give him his last communion, and as the Host was borne in, he said, "Behold my Judge, before Whom I shall soon appear. I heartily pray that He may condemn me if I had any motives save the welfare of religion and the State."

"His security terrifies me," said the Bishop of Caspean.

CAMEO II.

Death of Richelieu. 1642.

However, he still remained hopeful and peaceful to the end, and died, after kissing the crucifix, on the 4th of December, 1642, at the age of fifty-seven.

"There is a great politician gone," said Louis, when he heard the news, but without showing much more feeling, though he decreed that the Cardinal should have a most magnificent funeral. It was on a very wet day that the train set forth from Fontainebleau, and the King is reported to have said, "M. le Cardinal has a bad day for his journey."

In fact, he heeded little, since Mazarin was ready to take all trouble off his hands, and there was no essential change of policy, though some of Richelieu's personal enemies were released from prison, such as Marshals Bassompierre and Vitry, and there was a sort of reconciliation with the Duke of Orleans, who was allowed to make a visit at Paris. His daughter Mademoiselle, then fifteen, received him with a concert of twenty-four violins, and being a person of considerably more heart and spirit, was shocked at his merriment when she thought of Cinq-Mars and De Thou.

Louis himself was declining fast. In April, when he had already been seventeen days in bed at St. Germain, Chavigny undertook to announce that he could not live more than a few days. The King, who had always been pious and devout, embraced him, and declared that he had never heard such good news as that he was to quit this life, which in truth had been a weary burthen to him.

The Queen and her children, the Duke of Orleans, Prince of Condé, and all the grandees within reach, were then summoned to hear him declare that he left the regency to the Queen, assisted by a council, and that the Duke should be Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. The will decreeing this was then read and signed, and Anne of Austria and Gaston both took an oath to respect its terms, though neither intended to keep the promise, and the Queen caused a notary to register her protest (in private) against the terms that limited her powers.

The long-deferred ceremony of the public christening, or admission into the Church of the little Dauphin, was then carried out. The boy, then five years old, knew what was going on in his father's room, and seeing him lying motionless and death-like, called out, "*Je suis Louis Quatorze.*" "*Pas encore,*" whispered the poor King, who indeed was longing for death to come. He expected to die on Friday the 24th, and received extreme unction; but he lingered on, very patiently, though suffering grievously, while Vincent de Paul and other clergy consoled and prayed with him. Once, after a short sleep, he woke and told the Prince of Condé that he had seen the Duke of Enghien win a great victory, but otherwise he had laid aside all outer thoughts. There was a last parting with the Queen, to whom he was more tender than ever before in his life, and he expired on the 14th of May, 1643, in his forty-second year, exactly thirty-three years to the day and hour since his accession. The last command he gave was to send out of the room

CAMEO II.

Death of Louis XIII. 1643.

the Huguenot Marshal de Chatillon. He is one of the men on whom judgment is most difficult. He was conscientious up to his lights, most regular in all his religious duties, and read the Bible for two hours every Sunday, though he hated all other books, in consequence, it was averred, of having been made to read Faucher's history of France when a child. He was constitutionally brave, constantly, in spite of all his bad health, going at the head of his armies wherever his presence was needed, and showing real resolution when Paris was threatened. His deficiency seemed really to be, both in himself and his brother, of any kind of heart. They absolutely loved no one, except perhaps that Gaston had a certain affection for his second wife; but though they could neither of them exist without a favourite to amuse them, neither seemed to care for the fate of these unhappy persons so much as some people do for that of a horse or dog. It was the more remarkable—coupled as this was in Louis with absolute pitiless amusement in the sight of suffering—whereas their father Henri IV., bred up in the midst of barbarous wars, was, with all his faults, one of the most affectionate and tender-hearted of men.

CAMEO III.

THE COURT AT OXFORD.

(1643.)

England.		*France.*
1625. Charles I.	*Germany.*	1643. Louis XIV.
Spain.	1637. Ferdinand III.	*Rome.*
1621. Philip IV.		1623. Urban VIII.

CAMEO III.
—
Charles at Christ Church.

OXFORD became the royal headquarters, Charles himself taking up his abode in the grand old college of Christ Church. He chose the place chiefly from its congeniality to his tastes, for it was not a defensible city, and his nobles and troopers were strangely crowded among the clergy and scholars in the old buildings whose chapel bells rang out to unwonted hearers, and whose smoothly turfed quadrangles were trodden by war-horses. The King found consolation and comfort in the Cathedral services which he daily attended, and sometimes relaxed from his cares over a curious book or a scholarly conversation.

Meanwhile there was another attempt at coming to terms. Five commissioners were sent, but without power to conclude anything without consent of Parliament. They had fourteen stipulations to make, Charles had five, but they never got beyond the first on either side. Charles required the reinstatement of the bishops, the Parliament insisted that he should give up the military power. And as neither would yield, the conferences broke up again; as some of the Cavaliers thought, because the king was waiting for his wife to consult her, and let her appear to mediate, but this is improbable. Each side really wished to avoid a civil war, but their principles were too adverse, their hatreds too bitter, for there to be any real agreement till it was known which side was the stronger.

Queen Henrietta having sent Goring before her with supplies, set forth on the 2nd of February, 1643, to rejoin her husband, sailing from Scheveling in an English man-of-war called the *Princess Royal* and taking with her eleven transports filled with stores for the royal army, all convoyed by the great Dutch Admiral Van Tromp. He

CAMEO III.

The Queen's landing at Burlington. 1643.

could not, however, secure her from a terrible storm, which frightened all her ladies so much that she could only console them by declaring Queens of England were never drowned. She kept her spirits up through all, and laughed over every occurrence, especially at the confessions which the penitents, in momentary dread of death, poured at the top of their voices into the ears of the sick and frightened priests. After a fortnight's tossing she was driven back to the Dutch coast, with the loss of two of her transports. She sailed again after refitting, and safely reached Burlington Bay on the 20th of February. That very night the house where she slept was cannonaded by the Roundhead Admiral Batten, who thought that as she had been voted guilty of high treason he might forget her rights of womanhood. She was forced to hurry out, half-dressed, to take shelter in a ditch, the bullets falling about her, so that one of her servants was killed; yet so undaunted was her spirit, that on seeing that her old dog Mitte had not followed her, she flew back into the house, and carried it off in her arms. Batten's ships, being smaller than Van Tromp's, had entered the bay, but could not stay there when the tide began to ebb, and Van Tromp pursued them in their retreat, and protected the landing of the stores.

Meantime Henrietta was received at Boynton Hall by Sir William Strickland's family, though the baronet himself was of the opposite party. When she moved on, the Queen "borrowed" all the family plate, leaving her own portrait as a pledge that she would restore the value when, as she hoped, that would be possible. It need not be said that this never came to pass, but the picture still remains to the Strickland family. Henrietta had had many medals, and rings, and other tokens made in Holland, to give as pledges to persons who yielded their plate or jewels for the King's service, and many of these are still extant, when probably that which they represented would have disappeared as completely as it has done in the Royal cause.

She was still a good way from being able to join her husband, but she put forth her most winning side, and gained many friends in Yorkshire. One of these was the captain of the ship which had fired upon her at Burlington. He was made prisoner, and she saw him going to execution. "Ah!" she said, "I have forgiven him all that, and as he did not kill me, he shall not be put to death on my account." She insisted on his being set at liberty, and he became ardent in her cause.

After some delay, Charles Cavendish, Earl of Newcastle, sent 2,000 Cavaliers, headed by the Marquis of Montrose, to escort her to York. Her spirits were high, and she wrote many letters to her husband, calling herself the Majesty generalissima, and describing how she rode at the head of her little troop, which gathered men at every stage; how she talked to the men, and ate in their sight, rousing all the chivalry of the gay young Cavaliers who had not seen the bloody field of Edgehill, and fancied that a sort of summer tournament was before them.

But at York she had to stop, for the armies of Essex and Sir Thomas Fairfax lay between her and her husband, and the midland counties were for the most part inimical. However, she improved the time of her delay by planning with Hamilton and Montrose a Highland rising in behalf of the king, and by gaining over Sir Hugh Cholmondeley to deliver Scarborough up to her. Even Sir John Hotham showed himself willing to resign Hull into her hands.

There was another attempt at negotiation ending in a failure, followed by a desperate quarrel between one of the commissioners, the Earl of Northumberland, and Harry Marten, one of the members of the House of Commons, with a keen wit and provoking tongue. He intercepted and opened Northumberland's letters to his wife, and maintained his right to do so, on which the Earl struck him with a cane, and the matter was hushed up with difficulty.

The loyal city of Lichfield was besieged by Lord Brook, who was a brave and highly-cultivated man, but a bitter fanatic and a republican in principle. The place was defended by Lord Chesterfield without much animation, and the city gates were burst open without difficulty; but the Close, a fortification in itself, enclosing the beautiful Cathedral, with its twin towers, was still defended. Brook hated it as a temple of popery and superstition, and preached and prayed to his soldiers before leading them to the assault of St. Chad's cathedral, on, curiously enough, St. Chad's day, the 2nd of March. He was heard to call on God to give him a sign from heaven, and immediately after, as he stood by one of the guns, he lifted his visor to view the point of attack, and at that moment was shot dead, through the eye, by a deaf and dumb gentleman named Dyot, on the tower of the Cathedral, with a bullet of lead from the roof.

> "Then thanks to Heaven and good St. Chad,
> A guerdon meet the spoiler had."

Sir John Gell succeeded to the command instantly, and the soldiers degenerated from the strict devotion that had held them in check into their native rudeness and licence. They held up the unfortunate children of Lichfield as shields against the defenders, and in three days more the Close surrendered, though there were still plenty of provisions, and Lord Northampton was on his way to bring relief.

Finding Lichfield was past being aided, the Earl endeavoured to intercept Gell, who was marching on Stafford; and on the 19th of March a fight took place on Hopton Heath, a brilliant victory to the Cavaliers, but purchased dearly by the death of the Earl, and severe wounds to his son and Sir John Byron.

It is impossible to give an account of all the episodes of the war, which was carried on by many different leaders on either side. As a general outline, the north-western counties were Loyal, the eastern Parliamentary. Devonshire was inclined to the Roundhead party,

CAMEO III.

Siege of Wardour Castle. 1643.

but the Cornishmen, under Sir Ralph Hopton and Sir Bevil Grenville, most gallant leaders, gained considerable victories over them at Braddock Downs, and again close to Plymouth.

The Marquis of Worcester, a Roman Catholic, a resolute and chivalrous old man, put Raglan Castle in a perfect state of defence, assisted by his son, Lord Herbert, a wonderful engineer, who had anticipated many modern inventions. He led a large number of Welshmen, wherewith he hoped to take Gloucester, but he was attacked and routed by Sir William Waller, who further captured Hereford, Monmouth, and Chepstow. Lord Worcester's daughter, Blanche, who had married Lord Arundel of Wardour, with only fifty servants held out her husband's Castle of Wardour for six days against 1,300 men under Sir Edward Hungerford, until his artillery had so entirely ruined her defences that she was forced to surrender. Honourable terms were granted the brave lady, but not observed, for though no injury was done to the persons of the defenders, the wanton mischief was shameful. The Castle was plundered, the deer let loose, the trees cut down, the fish-ponds dried up. Probably this was because the family were Romanists.

Waller was a great favourite with his party, who called him William the Conqueror, and contrasted him with the Earl of Essex, who fought with a sad and doubting heart, and was always reluctant to press the King too hard, so that he would not lay siege to Oxford. There was talk of letting Hampden supersede him, and his army being out of favour with the City was left without pay or provisions in spite of his entreaties, so that a tenth of them were disabled by sickness. They were poor material at the best, and always gave way before a charge of the royal cavalry. Hampden was talking this over with Cromwell.

"How can it be otherwise?" said the latter. "Your horsemen are for the most part old and worn-out servants, tapsters or people of that sort; theirs are the sons of gentlemen and the younger sons of noblemen. Do you think that fellows of such low extraction as yours are, possess that spirit which will enable them to cope with gentlemen full of honour and resolution? You must have men animated by a spirit which will lead them as far as gentlemen would go, otherwise I am sure you will always be beaten."

"You are right," said Hampden, "but this cannot be."

"I can do something towards it," said Oliver, "and I will do it. I will levy men who have the fear of God before their eyes, and will bring some conscience to what they do, and I promise you they shall not be beaten." Thereupon he set forth through the Eastern counties, where Puritanism was the strongest; and among the freehold farmers who had so eagerly sat listening to lectures on market-days, and had so warmly resented Bishop Wren's endeavour to silence them, he raised a body of stern, earnest, religious men, who believed themselves about to fight in the cause of truth. He told them plainly that to profess to

CAMEO III.
The Ironsides.
1643.

fight for the King and Parliament was self-deception. "If I met the King in battle," he said, "I would as soon shoot him as any other man; and if your conscience will not allow you to do the same, you had better serve elsewhere." Their enthusiasm was maintained by constant preaching and religious exercises, and they were willingly kept in a state of complete discipline. By the time the new campaign had fairly begun, these Ironsides, as they were soon called, amounted to a thousand, and soon became a new power in the war. All the true-hearted moderate men on either side hated the war, and loathed the idea of being dragged to shed each others' blood, "fighting in a cock-pit" as Sir Benjamin Rudyerd put it. Another attempt was made by the King at an accommodation, and the Lords received it with civility, but the Commons imprisoned the messenger, and proceeded to impeach the Queen of high treason.

The poet, Edmund Waller, his brother-in-law Tomkins, and some others, were trying secretly to do what they called standing in the gap. They were in correspondence with Falkland and the others of the King's party who had gone to considerable lengths before breaking with the Roundheads, and they hoped to bring over all the reasonable and conscience-stricken men among the Lords, Commons and citizens, to overpower and secure the persons of the small clique who were hounding them into rebellion. Their rising was to take place on the 31st of May, but on the 30th a note of warning was put into Pym's hand at the beginning of a sermon in St. Margaret's, Westminster, arrests were immediately made, and the city was inflamed by denunciations of a "horrid plot."

The trial was by court-martial, and six persons were put to death. Tomkins and Challoner were executed, and Waller only saved his life by abject submission: he paid a heavy fine and was exiled.

Meanwhile Prince Rupert had re-taken Lichfield, and the wrath of the Cavaliers was greatly stirred by the barbarous devastation within the beautiful Cathedral. But he could not proceed to bring the Queen from the north while Essex was so near Oxford, and had even taken Reading, which was viewed as its outpost. Fights and skirmishes were continually taking place between Rupert's foraging parties and the Roundhead troops throughout Berkshire and Buckinghamshire; and in one of these, at Chalgrove Field, on the 18th of June, John Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, and rode away, drooping over his horse's neck. He turned towards Pyrton, whence he had married the wife of his youth, but the enemy were in the way, and he could only reach the house of one Ezekiel Browne at Thame.

On the news, Charles sent Dr. Giles, a country neighbour, to see him, and offer surgeons from Oxford. Dr. Giles observed that Mr. Hampden must look on him as a bird of ill-omen, for twice he had been present when evil tidings arrived. He went, however, but Hampden had expired, after six days' suffering and receiving the Holy Communion after the English ritual. His last words were,

CAMEO III.

Death of Hampaen. 1643.

"O Lord, save my country, O Lord, be merciful to—" and there his breath failed. A locket worn by him is preserved, bearing the words:

"Not against the King I fight,
But *for* the King and country's right."

How long would he have been able to have kept up the delusion which Cromwell was already repudiating? He was a great loss, being by far the best man still remaining on the Puritan side, esteemed by all parties and with some personal influence over Cromwell. Though he died with his heart rent by the sight of civil war, it was in time to preserve him from more terrible perplexities in which his kinsman would soon have involved him.

With his death, disasters set in upon the Parliamentarians and successes on the Royalists. Essex vainly sent message after message from Thame, to entreat for necessaries for his army, while the Cavaliers sang of him:

"Farewell, my Lord of Essex, with hey!
Farewell, my Lord of Essex, with ho!
He sleeps till eleven,
And leaves the cause to six or seven,
But 'tis no matter, their hope 's in heaven."

Meanwhile, Sir Thomas Lord Fairfax and his son were routed at Atherton Hill. Lord Willoughby was driven back by the Marquis of Newcastle in Lincolnshire, and the eastern counties were laid open to the Royalists; while in the south-west Waller was defeated again at Landsdown Hill by Sir Ralph Hopton and Sir Bevil Grenville, who had been joined by the Marquis of Hertford, a grave and excellent man, related to the King through his descent from Lady Katherine Grey, and the hero of poor Arabella Stewart's disastrous elopement. But Hopton was severely wounded, and the gallant Sir Bevil Grenville, the very flower of Cornish gentlemen, lay dead on the plain. The western army was, however, victorious. The discipline maintained by these gentlemen was excellent, and Waller's men, as well as all the country round, were in awe of them. "They think nothing of scaling ramparts twenty feet high," said a gentleman to the Mayor of Dorchester, and Dorchester surrendered at the first summons. So did almost all the chief towns of the west, and the chief gleam of Roundhead success was a battle won by Cromwell at Gainsborough.

And on the other hand, Henrietta was advancing from Newcastle, and had reached Newark, while Rupert came northwards to meet her. It was at Stratford-on-Avon that the Queen and Prince met on the 11th of July, as it is said in Shakespeare's own house, the best in the town, where they were welcomed by the poet's granddaughter, Mrs. Nash. The spot would have been more regarded by the King, who was a great lover of Shakespeare, than it could have been by the French Queen and German Prince.

On the 13th Charles himself met his wife on the battle-field of

CAMEO III.

The Queen's favourites. 1643.

Edge Hill, though it is said that she had refused to see him till he had given promotion to some of the persons to whom she had promised it. However, it was a very happy meeting, and the royal cause seemed to be everywhere prosperous. As the royal pair returned to Oxford, they heard of another victory gained by Lord Wilmot, over Waller, at Roundway Down, near Devizes, where Hazlerigg's red-coated soldiers, called the "Lobsters," were totally routed. Waller had in his advance called on the constables of the towns and villages to be ready to receive his prisoners, instead of which he left 900 prisoners in Hopton's hands and 600 dead on the field; and he returned to Gloucester with the mere fragment of an army, while angry letters passed between him and Essex, accusing each other of neglect, slackness, and carelessness.

The Queen was lodged at Merton College, in the little low chambers looking into the beautiful quadrangle. We may judge how the ladies fared, by the account given by Anne Harrison, a girl of sixteen, daughter of a loyal knight whose estate had been sequestered. She and her sister Margaret had only such clothes as their servants could carry in their cloak-bags, and very little money. Their meals were scanty, and their lodgings two rooms over a baker's shop, with one bad bed in a garret. No one was much better off, and while the king and his cultured gentlemen and learned divines rested from their cares by discussing the classics and history in the libraries, or wandering in Christ Church Meadows or Magdalen Grove, the Queen fancied she was doing good by meddlesome interpositions, chiefly through her old friends, Lords Digby and Jermyn.

A medal was struck at Oxford, showing the king and queen united, and trampling on the serpent, Python; and their court was full of life and spirit, quartered as it was amid the old collegiate buildings, where ladies and gentlemen, many of them driven from their homes, jested over their makeshifts and privations.

Henrietta's presence had brought more vindictiveness, intrigue, and the other worse elements into the royal counsels. Charles loved his people, longed for peace, and would yield anything but the Church and the army; Henrietta, who had been persecuted by them from the first, only wished to conquer them, and make the English crown as despotic as the French. Moreover, her friends were not of the grave, thoughtful, honourable nobles who took up arms with grief and pain, after weighing sadly between loyalty and patriotism; they were gay or ambitious intriguers, who only wanted personal distinction, and whom she forced upon the king against his better judgment. They could fight, that was undeniable, but they were violent and licentious, and their debaucheries gave an ill name to the cavalier cause. Of these were Wilmot, Goring and Lunsford; and Henrietta, who saw their lively grace and deference, and did not see their reckless fierceness, infinitely preferred them to the earnest and religious men who mourned over the distractions of their country.

Rupert and his brother Maurice set forth to besiege Bristol, which

CAMEO III.

Siege of Bristol. 1643.

was full of rich merchants, and reckoned as the second city in England. The Governor was Nathanael Fiennes, and under him, on Prior's Hill, served Robert Blake, the future Admiral, though still a landsman, who had taken up arms after a scholar's life at Oxford. There was a general assault from Clifton, and though it was repulsed Fiennes's heart failed him. He was not a soldier, and he thought of the miseries to which a siege would expose the citizens ; so that he surrendered all too easily for his cause, and received permission to march out freely with his garrison. There was, however, a quarrel in which a cavalier was shot, and this led to an attack on the outgoing troops by the wilder cavaliers; but the princes rode in, struck their refractory men with their swords and forced them back, withholding them from plunder, and making many apologies to Colonel Fiennes. Blake held out Prior's Hill for another day, but he could not help surrendering when he learnt the capitulation of his superior. Fiennes was tried by court-martial and received sentence of death, but Essex interfered to save him, feeling for a man thrust by circumstances into the life of a soldier.

Matters were so prosperous with the royal cause, that Charles thought of concentrating all his forces upon London, and wrote to the Marquis of Newcastle to march southwards.

It is said that Newcastle, a vain man, pleased to play the foremost part in the north, was unwilling to become a mere underling, wait in ante-chambers, and be scouted by the Queen's clique. If so, he suffered for his want of public spirit. His answer was, however, that he could not leave the northern counties till Hull was secured. Sir Thomas Fairfax had been ordered by Parliament to take the command of the place, and the intrigues of the two Hothams having been discovered, they were brought to London where they were finally beheaded without much pity from either party.

A year of warfare had made a considerable change in people's minds, especially in London, where all but the strongest Parliamentarians were heartily sick of war ; and even they began to despair of victory without further aid, and had sent to Scotland to endeavour to secure assistance from thence. The peacemaking Earl of Northumberland drew up another set of proposals for a treaty with the king, and the Lords agreed with him. The proposals were sent to the Commons, where by a majority of ninety-four to sixty-five it was decided to take them into consideration, instead of waiting for the answer from the Scots. The Ultra party and the Lord Mayor, Pennington, were furious, and raised the London mob, who howled at the Lords and threatened the Commons; nevertheless, eighty-one to seventy-nine voted for an endeavour to make peace ; and on the 9th of August, 5,000 women wearing white ribbons made their way to Westminster, crying "Peace, peace!" Some reached the doors of the House of Commons, and screamed to have the traitors who prevented peace delivered up to them.

They were pushed back to the foot of the stairs, and a few shots were

fired to frighten them. "It is only powder," they cried, and began to pelt the guards with stones. Then there was a real discharge of musketry, and horsemen charged them. Presently all were dispersed, except eight who were wounded and two killed, one of them a poor old ballad singer. This completed the truth of the saying that Parliament had done all of which the king had been accused. The Earls of Bedford, Holland, and Clare (father to Denzil Hollis) with three more nobles went over to the king at Oxford, Northumberland himself retired to Petworth and the rebel cause seemed to be falling to pieces.

The king had gone to besiege Gloucester, a very Puritanical city, which was resolved to hold out against him; and the want of supplies for the army led to plundering, which set the country against the cavaliers, and bitterly grieved good men like the Earl of Carnarvon.

Essex mustered his army on Hounslow Heath, and made a masterly march to the relief of Gloucester, taking Cirencester on his way. Having reinforced the garrison, he intended to return to London without a battle, but the king and all his forces lay in his way at Newbury. In a skirmish on the evening they came in sight of each other; a French gentleman, the Marquis de Vieuville, was mortally wounded, and all he said to those who came to his aid was, "*Vous voyez ici un grand Marquis mourant.*"

The battle, called the first battle of Newbury, was fought the next day, the 20th of September, 1643. Each side fought desperately and doggedly, but there was no generalship: no one could claim the victory, no one was defeated. It was all cruel bloodshed, and of such blood! There Falkland fell. Sad and dispirited he had always been since the opening of the war, but he had shown most daring courage, especially in the breaches before Gloucester. On the morning of the battle he was specially cheerful, taking pains to procure a clean shirt, and dressing himself with unusual care, saying to his friends that he should be out of his misery before night. He fell by a musket-shot in the first charge, in his thirty-fourth year.

It was remembered how, when attending the king in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the "Sortes Virgilianæ" had been tried; a divination by opening a copy of Virgil at haphazard, and taking the first lines that met the eye as a prediction. The king had come upon Dido's dying curse on Æneas:—

> "Videat indigna suorum
> Funera; nec quum se sub leges pacis iniquæ
> Tradiderit, regno aut optatâ luce fruatur,
> Sed cadat ante diem, mediâque inhumatus arenâ."

"Let him see the unworthy deaths of his people, nor when he has yielded terms of unfair peace, let him enjoy the desired light, but let him fall before his day, unburied in the midst of the sand."

CAMEO III.

Losses at Newbury. 1643.

Falkland, to encourage his master, had turned up another page, but he read :—

> "Haud ignarus eram, quantum nova gloria in armis
> Et prædulce decus primo certamine posset
> Primitiæ juvenis miseræ, bellique propinqui,
> Dura rudimenta et nulli exaudita Deorum,
> Vota precesque meæ."

It was the lament over the slain youth, Pallas, by his father Evander.

"I was not unaware how much fresh glory in war, and the delightful honour of excelling in strife, would effect on thee. Mournful first-fruits of youth, sad commencements of approaching war. And my vows and prayers have been heard by none of the Gods!"

Falkland's childless widow survived him for many years, and was a woman of great piety and excellence.

Another death on that day was that of the graceful, highly-cultivated, and brave Robert Dormer, Earl of Carnarvon, whose portrait in the great family group of the Herbert family at Wilton is the very ideal of a cavalier. He had been travelling abroad when the war began, but had returned from a strong sense of duty, and had done his best to prevent plunder and outrage. As he lay dying, one of his friends asked him if he had any message to the king? "No," he said; "in an hour like this, I have no prayer save to the King of Heaven."

The young Earl of Sunderland, only three-and-twenty, likewise died there; and each shattered army drew off to the same quarters it had occupied the night before. Rupert bestirred himself in getting together every available horse and trooper, and when Essex in the morning slowly began to move towards Hounslow, was able to charge him and cut off his stragglers; but, in point of fact, nothing had been obtained by either party.

However, the Houses of Parliament thought themselves saved by Essex. They gave him public thanks. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen waited on him in Essex House in their scarlet robes, calling him the protector of themselves and their children. The banners taken at Newbury were publicly shown, especially one which bore the device of the inside of the House of Commons, with two felons' heads set up outside, and the motto *Ut extra, sic intra*, according to the odd fashion of the time, when caricatures found place on medals and banners.

Essex, however, begged leave to resign his command and retire to the Continent, but allowed himself to be persuaded to remain, on condition that Waller, who had left him unsupported, was placed under his command. This was done, and Waller submitted to the change.

In this September, 1643, however, the advantage was decidedly on the royal side, excepting in the terrible losses of the best and most conscientious and moderate men—Lindsey, Verney, Falkland, Car-

Synod of Kilkenny. 1643.

narvon ; and on the other side Hampden had died, and there were much fewer remaining on either side of the gentle-minded men who had drifted into war in perplexity and sorrow, and would have made almost any sacrifice to bring back peace. The war was falling into the hands of mere soldiers, fierce fanatics on the one hand and roystering troopers on the other.

Another benefit that the king had gained by breaking with the Parliament was the being able to throw over the Lords Justices, and treat with Irish affairs on his own account. He made Sir Henry Tichborne Lord Justice instead of Parsons, and gave Ormond the command of the army with the title of Marquis, with full authority to dispose of commissions in the army. About the same time, Owen O'Neil, a soldier trained in foreign armies, arrived, and showed himself a gallant and merciful leader. He was shocked at the atrocities that had been permitted by Sir Phelim O'Neil, and declared that if any more took place, he should give up the cause.

The Earl of Leven and his Scots advanced into Tyrone against him, and wrote to him that it was surprising that a captain of his high reputation should take up the cause of such a rabble as the Irish. To which Owen replied, that he had as good a right to defend his countrymen as Leslie had to advance into England against his king. After this Leslie retreated, and soon after retired to Scotland, telling Monro, to whom he resigned the command, that as soon as O'Neil had collected his forces they should have a sound drubbing. Instead of which, the Scots received no supplies and were nearly starved.

In May the Irish held a synod at Kilkenny, and there in imitation of the Scots drew up a Roman Catholic League and Covenant ; and appointed a council of twenty-four, with Lord Mount-Garret for their president. They put the law in force, and sent commissioners to carry their petitions to the king, to express their loyalty, and offer to make common cause with him if he would secure to them the free exercise of their religion.

The king saw good hopes here, and sent orders to Ormond to come to terms with the confederates ; but Ormond, being himself an Irishman, had his own hatreds, and did not want to make peace with the Lords of the Pale ; and on the other hand the native Irish party, with a Papal envoy named Scaramp to back them, did not want peace of any sort, and indeed only wished to get rid of all English, whether Romanist or Protestant. However, a truce was made for twelve months, and the Lords of the Pale actually offered the royal army £15,000 in money, and the value of the same sum in provisions. The Earl of Antrim came to Oxford and there met the Marquis of Montrose, and they agreed to endeavour to make a diversion in Scotland in the king's favour ; and at the same time Ormond, who had been made Lord Deputy instead of Leicester sent off ten regiments to land in Flintshire and at Bristol for the assistance of the king.

CAMEO III

Irish reinforcements. 1643.

This raised a dreadful clamour. In the eyes of the English, any one who came from Ireland must needs be a wild savage kerne, a papist, and a murderer! Even gentlemen in the Marquis of Newcastle's army resigned their commissions, Sir Edward Dering went back to the Parliamentary cause, and so did Lord Holland, who had not been as warmly welcomed at Oxford as he expected. The Irish contingent really consisted of Ormond's English and Strafford's English-born soldiers, mostly well-disciplined; and though some of those of the Lords of the Pale were among them, by no means inclined to barbarity; but the English peasantry expected them to massacre everybody like the "mere Irish rebels," and fled before them in terror; while any who were made prisoners were hanged without inquiry whether they were English or Irish, Papist or Protestant.

At last Sir Thomas Fairfax defeated a body of them under Sir John Byron at Nantwich, and they afterwards melted away or were incorporated with the rest of the English army. But the very name of Irish reinforcements had greatly embittered the minds of the people against the king.

CAMEO IV.

THE COVENANT IN ENGLAND.

(1643—1645.)

England.
1625. Charles I.
Spain.
1621. Philip IV.
Germany.
1613. Ferdinand II.
France.
1643. Louis XIV.
Pope.
1625. Urban VIII.

CAMEO IV
—
The Assembly at Westminster.
1643.

THE Parliamentary leaders began to feel that they should never succeed except by external help. The King, backed by the brave and hardy nobles and squires, was more than a match for them ; and he had besides entered into negotiations with the Irish Lords of the Pale, who had so unwillingly been forced into rebellion by the Lords Justices, and who might come to his assistance. All Irish Roman Catholics were alike in English eyes, and the idea of aid from thence meant an irruption of savage kernes, massacre and murder everywhere.

Already the Scots had been thought of as the best auxiliaries to the Puritan party. The Presbyterian form of religious government was the Calvinist ideal, and on the 12th of June, 1643, an Assembly began to sit at Westminster to consider the new regulations to be put in force, since Episcopacy and the Prayer-book were held to be abolished. There were ten peers, twenty members of the House of Commons, and a hundred and twenty clergy, to whom were added a party of commissioners from Scotland, also noble, lay and clerical, the latter again including Baillie, who recorded so much as to the first commission. He observes: "The like of this Assembly I did never see, nor as we hear say, the like never was in England, nor anywhere is shortly like to be."

This peerless assembly at first met in Henry VII.'s Chapel, and afterwards in the Jerusalem Chamber. Their deliberations were lengthy, extending over several years, and resulted in the full and formal scheme of government, the public worship, the Catechism and Psalmody, which have ever since prevailed in Scotland, and which were intended by the framers for the whole of the three kingdoms, though things had so greatly altered in England before they were

CAMEO IV. *The Covenant.* 1643.

complete that Presbyterianism had lost its chance of becoming the Establishment in England.

At first, however, the great object of the English was to obtain the assistance of the Scottish armies, and the Scots gave them to understand that the price of this was the universal acceptance of the Solemn League and Covenant, overthrowing Episcopacy, and binding the country to Presbyterianism and the most strict form of Calvinism. It was not welcome. Among those committed to the popular cause there were some who loved the Prayer-book, and held that Bishops were of Divine appointment; and of the others, the Independents and Brownists no more accepted Presbyters than Bishops. The best of the divines on their own side saw that to impose this obligation was quite as great a tyranny as what had been complained of. Richard Baxter did all he could to prevent it from being enforced on those whose consciences revolted from it, for "he could never judge it seemly for one believing in God to play fast and loose with a dreadful oath." The Independents likewise pleaded for toleration of such sects as held what they viewed as vital principles. Selden, one of the wisest and most learned men of the time, confuted many of the arguments based on misinterpretations of Scripture; but the Covenanters were not to be silenced. "Toleration," they cried, "will make the kingdom a chaos, an Amsterdam, a Sodom, an Egypt, a Babylon;" and again they called toleration the great Goddess Diana of the Independents.

The only Independent who could make his voice and hand effective was biding his time and training his Ironsides. To overcome the King was the prime desire of the remnant of a Parliament, and the acceptance of the Covenant was the condition of Scottish aid. So on the 18th of September, 1643, the bill for it passed both Houses, and on the 25th it was sworn to in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, by all the members of Parliament, standing, with their hats off, and one hand raised to Heaven, as they first swore by word of mouth, and then signed a written declaration.

The next Sunday it was ordered to be read in all the churches in London. The persons who had listened to all the enthusiastic Scottish preaching took it eagerly, and, still pressed on by the Scots, the Parliament further enacted that it should be taken by every man in the kingdom above the age of eighteen; and every holder of a benefice who refused it was to be ejected.

Of course it could only be imposed in the towns and counties under the power of the Parliament; but in these it was tendered at once to every office-holder, and to every clergyman who had escaped forfeiture on the accusation of being scandalous. Some persons took it in ignorant obedience to authority, others did what Baxter called "juggling and jesting with matters too great to be jested with." Obscure people might be passed over, but the clergy had no escape, and very few transgressed their vows by taking it, letting themselves rather be driven, with their families, from their homes to utter poverty. There were not

anything like Presbyterian clergy enough to fill their places. "Some thousands of churches must *vake* for want of men," wrote Baillie, though numbers of men were hastily examined and ordained, Presbyterian fashion. The richer benefices were grasped by the divines themselves, or by relations of the patrons; the poorer were sometimes left to their rightful minister, till some enthusiastic or greedy Puritan thought it worth while to thrust him out. If these fanatics heard the Liturgy, they called it a mess of pottage, and the like; the desk, a calves' coop; and the Assembly was engaged in struggling over a new Directory which they intended to put forth.

The persecuted churchmen declared that the Covenant was worse than the Six Articles of Henry VIII., and some even discovered that it consisted of 666 words, the number of the Beast. The clergy, some of them, became chaplains to regiments; some found refuge as tutors or chaplains to loyal gentlemen; some were sheltered in farmhouses; one family lived in a chamber over their own church porch. There was terrible distress and suffering, for hardly any of the clergy had any private means.

All public amusements were put down, all holidays, especially "the idolatrous festival called Youl," by the Covenanters. No sports might take place on Sunday; if children played their parents might be fined; theatres were closed, and bull and bear baiting put down, not (as Macaulay observes) because these were cruel to the beasts, but because they were amusing to the spectators. By this time, however, only ten lords still resorted to Westminster, and on the 5th of October there were only five, so that to talk of the three estates of the realm was really a farce.

Charles proposed to dissolve the remnant, but Hyde advised him otherwise, and he ended by convoking a Counter Parliament at Oxford, which met in January, 1644, and numbered 43 lords and 118 commoners. Pym, the chief of the original opponents of his government, died after a few days' illness on the 8th of December, and was buried in Westminster Abbey with great state, almost all the members of Parliament attending.

The reward of the Covenant was gained. 21,000 Scots, under the command of the Earl of Leven, assisted by a far abler general, his namesake nephew, David Leslie, marched through deep snow across the Border to besiege the only eastern seaport of the Royalists, Newcastle, most important as the place whence the supplies purchased by the Queen's agents in Holland could be received. Sir Charles Lucas, with 14,000 horse, tried to keep them in check, but could not hinder them from blockading the town, and, in the meantime, there had been trouble and dissension in the councils at Oxford. Henrietta trying to put forward Jermyn and Digby, Hyde distrusting them, Rupert disdaining them, the ladies coquetting, the gentlemen quarrelling and duelling, as the winter went past.

In early spring, Rupert set forth to see what could be done in the

CAMEO IV.

Flight of the Queen. 1644.

north, but without supplies or money, and the King set up his standard at Marlborough; but the Covenant seemed to have inspired new energy on the Parliamentary side, and there were now four armies on foot, under Essex in the neighbourhood of London, Waller in the west, Fairfax in the north, besides that of Leven; and in the east Cromwell was acting as Lieutenant to the Earl of Manchester, to which title Kimbolton had succeeded on the death of his father. And in the first battle of the year 1644, fought at Alresford, Waller defeated Hopton, and thus had Hampshire at his mercy. Already he had taken Farnham, the grand old feudal castle of the Bishops of Winchester, and had dismantled it, throwing the summit of the keep into the towers, so as to fill it up; but he now seized Winchester, and desecrated the Cathedral, but spared Wykeham's tomb and the college at the entreaty of one of his colonels, a Wykehamist; and the demonstrations made by the people seem to have withheld the soldiery from some of the sacrilegious ruin they intended.

> "They spoil'd the tombs of valiant men, warrior and saint and sage;
> But at the tomb of Wykeham good angels quenched their rage."

The Queen had been suffering from rheumatic fever, and her state of health daunted her brave spirit. It was thought that Essex and Waller might simultaneously march upon Oxford; and Charles decided on sending her to a place of safety. Her first destination was Bath, for the benefit of the waters, and on the 2nd of April the royal pair parted at Abingdon, amid floods of tears, though they little guessed that they should never meet again.

She could not remain long at Bath, and proceeded to Exeter, where she lodged in Bedford House, and was so ill that Charles wrote to his physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne, this line: "For the love of me, go to my wife." Mayerne went, though without much affection for the Queen, for one day, when she exclaimed in her distress, "I am afraid I shall go mad some day!" he replied, "Nay, your Majesty need not fear *going* mad; you have been so for some time." Her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, Queen-Regent of France, hearing of her trouble and destitution, sent her a nurse, with all the articles she required, and 50,000 *pistoles*, the greater part of which sum Henrietta forwarded to her husband. On the 16th of June Henrietta gave birth to a daughter, and immediately after came tidings that the King, leaving Oxford in time to avoid a siege, had given Waller a complete beating at Cropredy Bridge, near Banbury, on the 29th.

To counterbalance this good news, Essex was marching westwards to relieve Lyme Regis, where Blake was making a resolute defence against Prince Maurice, and with hopes of capturing Exeter, with the Queen in the city. She sent to ask the Earl to permit her to retire to Bath for the recovery of her health, but Essex made answer that he intended to escort her Majesty to London to answer to Parliament for having levied war on England. Hatred had made Essex forget his

gentlemanly instincts when he could thus answer a woman whose babe was not a fortnight old. To be made a hostage for her husband was what Henrietta could not endure. Ill as she was, she left Exeter with one gentleman, one lady, and her confessor. Two days she was hidden in a cottage while the Parliamentary troops passed by, and then, coming out in disguise, met her attendants, who had also escaped by many ways in disguise, at Pendennis Castle, and finding a Dutch vessel in the bay, embarked in it. She was pursued and fired on by an English ship, and she had thoughts of blowing up her own, but met at length the French squadron from Dieppe, which sheltered her. She landed near Brest, and having with some difficulty persuaded the Bretons that her people were no pirates, but that she was Henri IV.'s daughter, she obtained hospitality and carriages from the *noblesse* around, and repaired to the medicinal springs of Bourbon, whence Anne of Austria sent Madame de Motteville to assure her of all affection and support, and bring her all she could need. She had, indeed, made many mistakes, and had contributed greatly to the ruin of her husband; but no one could help pitying her, after seeing the change in the lively girl, now a broken, heart-stricken woman, though sometimes in the midst of her tears some absurd reminiscence would set her laughing.

The King had started immediately after his victory at Cropredy Bridge to pursue Essex, whose troops he defeated in several skirmishes. He entered Exeter ten days after the Queen's departure, and Lady Morton, Buckingham's sister, with whom his poor babe had been left, brought her to him. He caused her to be baptised by the name of Henrietta Anne, commended her to Lady Morton's care, and assigned part of the revenue of Exeter for her support. But even then terrible news for himself and his cause had come from the north. Prince Rupert had in early spring set forth to the north, intending to relieve Lathom House, which the Countess of Derby was bravely holding out; and what was of far more importance, the city of York, where the Marquis of Newcastle was besieged by Sir Thomas Fairfax. He pressed forward, gaining a victory at Newark, and relieving Lathom, where the Countess—Charlotte de la Tremouille—had held out for eighteen weeks, though being bred a Huguenot, her religious sentiments agreed with those of the Roundheads.

"If York be lost, I shall esteem my crown little less so," wrote Charles to his nephew, and Rupert dashed on, and succeeded in entering the city without a battle, the besiegers retreating. Lord Goring, with 7,000 men, had joined the Prince, the loyal gentlemen of Yorkshire had risen, and some of Ormond's regiment had been added in Cheshire to the army, which numbered 20,000. Newcastle was averse to a battle. He said the enemy's army would fall to pieces, English hated Scots, Covenanters hated Independents, Lieutenant-General Cromwell was at variance with Major-General Crawford, and patience would do the work of a victory. The enemy were retreating, let them go, the Prince had better return to the South.

CAMEO IV.

Marston Moor. 1644.

Rupert, however, declared that he had orders from his uncle to fight, and followed hard upon the enemy, who were marching towards Tadcaster. The accounts of the opening of the battle and, indeed, of the whole combat, are extremely confused and uncertain. The two armies were in sight of each other on a great Heath called Hessam Moor, at one end of which stood the village of Marston. It was the 2nd of July, and Newcastle had been urging the Prince either not to fight or to wait for a reinforcement of 3,000 men who were expected.

Rupert answered that he should not begin the attack till the next day, and Newcastle retired to rest in his coach, but had scarcely seated himself there before firing was heard. He mounted his horse, and with some other gentlemen who had taken offence, served as a volunteer.

Who began the battle there seems to be no knowing. The two armies were in full view of each other, and as the sun began to decline, a heavy thunderstorm came on. The Roundheads raised a battle psalm, the chaplains read prayers at the head of each regiment.

> "Flourished the trumpets fierce, and now
> Fixed was each eye and flushed each brow,
> On either side loud clamours ring,
> 'God and the Cause!' 'God and the King!'
> Right English all, they rushed to blows,
> With nought to win and all to lose."

It was a confused *mêlée*. Rupert and Goring thundered on the Scots, and cut them down right and left. "Bad luck to us! we are undone!" was their cry, and away they rushed; but on the other hand the Irish regiments had undergone the same fate from Cromwell's horse, and were annihilated by the reserve under Leslie.

The centre fought man to man most desperately on either side; but Cromwell and David Leslie were the first to come to the support of their comrades, and their charges were irresistible. The brave men—chiefly Yorkshire yeomen—gave not a foot back, but fell where they stood. Rupert, coming back as one victorious, found Cromwell's Ironsides where he expected his own men. It was nearly dark and his cavaliers were exhausted. As the Ironsides charged them, they gave way and galloped off the field. The Prince struggled to rally them, but in vain; he found himself alone. He leapt his horse over into a bean-field, and rode away. By and by, finding a few dragoons, he lined the hedges with them, and prevented Cromwell from pressing on the fugitives, who were rushing into York.

It had been a fearful slaughter, and it was not till morning came that many of the Roundheads knew the victory was theirs. Lord Leven, flying from the field, was arrested by a constable; Lord Fairfax fled to Cawood Castle, and there went to bed in the dark much out of spirits. His son, Sir Thomas, taking off his white ribbons—the badge of the Northern Puritans—passed unknown through the cavaliers, and joined Cromwell. He was wounded slightly, and so was Cromwell.

Only thirty of Newcastle's "lambs" were left. Many brave cavaliers had perished, though not of such note as those who had died at Edge Hill and Newbury. And among the dead was Rupert's faithful dog, Boy, who in the hurry had not been tied up before the battle, and over whose body the Roundheads triumphed as if he had been a familiar spirit.

Rupert was almost the last man to enter York, and there the first news he heard was that the Marquis of Newcastle was about to set forth for the Continent. The vain man was personally brave, but he could not bear discomfiture and dreaded to be laughed at, so while Rupert was rallying the remnant of the army, he sailed for Holland in a fishing boat from Scarborough. This was the first very serious blow that the Royal cause had received. There could be little further hope of holding out York, and Rupert left Sir Thomas Glenham as Governor there, while, with about 6,000 men, he marched southwards. The Marquis of Montrose met him at Richmond, hoping to obtain from him a troop wherewith to go and raise the Highlands; but none could be spared at such a moment—yet if Montrose could only bring a war in Scotland, the 20,000 Covenanters would be called home. Glenham could only hold out York a fortnight; he was allowed to march out with all honour, and the Scots then returned to the siege of Newcastle; Fairfax went back to Hull, and Manchester and Cromwell marched into the Midland counties.

Meantime the King, with Wilmot and Goring, had pushed Essex and his army into the extreme angle of Cornwall, whence the Earl wrote to Parliament, beseeching for money and supplies, and that Waller would fall on the rear of the Royal army. Waller replied to orders to do so, that he could not move without money; and none was forthcoming. At last, Essex himself, with a few officers, escaped in an open boat, close under a fort held by the Cavaliers, and arrived at Plymouth. Such carelessness prevailed that Sir William Balfour led off the Parliamentary Horse through the midst of the Royal army unsuspected and without losing a man; and Skippon was left with the infantry and artillery to make the best terms he could. All the cannon, ammunition, and weapons, except the swords and pistols of the officers and the men, were to be escorted to Poole or Wareham. But Goring and Wilmot led men unlike the honourable gentlemen who had first risen, and the old hatred to Skippon showed itself in cruel insults to his defenceless soldiers, which the King tried in vain to prevent.

He left Plymouth blockaded, and marched to Chard in Somersetshire, sending Rupert to Bristol, to collect reinforcements to join him in a march upon London, longing all the more to regain his capital, since, after three years' imprisonment, Archbishop Laud had been brought to trial, his great enemy, Prynne, having been all this time collecting evidence against him.

The Parliamentary armies coalesced to block the way. Manchester, Cromwell, and Waller were with them; but Essex was ill in London,

CAMEO IV.

Second battle of Newbury. 1644.

A second bloody and indecisive battle was fought at Newbury, on the 27th of October, in which Essex's troops recovered the artillery they had lost in Cornwall. Each party thought itself victorious, and though Charles retreated in the morning on Wallingford, he offered battle again at Donnington; but the Roundheads did not move. However, they had frustrated his march on London, and he went into winter quarters again at Oxford.

On the return of the officers to London, there were considerable dissensions. Cromwell declared that there would have been a decisive victory at Donnington but for the Earl of Manchester, who, he said, was afraid to conquer, and had refused consent to his attacking the Royal army, when shown that success was a certainty. Manchester, on his side, accused Cromwell of want of discipline, deceit, and perfidy, to which that general replied by reiterating his charges. The truth underlying all this was that the noblemen and Presbyterians were not disposed to go to all lengths against the King, but desired peace, provided that religion in England could be assimilated to that in Scotland; while, on the other hand, Cromwell, with the Independents and all the other sects, wished for a complete overthrow of the old system, and a liberty of conscience quite as repugnant to the Presbyterians as to the Episcopalians.

The nobles sent a deputation to Oxford to endeavour to make peace, but it failed, as usual; and Cromwell, in his place in the House of Commons, denounced the feeble measures which had kept up the civil war for two years, declaring that nothing but really vigorous measures could put an end to it. The divisions between the commanders were, as another member said, fatal to success; and a third, named Zouch Tate, declared that "the only remedy was that each should renounce himself, and that no one should hold a command in the army who also had a seat in either House."

There was a good deal of opposition to this, which was called "the Self-denying Ordinance;" but the Scottish Commissioners approved of it, for the sake of getting rid of Oliver Cromwell from the army, as they had an instinctive dread of him; and it was finally carried on the 21st of December, 1644, though it could not be immediately put in force.

The Presbyterians, however, triumphed by the formal abolition of the Book of Common Prayer, the use of which was absolutely forbidden in the same December, and a Directory of Public Worship, prepared by the Assembly at Westminster, was enforced in its room, causing fresh persecution in places where the Liturgy had hitherto been first tolerated.

Therewith the martyrdom of the foremost champion of the Church was close at hand. Laud had been four years in the Tower, not closely guarded; indeed, there were many who would have felt it a relief if he had escaped, and Hugo Grotius sent him a message by the great Eastern scholar, Dr. Pocock, to incite him to do so; but the old man had no mind

to be exiled either to a popish or sectarian land, and held it best to abide his fate in his own country.

Prynne seized his papers, and did all he could to make a strong case against him. He was brought to the House of Lords on the 13th of March, and the trial dragged on, for it was really impossible to find any act of what even Parliament could call treason in his conduct. His diary—even his most private thoughts and prayers—was dragged to light and published. Of course neither treason nor popery could be detected in it; but the exposure was intensely painful to him, and his record of dreams, of omens, even of infirmities of temper, gave the opportunity for derision. Even his Common Prayer book was taken away and not returned for six months. Everything imaginable was raked up against him. He had restored stained-glass windows; had pictures of saints in his house; he had called a gentleman "sirrah". To this last he answered that he could not remember having done so; but it was his habit to call persons of that dignity "sir." Even bowing at the most Holy Name, and standing at the Gloria, were brought up against him; and worst of all, he was accused of endeavouring to reconcile the Churches of England and Rome. To this he answered:—

"I have converted several from Popery. I have taken an oath against it. I have written a book against it. I have held a controversy against it. I have been twice offered a Cardinal's hat, and refused it. I have been twice in danger of my life from a Popish plot. I have endeavoured to reconcile the Lutherans and Calvinists, and therefore, I have endeavoured to introduce Popery!"

But in the face of all the enemies who thirsted for his blood, the brave old man avouched his belief that the Church of Rome "is a true, but not an orthodox Church. Salvation may be found in her communion, and her religion and ours are one in the great essentials. I am not bound to believe every detached phrase in the Homilies, and I do not think they assert the Pope to be Antichrist, yet it cannot be proved that I ever denied him to be so. As to the charge of unchurching foreign Protestants, I certainly said generally, according to St. Jerome, 'no Bishop, no Church,' and the preface to the book of Ordination sets forth that the three Orders came from the Apostles."

Invective against himself and Rome, was the only answer the prosecutors could make. Even Prynne allowed that his defence was "full, gallant, and pithy," though adding that it showed him "a truer son of the Church of Rome than of the Church of England."

Prynne hounded on the rabble to clamour for the Archbishop's blood; Hugh Peters and others preached them up; and the House of Commons summoned the old man to their bar on a charge of high treason. There was little use in speaking, though he made a touching defence, urging that his counsel might be heard; but his fate had been determined. He was voted guilty of high treason, and the Lords were called on to

CAMEO IV.
Death of Laud.
1644.

join in the sentence; but even the wretched remnant of them hesitated long, though the Earl of Pembroke spoke of the old man as a rascal and a villain, and threatened the others with being mobbed by the Londoners; and messages from the Commons came up urging them. At last, on the 17th of December, fourteen peers, who alone were present, voted the Primate guilty of endeavouring to subvert the laws, overthrow the Protestant religion, and to act as an enemy to Parliament. The Judges were asked if this amounted to treason. They unanimously declared that it was no such thing.

Nevertheless, after keeping Christmas Day as a fast, the Commons sent up a demand for the sentence, and six peers passed it. The King, though with no hope that it would be of any use, sent up a free pardon under the Great Seal; but no notice was taken of this.

The day was to be the 4th of January, 1645, the mode, hanging; but Laud, though content to die, petitioned against this last indignity to his office, and the Lords changed it to beheading. He also begged for the attendance of his three chaplains; but only one was granted to him, together with two strong Presbyterians, whose attendance he declined. He was perfectly calm and cheerful, as one who felt the hope that his was a martyr's death. He prayed till he was led forth along a thronged and crowded way, amidst people who insulted him, to the scaffold, which itself was so thronged that he hardly had room to mount.

"I thought," he said, "that there would have been an empty scaffold, that I might have had room to die. I beseech you let me have an end of this misery, for I have endured it long."

Then, as he climbed the scaffold, he saw that there were between the planks spaces through which he could see people standing. He besought that they might be removed, "lest my innocent blood should fall on the heads of the people."

Sir John Clotworthy, who was one of the throng on the scaffold, rudely asked him, "What is the comfortablest saying which a dying man can have in his mouth?" The Archbishop meekly answered, "*Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo.*"

"That is a good desire; but there must be a foundation for that Divine assurance."

"No man can express it. It is to be found within."

"It is founded on a word nevertheless, and that word should be known."

"That word is the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and Him alone."

The Archbishop was permitted to read a paper containing an address to the bystanders, very striking and touching; and to which they listened in silence, impressed with respect. Then kneeling by the block he uttered this beautiful prayer:—

"Lord, I am coming as fast as I can. I know I must pass through the shadow of death before I can come to see Thee. But it is the *umbra mortis*, a mere shadow of death, a little darkness upon nature; but Thou, by Thy Merits and Passion, hast broken through the jaws of

death. So, Lord, receive my soul, and have mercy upon me; and bless this kingdom with peace and plenty, and with brotherly love and charity, that there may not be this effusion of Christian blood amongst them, for Jesus Christ, His sake, if it be Thy will."

After a prayer in silence, with his head bowed on the block, he exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul." It was the sign, and the executioner struck off his head at a blow. He was seventy-one years old when malignity thus cut him off, with even less appearance of justice than in the other great executions of the Rebellion. He was first buried in All Hallows Church near the Tower, but afterwards his own wish was fulfilled, and his remains were taken to the chapel of his own college of St. John at Oxford.

And was it his prayers that so wrought that Prynne, at the Restoration, was the first to demand the renewed use of the Prayer-book?

Another attempt at a treaty was being carried on at Uxbridge. One difficulty was that the King disdained to give the name of Parliament to the body at Westminster, which was stripped of all its loyal and many of its moderate members. However, all his Council were against him, and he consented at last. The Commissioners met at Uxbridge on the 29th of January, full of hope of bringing the war to an end. There were Northumberland and three other lords, various members of the Lower House, including Denzil Holles, Oliver St. John, and Sir Harry Vane the younger; the Scots were represented by the Earl of Loudon, and others; the King by the Duke of Richmond and Marquis of Hertford, Sir Edward Hyde, Sir John Colepepper, and others, too many to enumerate. Indeed, altogether the negotiators were 108 in number. It had been determined that the negotiations should last twenty days, and should turn on Ireland, religion, and the militia. There were many civilities between the gentlemen, who were glad to meet as friends, and most of whom heartily longed to end the war. But a fanatic named Love chose to preach outrageously in Uxbridge Church that the Malignants had come from Oxford with hearts full of blood, and that this treaty was intended to delude the Saints, so that some great injury might be done them. Complaints were made, and he was sent away from Uxbridge, but not punished.

The Roundheads insisted that Episcopacy should be abolished, together with the Prayer-book; that Parliament should have the control of the army and navy; and that the King's peace with the Irish rebels should be broken, and Popery eradicated.

Charles would not give up the Bishops or the Church, though he consented to cut down their temporal authority and wealth; but his nobles thought that if he would engage to promise to give them half the nominations to the army, and for some years himself choose their favourites, they might come to terms. Lord Southampton went to Oxford to obtain his consent, and after very hard pressure he gave it. Southampton thought all would be well, and when at supper the King regretted the badness of the wine, one of his attendants said,

CAMEO IV.

Eikon Basilike.

"In a few days your Majesty will be drinking the Lord Mayor's good wine in the Guildhall."

But when in the morning Southampton came to receive the King's last instructions there had been a change, and Charles would not yield the nominations; in fact, he had heard of Montrose's diversion of the Scottish force, and his hopes had arisen again. Southampton carried back his refusal, and the twenty days being now over, the conference broke up. The Royalists had made the discovery during these meetings that there was an ever-widening split between their adversaries. The Presbyterians wanted to restore the King, but with the Covenant; but the Independents wanted neither King, nobles, ministers, nor any established form of religion at all.

During all this time, the King kept a kind of note-book or record of his private thoughts, concluding his reflections with prayers. These were afterwards published under the title of Eikon Basilike, or the royal portrait, about the time of his death. There has been an endless controversy about their genuineness, and strangely enough Cromwell apparently believed in their authenticity, though Charles II., many years later, professed not to do so, and a clergyman, named Gauden, actually laid claim to preferment on the score of having served the royal cause by forging the Eikon Basilike. But on the other hand, his wife —after his death—denied his having done so, and lamented his deceit, nor is the style accordant with his writings. Other evidence has since come to light which makes it as nearly certain as possible that Charles wrote these meditations, and even sanctioned their being made known. And it has been truly said that the light they throw upon the real man is very similar to that thrown on King David's character by the Psalms. Here are some of his devotions, written about this time:

"Thou canst as well blesse honest errour as blast fraudulent counsels.

"Since we must give an account of every evill and idle word in private at Thy tribunall; Lord, make me careful of those solemn declarations of my minde which are like to have the greatest influence upon the publique, either for woe or weale.

"The lesse others consider what they aske, make me the more solicytous what I answer.

"Though mine owne and my people's pressures are grievous, and peace would be very pleasing, yet, Lord, never suffer me to avoyd the one, or purchase the other, with the least expence or waste of my conscience, whereof, Thou O Lord, onely art deservedly more Master than my wife."

CAMEO V.

NASEBY AND BRISTOL.

(1645.)

England.		*France.*
1625. Charles I.	*Germany.*	1643. Louis XIV.
Spain.	1637. Ferdinand III.	*Rome.*
1621. Philip IV		1644. Innocent X.

THE spring of 1645 dawned sadly for all Britain, with war in every part of it, and doubts on all sides whether the struggle should ever have been begun; and especially this was felt by the moderate men, who had only meant to oppose tyranny, but who found that they were being forced to give way to men with no regard to the old constitution they had hoped to preserve.

The Court at Oxford had become a sad place since the Queen with her buoyant spirits had left it. It was still full, fuller indeed than ever, since it was the refuge of many families driven from their houses, both lay and clerical; but there was little gaiety, and much depression; and provisions were scanty and dear, while money was hard to obtain. There were weddings, but often chiefly for the sake of providing a protector. Sir John Harrison gave his eldest daughter, Anne, to her second cousin, Richard Fanshawe, who had just been sworn Secretary of War to the Prince of Wales, with a supposed pension, while her portion was called £10,000, but between them they had but £20, just enough to provide pen, ink, and paper for Mr. Fanshawe's work.

She wrote a memoir of her husband through these years of privation; and, on the other hand, we have those of another good lady on the other side, Lucy, the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, last Governor of the Tower. In 1638, before the troubles began, she had made a marriage, altogether of affection, with John Hutchinson, a son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson of Owthorpe, but who had been chiefly brought up by his maternal uncle, Sir John Byron. Both father and uncle were churchmen and Royalists; but the son, though he had tried to purchase an office in the Star Chamber, had by force of study of controversy, under a tutor of

CAMEO V. — *Mrs. Hutchinson.*

his own choosing, become a strong Calvinist; and under the influence of the grave and reverend John Ireton, his politics followed his religion. Living so near Nottingham, he was often involved in difficulties with the Cavaliers, before he finally made up his mind to take up arms. He was made Governor of Nottingham for the Parliament, and his wife and children joined him in the old Castle. The people of the town were inclined to the King, and the garrison often were put to straits for supplies. His father was much displeased, and left all but the estate of Owthorpe away from him; and his gentlemanly and humane instincts got him into trouble with the more furious Roundheads. When some Cavalier officers, who had been made prisoners, supped at his table, there was one Captain Palmer who could scarce eat his own meal for grief at seeing the wicked so preferred, and he was equally angry with Mrs. Hutchinson for extending her surgery to malignant prisoners.

The Self-denying Ordinance was being put in force all that winter. Some of the troops, especially those at Reading, who were chiefly from the estates of Lord Essex, showed great displeasure at his being displaced, and five regiments were likely to go over to the King; but Skippon was appointed major-general, and he was popular, and Essex himself did his best to pacify them. Sir Thomas Fairfax, who was not in Parliament, could continue in the army of the North; but the Ironsides declared that they would not serve under any one save Oliver Cromwell, and he set out, declaring himself about to perform the last service to the House by inducing them to submit.

It was decided at Oxford that the Prince of Wales, who was now fifteen years old, should be sent to Bristol as Generalissimo of the West, with Lords Capel and Digby and Sir Edward Hyde to take care of him; and thus the father and eldest son parted never to meet again. Again we get a peep into a family home. The Secretary Fanshawe had to go with the Prince's little court, leaving behind with many tears his young wife and a sickly infant not a week old, and which died two days later. The poor mother was unable to walk for ten weeks, and pined to follow her husband. The day of her churching, she received a letter and fifty gold pieces from him, and full of joy, she went leaning on her father's arm, to sun herself in the gardens of St. John's College. There she saw the escort sent to fetch her riding in. The officer bade a salute be fired, not knowing that one of the muskets was loaded until two bullets were found to have pierced the bark of a tree just above Mrs. Fanshawe's head.

Her father and sister both went with her to Bristol, where her lodgings were much better than those at Oxford. There was a gleam of prosperity, so that her husband put into her hands a hundred pieces of gold, saying, "I know thou who keepest my heart so well will keep into my fortune, which from this time I will ever put thy hands, as God shall bless me with increase."

There was something else that the young wife expected to have confided to her. She was inspired by a kind but gossiping old friend,

Lady Rivers, to think it a slight that her husband would not answer her when she asked what was in the letters that the Prince received from his father or mother. She sulked at supper, and cried at bedtime, declaring that he did not love her, though he stopped her mouth with kisses, and she wept while he went to sleep. She would not answer when he rose in the morning, though all the time he treated her with unalterable good humour. At last he spoke seriously, and once for all: "My life and my fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart, in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the Prince's affairs. Pray thee with this answer rest satisfied." And she did. It cured her for ever.

The King had really sent his son away in case he should himself be made prisoner, and had given charge to the gentlemen of the Council to take the youth to the Continent in that event, even though they should receive apparent orders to the contrary. He had the Duke of York still with him, and the two younger children, Elizabeth and Henry, were at St. James's Palace, watched over by the Parliament as a sort of hostages, while little Henrietta was still under the care of Lady Morton.

The Self-denying Ordinance much rejoiced the Royal party, who thought it would deprive the enemy of all their best and most experienced generals; whereas it was, in fact, only an engine for getting rid of all the incompetent.

In the end of April, Fairfax, then at Windsor, was about to take the field. Cromwell came to him to kiss his hand, and resign his own command, as being still a member; but Fairfax said, "I have received from the committee of the two kingdoms a message concerning you. It orders you to march directly with a few regiments of horse, to keep the road from Oxford to Worcester, to intercept communications between Prince Rupert and the King."

Thus the Self-denying Ordinance made the really able general an exception, and Cromwell set forth that same evening.

Charles was also taking the field, intending to march northwards and meet Prince Rupert, raising the siege of Chester.

Cromwell, five days before any other troops were in motion, did what the Roundheads called "uncattling" the neighbourhood of Oxford. He won three skirmishes, defeating 2,000 men sent by Rupert to convoy the King, and summoned Bletchingden. There the Governor, Colonel Windebank, unfortunately had his young wife, whose tears and panic terror unnerved him, and he surrendered hastily. "Will no one bring me this Cromwell dead or alive?" cried the King. He had Windebank tried by court martial and shot, leaning his back against the wall of Merton College, and showing coolness that proved that he had not failed for lack of personal bravery. His wife must have been the most miserable of all the women of the war!

Princes Rupert and Maurice came together to escort the King from Woodstock; Rupert receiving on the road a letter from Lord Jermyn

CAMEO V.
Leicester taken.
1645.

from Paris, telling what the latter called "a romance story that concerns your highness," namely, that the next brother of the family, Edward, had married privately Anne de Gonzaga, daughter of the Duke of Nevers, a brilliant coquettish woman, with whom half the court had been in love, including Gaston of Orleans. She must have been a good deal older than Edward, and she brought him over to the Roman Catholic faith, to the grief and despair of his mother Elizabeth, and the delight of the French Queen Anne, who forgave the private marriage in favour of the conversion. "La Princesse Palatine," as she was called, did not cease to be a prominent figure in all the French intrigues.

On the 7th of May, the Princes joined their uncle at Stow-in-the-Wold, and a council of war was held to decide on the plan of the campaign. There was only one army now, and succour was wanted by the Prince of Wales and Bristol, the besiegers at Taunton, and the besieged at Chester; besides that there was need to hinder a junction between the Scottish army and that of Fairfax.

Goring was sent off to finish the siege of Taunton, and to collect troops to keep Fairfax in check; while the King's army went northwards, the siege of Chester being abandoned on their approach; though, on the other hand, their absence had enabled Fairfax to invest Oxford itself. This made Charles pause in his northern march, while on the night of the 31st of June Prince Rupert took Leicester by assault, though not without desperate fighting in the streets, ending in the plunder of the town, with much loss of property to the inhabitants, but very little of life. There was great rejoicing over this success; the King wrote to his wife that his "fortunes had never yet been in so flourishing a condition." And the Londoners, fearing their turn might come next, petitioned Parliament to stem the mighty torrent of the Cavaliers' successes. There was a rapid gathering of forces. Fairfax left the siege of Oxford; Cromwell was sent for from the Isle of Ely, where he was training the militia into his terrible Ironsides; and the Royal army debated whether to go on northward, or to meet the enemy in the south. The northern march was decided on, and the King on the 14th of June slept at Lubenham, and Prince Rupert at Harborough, leaving an outpost at Naseby, a village in the midst of a slightly undulating plain, covered with unenclosed cornfields, only divided by landmarks—then in their summer green. The old oak table where this outpost supped is still preserved. In the midst, a troop of Ireton's horse dashed in on them, killing or making prisoners all except one, who rode off with the news to the King. Charles hurried to Harborough and consulted with his nephew. Rupert advised retreat, which would enable the Royal army, only good men of position, to gather reinforcements at Melton and Newark, but Digby and Ashburnham were against him, and the King was in high spirits, having had good news from the north. He decided to fight, and the scout master was sent out to reconnoitre at dawn, but brought

back word that not an enemy was in sight. Rupert then rode out himself, and espied that the enemy were in some force, beyond Naseby —but he did not know that Fairfax had been joined by Cromwell in the night, and thought he was retreating when he was only changing his position, so he sent word to the King to come on as fast as possible.

By nine o'clock in the summer morning the Royal troops were all drawn up on one low hill in line, the opposite party on another about a mile distant. Rupert's desire was to meet Cromwell, whom he expected to find on the left wing ; but Ireton had taken that post, while Cromwell was on the right. Fairfax was in the centre with the infantry and a strong artillery, the King having only twelve small guns, which do not seem to have been used at all. The Royalist word was "God and Queen Mary," the Puritan "God with us."

Both armies advanced simultaneously. It was the old story, Rupert and his troopers dashed against Ireton's horse, and drove them backward ; their colonel, with a wound in the face, another in the thigh, and his horse killed under him, was made prisoner, and the Cavaliers reached the artillery, but instead of securing it dashed on to seize Naseby, and on wheeling round to take possession of the guns were kept at bay by a heavy fire.

The King himself and Sir Thomas Fairfax had encountered in the centre, and here the battle raged most hotly. Skippon was severely wounded, but when Fairfax pressed him to retire, he answered, "No, as long as one man stands I shall remain here." Fairfax lost his helmet, and when Charles Doyley, the colonel of his guard, offered him his own, he said, "It is very well as it is, Charles, I do not want it ;" then pointing out a division of the Royal infantry, "What, cannot those people be got at ? Have you attacked them ?"

"Twice, General, and without success."

"Then take them in the rear, while I take them in front."

And they met in the middle of the unfortunate battalion.

Cromwell on the right had broken Sir Marmaduke Langdale's troop, and, leaving two regiments to prevent their rallying, turned to assist Fairfax, falling upon the blue-coated Yorkshire men, who did not give back a foot, but were all slain or made prisoners where they stood. The Royal life guards were still in reserve ; Charles rode to their head, calling out "One charge more, gentlemen, one charge more, and the day is ours ! " But as they began to move a panic seems to have seized the Earl of Carnwarth, and he snatched the King's bridle, crying with an oath, "Do you want to get yourself killed ?" turning him to the right. The Cavaliers around followed his example, and all was confusion.

Rupert, who had ridden to the top of the opposite hill after his attack on the artillery, saw the Royalists giving way on all sides, and dashed across the valley to join the King. There was a halt, and a rally, Charles and Rupert tried to get their men together for another charge ; but all in vain. They had to follow the flight, an utterly disorderly

CAMEO V.
—
Seizure of the King's papers.
1615.

one, as the best mounted galloped on to Leicester, and some even to Newark, closely pursued by the Roundheads. Five thousand prisoners were taken, almost all the colours, the artillery and baggage, including the King's carriage, with all his private papers, and all the camp followers. There were many ladies, wives of officers who—their homes broken up—had followed their husbands to the war; and besides these, women of a lower and disreputable grade. The fierce Puritans assumed that all were base Irish women, killed a hundred, and slashed the others with their swords about the face and nose—one of the few instances of cruelty to women during the war. Fairfax wrote a short simple despatch to Parliament, announcing the victory; Cromwell wound up with a little sermon in which, after praising the General, and the "well disposed," he expressed his hopes that "he who hazards his life for the safety of his country may be able to trust in God for the liberty of his conscience, and in you for the liberty in the name of which he fights."

This was a protest against the Presbyterian exclusiveness which wanted to silence Independency, such as was hotly professed by most of Cromwell's "well disposed," who carried Bibles in their buff belts, and expounded and prayed fanatically. It was thought somewhat impertinent by some of the Parliament, for a Lieutenant-General to commend his General, or to draw morals to them; but the victory was so decisive that the censure was forgotten, and Cromwell was asked to continue in command three months longer.

Sir Thomas Fairfax wished to respect the privacy of the King's papers, but Ireton and Cromwell sent them to the Parliament, who appointed a committee to examine them, and finally published selections of them. It was a great insult, and Charles wrote in his diary that he should have thought "the freedom and secrecy of private papers commanded a civility from all men not wholly barbarous. . . Yet since Providence will have it so, I am content so much of my heart (which I study to approve to God's omniscience) should be discovered to the world, without any of those dresses or popular captations which some men use in their speeches and expresses. I wish my subjects had yet a clearer sight into my most retired thoughts . . . Nor can any man's malice be gratified further by my letters than to see my constancy to my wife, the laws and religion. Bees will gather honey where the spider sucks poison."

The letters were not put forth entire, only the portions that the Parliament thought would serve their cause—and some of the omissions would have explained the parts published—with plentiful annotations from which the public gathered that the King was insincere throughout, and merely intended to crush all who resisted him. The Parliament declared and probably believed that his correspondence showed that he had never intended to make peace, and that no oaths could bind him.

Indeed the battle of Naseby was in every way the mortal blow to his cause, as it was the decisive step in Cromwell's road to greatness.

Charles, Rupert, and the remnant of the army reached Ashby de la Zouche, where 2,000 men joined them, and orders were sent to raise troops in Wales, but there were more promises than men. There the uncle and nephew parted, Rupert going to Bristol, and the King to Raglan Castle, where the magnificent old Marquis of Worcester entertained him splendidly for three weeks. He and the King held a long controversy upon Romanism and Anglicanism, and though each retained his own opinions, the conversation was afterwards printed. The constancy and faith of those who clung to the English Church and maintained her Catholicity were admirable at this time, when Protestantism seemed to have triumphed, and Roman Catholics could declare that a religion could not stand which was neither the one thing nor the other.

The peasants, especially in Dorset and Somersetshire, were rising, not on either side, but to indemnify themselves for the losses they suffered. They set up as an ensign a torn sheep with the words—

> "If you take our cattle,
> We will give you battle."

And they threatened to plunder Bristol. Rupert tried first to gain them for the King, and then made raids among them which put them down. The plague was at Bristol, and the Prince of Wales had been sent away to Barnstaple to escape it. Rupert had assured the King that he could hold out the place full four months. The King was moving about between Raglan, Hereford, and Oxford, collecting troops, and hoping to be able to join Montrose and his Scots.

In the end of August, Sir Thomas Fairfax marched to besiege Bristol, intending to blockade it by sea and land. To the astonishment of foes, and the dismay of friends, Rupert surrendered the place as rapidly as Fiennes had done, yielding it up on the 10th of September, and obtaining the lives and liberties of all within.

The King was bitterly grieved, and his anger flamed out more hotly than on any other occasion. He was at Raglan Castle when he heard the news, and he immediately, on the 14th of September, formally dismissed Rupert from his command, and wrote him a letter of reproach. "Though the loss of Bristol is a great blow to me," he wrote, "yet your surrendering it as you did is of so much affliction to me that it makes me not only forget the consideration of that place, but yet is the heaviest trial of my constancy that hath yet befallen me. . . . . My conclusion is to desire you to seek your subsistence until it shall please God to determine of my condition, somewhere beyond the seas, to which end I herewith send you a pass, and I pray God to make you sensible of your present condition, and give you means to recover what you have lost, for I shall have no greater joy in a victory than a just occasion without blushing to assure you of my being your loving uncle and faithful friend—CHARLES R."

He wrote on the 20th to Prince Maurice, who was recovering from

CAMEO V.

Disgrace of Rupert.
1645.

the plague at Worcester, to assure him of continued affection, and speaking less angrily but more sadly of Rupert, whose "judgment," he thought, "had been seduced by some rotten-hearted villains."

The truth seems to have been that in each case Bristol was a difficult place to hold out. In the statement made, and signed by Rupert's officers, it appears that the fortifications were more extensive than the garrison could man; that many of the troops being raw Welsh levies, had already deserted, and it was only too easy to the rest to do so; that provisions and powder both were insufficient, and there being little or no prospect of relief, they had all agreed that there was nothing to be gained for the King's cause by the slow and dreadful process of exhaustion, which involved so many persons of no special devotion to royalty. Rupert, believing that his disgrace was chiefly owing to the representations of Lord Digby, who had always been his enemy, resolved to see his uncle and justify himself. To do this, he had to make his way through the midst of the enemy to Newark, where the King was. He had eighty horsemen with him, and Maurice met him at Banbury. There were attempts to intercept him, especially at Belvoir Castle, but he broke through them all, and safely reached Newark, where all his friends came out to meet him.

He made his way to the King, and declared he was come to give an account of the surrender of Bristol; but Charles would hardly speak to him, and as the two Princes stood by the royal chair at supper, only Maurice was addressed.

Rupert demanded to be tried by a court martial. This was done, and the whole state of Bristol having been made known he was completely acquitted, and the King signed a paper, declaring that "Our right dear nephew, Prince Rupert, is not guilty of the least want of courage or fidelity to us or our service in that action."

Rupert however, was not restored to his post, and the former affectionate familiarity was withdrawn from him. Charles no doubt contrasted his surrender with the desperate fidelity shown by the old Marquis of Winchester, who held out Basing House to the last extremity, though he was so feeble and gouty that he had to be carried out on a chair. But the Marquis had a small place to defend and a devoted garrison of servants, and all was his own. It was not like being a hated, distrusted foreigner, dealing with a large commercial city. There followed a hot dispute in the King's presence, occasioned by his superseding the governor of Newark, Sir Richard Willis, whom Rupert supported, till Charles called out, "Nephew, I command you to be gone!"

A large party followed Rupert and Maurice to Belvoir, whence they sent a request to Parliament for passports wherewith to leave the country, but these would only be granted on condition that they would pledge themselves not to serve the King again. This they would not give, and their passion having cooled, they remained at Woodstock, waiting for some opportunity of nobly winning their pardon.

CAMEO VI.

THE GREAT MARQUIS.

(1644—1646.)

England.
1625. Charles I.

Spain.
1621. Philip IV.

Germany.
1637. Ferdinand III.

France.
1643. Louis XIV.

Rome.
1644. Innocent X.

THERE was one hope remaining to King Charles, the hope that had lured him into fighting the fatal battle of Naseby.

When James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, had parted with Prince Rupert two days after the battle of Marston Moor, a report was spread that he, the Lieutenant of Prince Rupert, the Viceroy of Scotland, was on his way to wait on the King at Oxford, and his coach and servants slowly proceeded on their way in full state. Their lord meanwhile was travelling northward, dressed as a groom, riding on a lean horse, and leading a pack-horse by the bridle, in attendance on two gentlemen, Sir William Rollock and Mr. Sibbald, the only persons in his secret; for thus alone could he hope to pass through the Lowlands, where almost all were enthusiastic Covenanters.

Near the Border they met a servant of one of his own family who thought they were of Leven's army, and told them that his master had undertaken to give notice to the Government of any one crossing the Border likely to be an emissary of the King. A little further on, a soldier who had been in Newcastle's army ran up to the seeming groom and saluted him by his title. "Do I not know my Lord Marquis of Montrose very well!" he cried. "But go your way, and God be with you."

The man kept the secret, and in four days' time Montrose reached the house of his cousin, Patrick Graham, of Inchbrakie, near the river Tay, on the Highland side of Perth. He sent off his companions to learn the state of things, and spent his nights in a little cottage and his days in the mountains, until they returned with very bad news. The Covenanters' rule was strong and vigilant; and the Marquis of Huntly, venturing to rise prematurely on the King's behalf, had been speedily

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Muster of Highlanders. 1644.

overcome, and his kinsman, Gordon of Hadow, made prisoner and put to death.

While considering what was to be done, Montrose heard through the shepherds that a band of men from Ireland had landed in the West Highlands, and were wandering about in the mountains, closely watched by the Marquis of Argyll and his clan. He hoped that these were Lord Antrim's men from Ulster, but did not venture to move till a kinsman of his own brought him a letter from their leader, Alaster Macdonald, of a Scottish family, but born in Ireland, and commonly called Colkittoch or Colkitto, namely the left-handed; a brave man, but untrained and obstinate. He supposed Montrose to be with the army at Carlisle, and Graham had favoured the idea by undertaking to ride there with the letters. Montrose answered as if he were at Carlisle, bidding them repair to Blair Athol, where they should be met by a general and an army; and he sent persons to raise the men of Athol, who were mostly loyal.

In Highland coat and trews, and only attended by Patrick Graham as his guide, he walked twenty miles across the hills to the rendezvous, where he found only 1,200 men of Ulster instead of the promised 10,000, very badly armed and appointed, and only a few men of Badenoch as yet come to the appointed place. The Irish would hardly believe the gentleman who had walked in among them was the Marquis, till they saw him saluted by the Badenoch men; and then it appeared that they were in great danger and difficulty, for Argyll had burnt the vessels that had brought them over, and was about to fall on them, while the loyal Scots would not stir on their behalf, since Colkitto showed no commission from the King.

Montrose immediately set up the royal standard, and was joined by Macpherson of Cluny with his clan. On their way the Macphersons had had a skirmish with some of the Covenanting cavalry. As they were advancing, one of the Highlanders was seen stooping, and being asked by his chief how he could stoop in presence of the enemy, answered that he was only fastening a spur to his brogue. "A spur! for what purpose here?" "I mean to have a good horse before the day is done," answered the Highlander; and so he had, and two prisoners likewise, for the Covenanters, taken by surprise, were routed. The next day 800 men of Athol arrived, and were put under the command of Patrick Graham; and immediately after the army was joined by Lord Kilpont, eldest son of the Earl of Menteith, and by Sir John Drummond. Each of these had been called out by the Covenanters to raise their forces against the Irish as robbers, and between them they had 500 men; but when they found their kinsman Montrose was in command with full powers from the King they gladly joined him.

Still there was much danger, for Argyll was pursuing the little army, and in front Lord Elcho had collected a Lowland force, who were drawn up in an open space called Tipper Muir, three miles from Perth,

with artillery and cavalry. Montrose had none of the former and only three horses; but he knew what the Highlanders could do in the first onset, and that there was no real discipline among the Lowlanders, who, though they were superior in numbers, were only farmers and burghers quite untrained.

All of his men who owned a firelock discharged it as soon as they came within gunshot of the enemy. Then throwing away the weapon —in many cases plaid and all—they drew their powerful broadswords and launched themselves headlong on the Lowlanders, who broke instantly and scattered in all directions, but were hunted down by the swift-footed Highlandmen, so that no less than 2,000 were killed in the pursuit. This battle was fought on Sunday the 1st of September, 1644.

The burghers of Perth who had been in the fray had had quite enough of it, and lay gasping in their cellars, telling the Provost they would fight no more, for their hearts were away and they should be killed. Only twelve of these Fifeshire men offered themselves for the defence of the town, and they were pot-valiant through liquor. So averred the magistrates in their letter of excuse. In fact all the Lowlanders with any taste for war were in Leven's army in England, and those who remained at home had lost the custom of warfare.

The Campbells however had the brave habits of Highlanders and Islesmen, and their chief, the Marquis of Argyll, was a strong and devoted Covenanter from conviction, the same against whom his own father, a Roman Catholic, had warned King James. He was regarded with the utmost devotion by his people, who called him Gillespie Grumach, the latter word meaning squint-eyed, the former being taken as the Gaelic equivalent for his Christian name of Archibald; although curiously enough Gillespie, or more properly Gillespuig, really means servant of the bishop.

He was advancing with a strong force, and the Highlanders were after their usual fashion going home with their plunder. Therefore Montrose fell back from Perth into Angusshire, where he was joined by the Ogilvies, with their head the old Earl of Airlie, and his two sons, who remained faithful throughout. Here however a heavy loss fell on him. In the contingent brought by Lord Kilpont was a gentleman named James Stewart of Ardvoirlich, extremely strong, but with a wild strain of insanity about him, attributed to a terrible outrage committed before his birth. During the absence of the Lord of Ardvoirlich, a gang of outlaws had invaded his house, demanding hospitality, and while the lady was gone to the kitchen in quest of provisions, the savages set on the table, with a bit of bread in its mouth, the bloody head of her brother, whom they had met and murdered on their way. The poor lady flew shrieking out of the house, and it was many weeks before her husband found her wandering in the forest. She had become insane, and the infant born shortly after grew up a wild and dangerous character; but Lord Kilpont was much attached to him, and shared

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Bridge of Dee.
1644.

his tent with him, until in an access of fury, caused, it was believed, by a refusal to desert Montrose, this semi-madman stabbed the young noble to death, then killing the sentinel and escaping to the camp of Argyll, where he was promoted.

This was a great blow to Montrose, and to the Royal cause. He had now only 1,500 men, and with them he resolved to make a sudden dash at Aberdeen, hoping thus to obtain the support of the Gordons, who had always been warm supporters of the Crown. But the Marquis of Huntly seems to have held Montrose as a turncoat not to be trusted, and had never forgotten his own treacherous capture when the Graham had been the Covenanting champion. His third son, Lord Lewis, had thrown himself into the opposite party, and actually commanded a troop of horse in the army with which Lord Burley was trying to check the advance of the Highland force.

Montrose avoided the Bridge of Dee, and crossed the river higher up. He met the Covenanters to the westward of the city. He had now only fifty horse, but he mingled musketeers with them, and thus much increased their efficiency. Lord Lewis's men fled, and after a two hours' fight there was a general rout of the Covenanters, who fled into the town, to the grievous detriment of the citizens; for the barbarous Irish pursued them thither and slew whomsoever they met, sometimes making their unhappy victims undress first, that their clothes might not be spoiled. Montrose, having no money, was forced to wink at plunder, though Aberdeen was reckoned a loyal city, and as such had suffered previously from him when he was on the Covenanting side. The Irish were as savage as they were brave. One, whose leg was shot off in the battle, and was hanging by a piece of skin, shouted to his fellows, "This bodes me promotion. My lord will make me a trooper!" On the other hand their cruelty was terrible, and they even slew women for weeping over the dead.

Happily these horrors did not last long. Montrose marched his savage crew off the next day, up the course of the river Spey into the country of the Gordons, hoping that as the Marquis of Huntly was well known to be loyal they would join him; but the old quarrel and distrust were not forgotten, and the one Marquis was never to be found by any messenger from the other, nor would his men rise to follow the man whom they held to have betrayed their chief, whose example they followed, so that their country appeared almost devoid of inhabitants. Argyll was following him with a better equipped army, and the Murrays of Caithness were up in arms against him on the opposite bank of the Spey.

Resolved not to be inclosed and cut off, Montrose buried his cannon in a bog, destroyed his heavy baggage, and made a dash into the friendly Highlands, where at Badenoch he had a few days of such sharp illness that the Covenanters gave public thanks for his death. Indeed the hardships and privations of his hurried marches among the mountains were terrible, and his eldest son, a boy of sixteen, sank

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Wasting of Argyll. 1644.

under them ; but there was no time for mourning, the little army could only exist by hurrying from one mountain or valley to another, and never letting Argyll's more unwieldy force come up with it. Often it had to be dispersed in search of provisions, and indeed the Highlanders were so prone to hurry home that only the Irish could be relied on for keeping together. Thus at Fyvie Castle he found himself with the Marquis of Argyll on one side of him, and the Earl of Lothian on the other, their forces amounting to thrice his own, and only two miles off when he first had notice of them. Indeed some were already creeping behind the hedges into the midst of his army, when he called out in a gay undaunted voice to a young Irish officer, "What are you doing, O'Keene? Can't you chase these troublesome rascals out of the ditches?" O'Keene did so, and with such good effect as to capture some bags of ammunition. "What, have they left us no balls?" cried one of the men. "We must get them afterwards from these niggardly stewards."

After two or three days spent in skirmishing, during which every metal vessel in Montrose's army was melted up to make bullets, and Argyll retreated every evening to his camp about three miles off, Montrose withdrew in the night to Strathbogie ; but on the way many of the Lowland gentlemen left him, and there only remained with him the old Earl of Airlie and his sons. Indeed winter was setting in, and all who could took shelter in their homes, Argyll in his castle of Inverary, where he held himself to be perfectly secure, saying that he would not for a hundred thousand crowns that any stranger knew the passes over the eastern barrier of mountains.

But early in December a few frightened shepherds hurried into Inverary with tidings that Montrose, with the Grahams, the Highlanders and the Irish, had scaled the hills, and descended the snow-choked ravines, and was only two miles off. There was no time for defence. All that Argyll could do was to embark in a fishing-boat and escape by sea ; and terrible times began for the unfortunate Campbells, for Montrose divided his force into three, and made frightful havoc among the villages and shielings, which lay in rocky glens and hills throughout the rugged country. The people seemed paralysed, and Montrose spoke of it as a providence, for he said that two hundred bowmen in any narrow pass could have cut off his army ; or that if the cowherds had burnt their dwellings and driven away their cattle, he should have been starved out. There the Highlanders marauded to their hearts' content till February, 1645, when just as they had gone home with their booty came tidings that the Earl of Seaforth, head of the Mackenzies, for whose support Montrose had always hoped, was marching against him with 5,000 men on one side, and on the other Argyll had collected 3,000 at his castle of Inverlochy, on Loch Linhe, the first of the chain of lakes since connected by the Caledonian Canal.

Montrose decided to attack the smaller body before the two could join. He had only 1,500 men, but he led them out of the ordinary

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Taking of Dundee.
1645.

road, over the wild passes of Lochaber, unknown to all but shepherds and deerstalkers, and descended suddenly on the meadows round the loch, while Argyll thought him thirty miles off. It was late in the evening, and the battle did not take place till the next day. In the night Argyll, who never professed to be a warrior, betook himself to his galley, and when he saw his clansmen fleeing on all sides, he was rowed safely away across the lake. Montrose's victory was complete, but he lost one excellent and devoted follower in Lord Ogilvie, who was killed in the battle. However, Lord Gordon, Huntly's eldest son, who had thitherto been detained by his uncle Argyll, made his escape, and joined the royal standard, bringing one hundred and fifty of his name.

By this time the Convention of Estates, who governed Scotland, were thoroughly alarmed. While the war was only Highlander against Highlander, they cared little for it ; but with the spring Montrose was threatening the Lowlands, and they thought it expedient to recall to their defence two generals from the army in England—William Baillie, a thorough Covenanter, and Sir John Urry, one of the Thirty Years' War men, an able captain, but ready to fight on whichever side would hire him.

These two generals, with a considerable force, hovered about watching to hinder Montrose from crossing either the Tay or the Forth, the boundaries of the Highlands ; and at the same time all the Gordons, except their young lord, suddenly deserted, no one knew why, though Lord Lewis Gordon was suspected of having intrigued in his father's name.

However, Montrose took Dundee, assaulting it in three places at once ; but just as the horrors of plunder were beginning upon the inhabitants came timely news that Baillie and Urry, with 4,000 men, were close at hand. The Gordons had represented the cavalry, the numbers were too small to fight, and Montrose could only draw off to the hills, again making a march of sixty miles in three days and two nights, almost without a halt for food or rest.

Lord Gordon managed to collect his clan again, by setting his personal influence against that of his brother, in spite of the rhyme—

> "If ye wi' Lord Lewis gae,
> Ye'll get reif and prey enow ;
> If ye wi' Montrose gae,
> Ye'll get grief and woe enow."

He had gathered a sufficient force to be held worthy of an attack from Urry, but Montrose hurried to his support, and a sharp battle ensued at the village of Aulderne in the county of Nairne. Colkitto here showed desperate bravery. His men were in the shelter of sheepfolds formed by stone walls, and he defended the entrance, receiving the pikes of the soldiers by two or three in his target, and then shearing them off by a sweep of his broadsword. The victory was complete,

2000 Covenanters fell, and only twenty-four of Montrose's. Urry drew off the remains of his army to rejoin Baillie.

Kilsyth. 1645.

Again the two armies fought, at Alford in Aberdeenshire, and again Montrose triumphed, but this time with the very serious loss of Lord Gordon, for whom there was great lamentation throughout the army. The next brother, Lord Aboyne, however, continued to support Montrose, and victory was the sure way to attract the Highland clans to his royal standard.

The Convention of Estates was angered and perplexed, having to keep on foot two armies in England and in the north, while there was terrible devastation wherever the Highlanders went; and added to this a fearful pestilence all over the kingdom, and so severe at Edinburgh, that the Estates were obliged to remove to Perth, where they raised a force commanded by General Baillie, and ordered a levy of 10,000 men throughout the country.

Montrose meantime ravaged Kinross, and utterly destroyed the beautiful Campbell Castle, belonging to Argyll, thus satisfying the Celtic spirit of vengeance, which added horrors to this northern warfare. His object was to fight Baillie's army before the new levies should arrive, so he marched along the northern shore of the Forth, and after insulting Perth as he passed it, he crossed the river by a ford just before the Teith joins it, and then marched westward. The Committee of Estates imagined that he wanted to avoid a battle, and with Argyll at their head insisted that Baillie, against his own judgment, should follow by crossing the Brigg of Stirling, and fight. The place was the glen or valley of Kilsythe, which is now filled up with a reservoir of water. Montrose was on the higher ground with his Highlanders. The gentlemen of his army and the Covenanting horse first encountered, and at the critical moment he gave the word for the fearful rush of the Highlanders, half naked, and plunging down with the utmost fury, carrying all before them, and continuing the pursuit for fourteen miles with such slaughter that they boasted that not one Covenanting foot soldier escaped alive; and the cavalry were entirely dispersed, with such loss that the slain amounted to 6,000, while Montrose only lost six! This battle of Kilsyth, the culminating point of his success, took place on the 15th of August, 1645.

The news gave hope to Charles in England in the ruin that followed the battle of Naseby, and he gave Montrose the dignity of Viceroy of Scotland, which had been borne by Prince Rupert, and empowered him to summon a Parliament at Glasgow, whilst he returned an invitation to the King in the words of Joab to King David: "I have fought against Rabbah, and have taken the city of waters. Now therefore gather the rest of the people together, and encamp against the city, and take it, lest I take the city, and it be called after my name."

Charles, however, had learnt to believe the Great Marquis, as he began to be called, invincible, forgetting that for ferocious Highlanders, well managed, to fall upon hastily levied farmers and burghers was a

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—
Philiphaugh
1645.

very different thing from their meeting troops used to discipline like the army of Leven ; and, besides, though the cities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and others had submitted and released the royalists prisoners, all the castles were still in the hands of the Convention and there was no artillery to attack them with. The King therefore summoned Montrose to march southwards to his assistance, and this was highly distasteful to the clans. Many of the Highlanders had gone home to dispose of their plunder, and more and more deserted at each day's journey towards the Border.

Orders meantime had been sent to the Leslies to send home a detachment for the protection of the country. They were before Hereford at the time, and David Leslie with 5,000 or 6,000 men, almost all cavalry, hastened at the utmost speed back to Scotland.

Montrose was at Selkirk, so much weakened by desertion that he had only five hundred Irish foot and a small body of horse encamped at Philiphaugh, a flat meadow on the bank of the Ettrick, near the town. Nothing seems in those days to have been worse understood than reconnoitring, and he had no notion that the enemy was near, but was writing letters to the king, when on the morning of the 13th of September he heard the sound of firing, and galloped to the scene of action. Leslie had approached under cover of a heavy fog, and when perceived, the panic his force inspired was such that the Irish horse broke and scattered in all directions. Montrose strove hard to rally them, but it was impossible ; and he, with thirty horse, was obliged to flee till he halted at Peebles, where the stragglers came in to the number of 250. The standards were saved, one by an Irishman, who wrapped it round his body, and fought with no other clothing, till he had forced his way through the enemy, and brought it that night to Montrose, who rewarded him by giving him the entire charge of it. The other standard belonging to the cavalry was saved by William Hay, brother to the Earl of Kinnoul, who carried it off the field with him, reached the English Border, and after lying hidden for some time, reached the Highlands safely and restored it to his general.

The Covenanters massacred the prisoners of lower degree without mercy, as indeed the savage Kelts had shown as little in their hour of triumph. All were shot down in the court of Newark Castle, and buried in a meadow called Slainmen's Lee, where about the year 1820 their bones were found, corroborating the tradition of the cause of the name. The Lowland Scots triumphed in a ballad beginning—

> "At Philiphaugh the fray began,
> At Harehead wood it ended ;
> The Scots out owre the Graemes they rode,
> Sae merrily they bended."

And concluding—

> Now, let us a' for Leslie pray,
> And his brave company,
> For they hae vanquished great Montrose,
> Our cruel enemy."

An obelisk was raised on the field, with an inscription that might have befitted the Irish: "To the memory of the Covenanters who fought and fell on the field of Philiphaugh and won the battle there, September 13th, 1645."

Montrose betook himself to the Highlands and collected 400 men of Athol, and was joined by Lord Aboyne with some of the Gordons; but they were never hearty in their support of him, and soon left him. About this time Montrose lost a friend he much esteemed, Lord Napier of Merchiston, a peaceful gentleman of very high culture, who was the inventor of logarithms, or, as they were long called after him, Napier's bones. Meantime, the Covenanters tried and sentenced his friends their prisoners, egged on by the Presbyterian clergy, one of whom took as his text, "What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears?" and reviled them for sparing the gentlemen as Saul had spared Agag. Eight were sentenced to die, four at St. Andrews, as an expiation for the sufferings of the county of Fife; but of these Lord Ogilvie made his escape by his sister's contrivance, disguised in her clothes, while she put on his nightcap and lay down in his bed. Sir William Rollock, who had conveyed Montrose to Scotland, Colonel Nathanael Gordon, Sir Robert Spottiswood, one of the most learned men in the country, and four other gentlemen suffered.

Charles wished Montrose to have joined him in England, but to bring the Highlanders was impossible; and when the orders were communicated to Lord Huntly and his sons they professed not to believe in their genuineness. The fact apparently was, that though the Gordons were for the most part loyal to the King, the old Marquis could neither forgive nor trust Montrose, Aboyne wavered, and Lewis was a Covenanter at heart; and thus they were a continual disappointment, though even their hearty co-operation could hardly have turned the scale. It was considered as a great offence that they had dug up Montrose's cannon from the bog and mounted them on their own castle. Montrose succeeded in obtaining an interview with Huntly; but though they talked of plans, none were brought to bear. The disaster at Philiphaugh, added to the King's losses in England, had disheartened all the Scottish loyalists; and the Covenanters had thought it safe to let David Leslie rejoin the army in England, and trust their own defence to Middleton, an experienced general trained in foreign wars.

One more success was gained on the royal side. The Gordons descended upon Aberdeen in the early spring and took it, making a good many prisoners; and Montrose hovered about, hoping to make another raid on the Lowlands in the summer. But by this time Charles despaired of these efforts being able to do any good, and had made up his mind to entrust himself to the Covenanters; and he therefore wrote to Montrose to lay down his arms and disband his troops. It was a bitter mortification, since it exposed all the brave and loyal men, who could not escape, to be butchered and plundered; and Montrose waited for a second order before he obeyed.

CAMEO VI.

Departure of Montrose. 1646.

He had a most affecting meeting with his friends at Rattray on the 30th of July, 1645, and many, falling on their knees, begged to go with him whatever might be his lot. All who had the means did join him, and he awaited a vessel which the Covenanters had assured the King they would provide for him before the 1st of September, the last day on which he was permitted to be in Scotland.

No vessel however appeared to be in preparation, and suspicion arose that this was a trick to detain him till the time of grace was over, and then take vengeance upon him. He therefore made secret arrangements with the master of a Norwegian vessel to take him and his friends to Bergen, but by way of further precaution sent them without him, and himself embarked in a small fly-boat, in the disguise of the servant of his chaplain, Dr. Wood. This was on the 13th of September, 1646, one year and twelve days since he had begun the adventurous career which had won him so much fame. It was in a gallant spirit that he embraced the losing cause. Apparently personal intercourse with the King had awakened the enthusiastic loyalty which contradicted the earlier tenor of his life, when national spirit ranked him among the Covenanters, who probably then appeared to him the oppressed.

He was always a Presbyterian, and fought simply for King, not for Episcopacy, except so far as it was connected with the power the Covenanters strove to overthrow; and the fanaticism and narrowness of the popular Presbyterian ministry offended him as a gentleman of high culture. He had a great individual charm, which won the hearts of those around, even of Sir John Urry, who had once fought against him; he had the genius of a great captain, and wonderful skill and address in availing himself of such materials as the Highland and Irish force. He was generous and gentle in demeanour, with no turn for cruelty; but he had no power to restrain the ferocity of his wild followers, and it was needful to keep them in good humour, so that he was forced to wink at the terrible plunderings and butcheries which made his name hateful to the Lowland burghers and peasantry, while he was enthusiastically beloved by his own adherents. The ballad of the Gallant Grahams sings a farewell to Endricksdale, or Ennerdale, the earliest possession of the family:—

"Now fare thee well, sweet Ennerdale,
Baith kith and countrie I bid adieu;
For I maun away, and I may not stay,
To some uncouth land which I never knew.

"To wear the blue I think it best
Of all the colours that I see;
And I'll wear it for the gallant Graemes
That are banished frae their ain countree.

"I have no gold, I have no land,
I have no pearl nor precious stone;
But I wad sell my silken snood
To see the gallant Graemes come home.

"Now fare ye well, sweet Ennerdale,
Countrie and kin I quit ye free;
Cheer up your hearts, brave cavaliers,
For the Graemes are gone to High Germanie.

CAMEO VII.

ARMY AND PARLIAMENT.

(1645—1647.)

England.
1625. Charles I.
Spain.
1621. Philip IV.

Germany.
1637. Ferdinand III.

France.
1642. Louis XIV.
Pope.
1641. Innocent X.

Disaster at Oxford.

THE Battle of Naseby had two great results. It made the army and Cromwell the most powerful force in England, and it was the mortal blow to the cause of Charles. Montrose's defeat at Philiphaugh set the whole Scottish army free to bear down on the King at Newark ; and he was forced to leave that place. In the dead of night of the 6th of November, the remnant of Cavalier horse, four or five hundred in number, were brought together in the market-place, and the King joined them—with his beard shaved off, to prevent recognition in case of meeting the enemy,—reached Belvoir Castle that night, and on the ensuing day came for the last time to Oxford.

All was exceedingly dark around him. Fifteen places of strength had in the last five months been taken by the Roundheads, among them Basing House, in which the brave old Henry Paulett, Marquis of Winchester, had held out for two whole years ; and only two bodies of Cavaliers were still in arms—one in Devonshire under Lord Hopton, the other on the borders of Wales under Lord Astley, both of whom had been made peers as the only reward in the poor King's power. So great was his distress that he wrote to his son, Charles, to prepare him for being sent abroad.

He made a fresh attempt at negotiations with the Parliament, but at this very time a disclosure was made which did him more harm than anything which had yet happened. The Scottish army in Ulster had never ceased fighting with the Irish, and in a skirmish near Sligo, the Romanist Archbishop was killed, and his carriage taken. In it were found papers by which it appeared that Lord Glamorgan, the eldest son of the Marquis of Worcester, had been sent over to Ireland with the promise of liberty, toleration, and equal rights to the Irish Roman

CAMEO VII.
Glamorgan's Mission.
1645.

Catholics, provided they would furnish the King with 10,000 men, and also with supplies to carry on the war in England.

How much of this Charles authorised was uncertain. The original documents have not been preserved, and only two letters remain in the Vatican Library, one of which thanks Glamorgan for his services, and the other appears as if he had exceeded his instructions. It is to be remembered that the Lords of the Pale were honourable men, and no rebels at heart; and that there was nothing but justice here promised to them; but in the popular English mind, mercy to a Roman Catholic was like sparing a Canaanite, and the whole ten thousand were supposed to be lawless savages about to wreak their fury on the English homesteads. The Marquis of Ormond, seeing how much the idea would injure the King, had Glamorgan arrested for treating with the rebels, and injuring the King's cause. Glamorgan would not show his instructions, and said "he might have exceeded them," and Charles disavowed all but that he had been sent to Ireland to raise soldiers.

This, however, was not believed, and the Parliament in their indignation requested Cromwell to retain his command in spite of the self-denying ordinance. On the 16th of February, 1646, Fairfax defeated Hopton at Torrington, and drove him through Cornwall to the Land's End. His troops would not fight again, and he learnt that the men of Truro hoped to put an end to the war by delivering up the Prince of Wales, whereupon he sent the youth off with Hyde to the Scilly Isles, and, after making terms for his army, followed thither with Lord Capel.

Old Lord Astley, who had been on the march to join the King at Oxford, was met by Sir William Brereton at Stowe, and defeated after a gallant resistance and the loss of more than half his men. He was obliged to surrender, when he was so much exhausted that his captors brought a drum for him to sit upon. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have done your work. You may now go to play, unless you fall out among yourselves."

This was exactly what was happening. The moderate men, who had begun the war, were getting greatly alarmed at the power of the army; and there were plans on foot for bringing the King to Whitehall, when the City, now heartily weary of the war, would have welcomed him with transport. The Parliament were exceedingly alarmed at the idea; and, forgetting all their distrust of the army, called on Fairfax to hasten upon Oxford.

Colonel Rainsborough with three regiments arrived before the place. The fortifications had been rendered exceedingly strong, but there was no use in holding out, when no army remained to relieve the garrison. Charles offered to give himself up if Rainsborough would pledge himself by an oath to conduct him safely to Parliament, but this was refused, and the King had no alternative but to escape before the place was fully invested, and throw himself upon the Scottish Covenanting army.

CAMEO VII

Flight from Oxford. 1646.

The Scots had never dropped their connection with France, and the Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, had sent over an agent called Montreuil, who had dealt with both parties, and assured the King that he would find a safe and honourable asylum among the Scots, his original fellow-countrymen.

With this hope, on the 27th of April, 1646, Charles left Oxford, only accompanied by Colonel Ashburnham and a clergyman named Hudson, who knew the country well. The King was disguised as a groom, and carried a portmanteau on his horse, and at the same time three other men went out in the same order at each gate of the city. They took the London road, and at Harrow-on-the-Hill Charles drew rein, and looked long upon the towers and spires, trying to decide whether he should go on his way, or enter Whitehall and rally the loyal around him. Finally, in a slow and hesitating manner, he turned his horse's head to the north. Montreuil had promised to meet him at Harborough, but failed to keep his appointment. The King sent Dr. Hudson to look for him, and went to Downham, where he made inquiries for a ship to take him to Scotland, but in vain; and presently was joined by Hudson, bringing a note from Montreuil, saying the Scots had given their word to fulfil their engagement to the King, but he could get no written pledge from them.

Utterly wearied out, the King accepted this security, repaired to Montreuil's lodgings, and on the 5th of May, 1646, was conducted by him into the headquarters of the Scots at Kelham. Old Lord Leven and his officers pretended to be much astonished. They treated the King, however, with much respect, but they watched him closely, and when he was going to give the password for the night, Leven said: "I beg your Majesty's pardon, but as I am the oldest soldier here, your Majesty will permit me to perform that duty."

There had been great agitation in London at the tidings that the King had quitted Oxford. He was said to be hidden in the City, and a proclamation was put forth that any person who concealed him should be put to death. Officers were sent off to seek him everywhere, and the loyal were as anxious and uncertain as the rebels.

On the evening of the 6th of May, messengers came to announce that the King was in the Scottish camp. There was a great outcry against the Scots, whom the English viewed as mercenaries in their pay, and the Commons voted that Parliament alone had the right to dispose of the Royal person, and that he should be conducted to Warwick Castle. The Lords, however, refused to ratify this vote, but decided that the Scottish army should be closely watched by the English. Charles had been immediately required by the Scots to send orders to Lord Bellasis, the governor of Newark, to yield it to Colonel Poyntz, also to cause Montrose to lay down his arms, and moreover he was to sign the Covenant. The first two he did, and the Scots then moved off with him to Newcastle, where they were near their own border. To induce him to take the Covenant, Alexander Henderson, one of their most

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Charles in the Scottish Camp. 1646.

distinguished preachers, was sent to instruct him. Charles had something of his father's taste for controversy, and as he had once argued on the Romish questions with the Marquis of Worcester, so he now discussed Calvinism with Mr. Henderson. Both were calm and showed no virulence or bitterness, treating one another respectfully—the controversy was afterwards printed—only strengthening each side in attachment to its own cause. Henderson died before the summer was over, and the Royalists said it was of remorse at having contradicted his sacred Majesty—a rumour which gave great concern to the General Assembly.

The Scots had refused to yield the King to the Parliament, but he was in correspondence with the two Houses, and at their bidding he sent orders to his few remaining garrisons to surrender. Pendennis and the "faithful city of Worcester" were given up. Oxford with its ancient colleges and numerous clergy, had to open its gates to the rude and sacrilegious spoiler; and last of all the royal standard was hauled down at Ragland Castle, after a two years' siege, the journal of which has been preserved, recording all Lord Glamorgan's ingenious and wonderful mechanical devices for baffling the enemy. The story may be read in *St. George and St. Michael*, the best of all the many romances founded on this war. The brave and good Marquis of Worcester, an unwieldly man of eighty, dropsical and asthmatic, was taken to London, where he soon died, so poor that the House of Lords voted a sum for his funeral.

Orders came down to Oatlands that the infant Princess Henrietta Anne, should join her brothers and sister at Sion House. Her guardian-governess, Lady Dalkeith, by birth a Villiers, wife of the eldest son of the Earl of Morton, on this disguised herself in an old gown as a servant's wife, stuffing out her back with linen to hide her tall, graceful figure, and dressing her little two-year-old charge in rags, as a boy, and calling her Piers, as a sound resembling her lispings of Princess. Thus the faithful lady carried the child on her back to Dover, often alarmed by the little thing's passionate endeavours to assure every one that these rags and dirt were not her proper clothes, and she was not boy Piers, but the Princess. Safely reaching France, little Henrietta was restored to her mother, who received her with ecstasy, and vowed to bring her up in the Roman Catholic Church.

But though no Cavalier still fought in the King's name, Charles had hopes in the disagreement of the Parliamentarians and army, or rather of the Presbyterians and Independents—neither definition of course entirely covering the adherents of the two parties, since many of the Parliamentary sympathisers were officers, and some of the most distinguished Independents were civilians, such as the poet, John Milton, who had turned his pen to the production of political pamphlets so heterodox that the Presbyterian clergy had reported him to the House, but without effect. Religiously, the desire of the Parliament was Calvinism; politically, it was a monarchy with a king closely restricted.

The theory of the army was universal toleration in religious matters, except of "superstition"; in secular ones a republic. The Ironsides (mostly men who had read nothing but their Bibles) looked for a government of the Saints modelled on its books of conquest, with Cromwell for their Joshua, and the Church and Royalists for Canaanites.

Parliament began to feel that it had conjured up an instrument much too strong for it, and hoped to tame it with rewards. Cromwell was granted 2,500*l.* a year from the lands of Lord Worcester; Fairfax received an income of 5,000*l.*, and others in proportion. But such measures only served to increase this formidable power; and the House of Commons sent Commissioners to Newcastle, headed by the Earls of Pembroke and Suffolk, to carry their proposals to the King, but without power to modify them. They were, that he should adopt the Covenant, should abolish the Church, give up the whole military force of England to the Parliament for twenty years, and allow seventy-one of his most faithful friends to be excluded from the amnesty, and all who had fought in his cause to be excluded from public employment as long as the Commons might see fit.

Every one urged him to accept these terms—the Earls of Argyll and Loudon naturally did so, even on their knees—and the French Ambassador, M. de Bellièvre, assured him that it was the only way out of his trouble. Charles had written to Bishop Juxon to inquire whether it would be lawful for him to comply in a temporary manner, so as to recover his regal power, when he made no doubt of being able to bring back Episcopacy. Juxon, ever simple and straightforward, made answer that he had no right to do any such thing as make an engagement against his conscience which he did not intend to keep.

The Queen, however—to whom one Protestant was no worse than another, and who deemed that no faith was to be kept with rebels—not only sent him letters by Montreuil, but sent the witty poet and playwright, Sir William Davenant, to tell him that his resistance was disapproved of by all his friends.

"By what friends?" asked Charles.

"By Lord Jermyn, Sir."

"Jermyn understands nothing about the Church."

"Lord Colepepper is of the same opinion."

"Colepepper has no religion. What does Hyde think of it?"

"We do not know, Sir—the Chancellor is not at Paris, he has chosen to remain in Jersey."

Davenant added some words so contemptuous of the Church and the Bishops that the King angrily ordered him out of his presence. Charles sent away the Commissioners with a letter, desiring to come to London and treat in person. It was a virtual rejection of these proposals. The Independents were delighted, but the Covenanters, both Scotch and English, were wrathfully disappointed. The Scotch declared that they would not take him into their kingdom till he had accepted the Covenant, and sent messages to the Parliament, offering

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Selling the King.
1647.

to surrender all the places they held in England and withdraw themselves to Scotland. The Lords thanked them for their services, the Commons forbade any one to speak evil of them. But then came the questions—How about the arrears of payment to them? What was to be done with the King's person?

They demanded 700,000*l.*, though they were brought to profess themselves willing to accept 400,000*l.*; but they were made to understand that they would not get this unless they acknowledged that to the English Parliament alone belonged the right of disposing of the King's person.

In the meantime, the Duke of Hamilton arrived at Newcastle. He was bred a Presbyterian but was sincerely attached to the King, and through him such strong solicitations were made, that Charles offered to reduce the Church to five dioceses, provided he might have free worship for himself and his children. But nothing would satisfy the Covenanters except the utter extinction of Prelacy, and this fell to the ground.

Meanwhile the first instalment of what was really the price of his blood, was sent off from London in gold and silver, packed in thirty-six waggons, containing two hundred parcels, all sealed with the new seals of the two nations, and escorted by a guard of soldiers under the command of Skippon. It was received at York with a salute of cannon, and handed over to the Scots at Northallerton.

Nine Commissioners started from London to receive the King on the part of the Parliament It was while they were on their way that a Scottish minister, preaching before him at Newcastle, gave out the 52nd Psalm—

> "Why dost thou, tryant, boast thyself
> Thy wicked deeds to prove?"

Charles stood up in his place, and in the general pause, begged that the previous one might be sung—the Miserere—

> "Have mercy on me, Lord, after
> Thy great abounding grace."

The whole assembly joined, in a manner that showed their pity for him, and scandal at the insult.

"I am bought and sold," he said, only too truly.

He was, however, gracious to the Commissioners, congratulated old Lord Pembroke on being so little fatigued by the long journey, and inquired into the state of the roads. One more attempt was made by Lord Lauderdale and the other Scots to induce him to take the Covenant, in which case he would have been heartily greeted in Scotland. They even offered to bribe Montreuil to obtain a promise from him; but the King was resolute against sacrificing the Church, though he treated the gentlemen courteously and made no complaints.

On the 9th of February, 1647, he was made over to the English; and the Scots returned home, reproached in many a ballad for having sold their King, while Charles's refusal of the Covenant is treated as

simple obstinacy by those who cannot comprehend conscientious attachment to the Church.

A regiment of horse escorted the King southwards. Much affection was evinced for him—the people flocked to gaze on him and greet him, and numbers afflicted with scrofula or king's evil were brought at each halting-place for the benefit of his touch. The Commissioners tried in vain to hinder this concourse, and the soldiers durst not deal roughly with the people. At Nottingham, where Sir Thomas Fairfax was in command, he came out to meet the King, and rode by his side in conversation. When they parted, Charles observed that the General was a man of honour, and he arrived the next day, the 16th of February, at Holmby House, gratified by his reception from his subjects.

There he remained with the semblance of a Court. There was apparently free access to his person; he had his usual attendants, rode, hunted, and played at bowls at Harrowden and at Althorp, also spending a good deal of time in reading and writing. But he was carefully watched by two Parliamentary Commissioners, Maltby and Greaves; he was not allowed his own chaplains, only Presbyterian ministers. No one was admitted to his presence without an order from Parliament; and the people who came to be touched for the king's evil were dismissed by the guard.

Meantime, the two chief powers in the realm, Parliament and Army, were at issue. The Commons, having gained the victory, their object was now to get rid of the army.

Fairfax, the commander-in-chief, was a Presbyterian, but not after their pattern, having no fanaticism or intolerance in his nature, and a good deal of loyalty. Most of the other generals were Independents. The Lieutenant-General, Cromwell, though not yet highest in rank, was by far the strongest power, and, when he chose, could lead Fairfax by the way of reason and common sense, and deal with the others by appealing either to party spirit or to fanaticism, according to which was strongest in them. Ireton, Lambert, Harrison, Pryde, Rich, Rainsborough, were all colonels formed under his guidance, embodied in his famous dictum: "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry," and were all ready to dare and do anything for the cause, such as he made them see it; while the subordinates and the privates were of the same Ironside quality. They belonged to all manner of sects, and among them were many Fifth Monarchy men, so called because they believed themselves to be about to set up that fifth kingdom which Daniel had seen in vision overthrowing all the kingdoms of the world; but all alike were welded together by strongest ties of brotherhood, and were full of vague expectations of producing a wonderful renovation of some kind.

On this force fell the vote of the sober-minded Presbyterian majority of the Parliament, that all the army should be disbanded, except what was needed for the Irish war and for garrisons. No member of Parliament was to serve in it, and all officers were to be Presbyterians

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Joyce's expedition. 1647.

sworn to the Covenant; and the troops, until they were paid off, were to be removed to a greater distance from London.

Cromwell knew that there would be a strong and indignant resistance, but he held back from seeming to promote it, and remained in town, taking his place in the House of Commons, and appearing submissive. A petition came up signed by fourteen officers, very moderate in its terms, and this, being coldly received, was followed by one much stronger and more explicit, and signed by all the officers of the regiments within reach—not addressed to the House of Commons, but to Fairfax—and declaring that the expedition to Ireland was only a cloak for separating the men from their officers and preventing justice from being done them.

On this the Commons ordered Cromwell, Skippon, Ireton and Fleetwood to repair to their regiments and pacify them; and on the other hand, Pryde, Hammond, and other officers came up to Westminster to justify themselves. Each side went on taking its measures. The Parliament voted that such regiments as refused to serve in Ireland should be disbanded, and appointed the places, and forwarded an instalment of the sums of money for this purpose.

The troops, however, were indignant at this treatment. They marched about with colours flying, made fortresses of the churches, and refused obedience; and Fairfax found himself helpless to restore order. All he could do was to convene a council of officers, and inform Parliament in their name that the money voted was insufficient, and that the army must have better security. At the same time, the troops moved to Triploe Heath, secured the artillery at Oxford, and seized 4,000*l.* of the money intended to pay them, and another important step was taken.

The King was playing at bowls on Althorp Down, about two miles from Holmby, attended by the two Commissioners, when they observed among the people looking on, a gentleman in the uniform of Fairfax's guards. They spoke to him, and he answered courteously, but as if he meant to hold his ground. They asked him if he had heard that a body of horse was on the way to Holmby.

"I have more than heard," he said; "I saw them yesterday, not far from this spot." There was much alarm at this, and an instant return to Holmby, where the garrison promised to support the Commissioners. At two o'clock in the morning a party of horse came up to the gate and demanded admittance.

"Who is your commander?" asked the Commissioners.

"We are all commanders," was the answer, and then the same person who had been seen on the Downs came forward, said he was Cornet Joyce, and demanded to speak with the King.

"By whose desire?" he was asked.

"By my own," he answered.

There was a laugh at this, but he sternly said there was nothing to laugh at. "I am not come to ask your advice; I must see the King immediately."

Greaves bade the garrison prepare to fire on the intruders, but they had been in parley with their comrades, had lowered the portcullis, admitted them to the courtyard, and were shaking hands with them, and promising to stand by them. Having thus secured possession of the place, and posted sentinels of his own, Joyce waited till ten o'clock the next night, when, pistol in hand, he demanded admittance to the King.

He was told that his Majesty was in bed.

"I care not," he said. "I have waited long enough; I must see him."

The gentlemen in waiting still refused, and the dispute became so loud that the King rang, and desired that he should be admitted. He came in, with his hat off, and, with fair civility, though still holding his pistol, said that his comrades were apprehensive of the King being taken out of their hands, and had sent to conduct him to a place of greater security. Charles undertook to go with him if his soldiers should confirm all that he had promised.

At six o'clock the next morning, the King, attended by the Commissioners, was on the steps leading from the hall door, and before him were Joyce's troop on horseback in full array. Joyce advanced to the foot of the stair.

"Mr. Joyce," said the King, "I must ask you by what authority you pretend to seize me, and take me from this place."

"Sir," returned Joyce, "I am sent by command of the army, to prevent the designs of their enemies, whose desire is once more to overwhelm the kingdom in blood."

"This is no legal authority," answered Charles. "I acknowledge no other in England than my own, and after mine that of Parliament. Have you a written warrant from Sir Thomas Fairfax?"

"I have orders from the army," was the reply; "the General is comprised in the army."

"That is no answer. The General is at the head of the army. Have you a written warrant?"

"I beg that your Majesty will question me no further. I have already said enough."

"Come, Mr. Joyce, be frank with me; tell me, where is your warrant?"

"There it is, Sir."

"Where?"

"There!"

"But where?"

"There! Behind me," and he pointed to the line of soldiers.

The King smiled, and said: "Never did I before see such a warrant! It is written in fair characters to be read without spelling! These gentlemen are all wonderfully well equipped, and very good-looking. But you must know that to take me from hence, you must employ force, if you do not promise that I shall be treated with respect.

CAMEO VII. — *Journey to Newmarket.* 1647.

and that nothing will be required of me against my conscience or my honour."

"Nothing! Nothing!" was the cry of all the soldiers.

"It is not our rule," said Joyce, "to constrain any one's conscience, and especially that of our King."

"Whither are you going to take me?"

"To Oxford, Sir, if you please."

"No, the air is not wholesome."

"Then to Cambridge."

"No, I would rather go to Newmarket—it is an air that I have always liked."

"As you please, Sir."

The Commissioners made an appeal to the soldiers as to whether all approved of Joyce's proceedings, and found there was not one dissentient voice. They were permitted to accompany the King; and as the cavalcade started, Joyce sent off a messenger to London, with a letter for Cromwell, or, if he were not to be found, it was to be given to Haslerigg, or as a third choice to Fleetwood. It was this last who received the letter, and conveyed the news to Fairfax and Cromwell, who were together. Fairfax was much disquieted. "I do not like it," he said. "Who can have given such orders?"

"It was quite necessary it should be done," said Cromwell, "or the King would have been taken and had back to London."

On this Fairfax sent Colonel Whalley with two regiments of horse to Newmarket to take the King back to Holmby, but he refused to go though still protesting against the violence with which he had been taken. At Childersley, near Cambridge, Fairfax and all his officers met the King, and all greeted him respectfully, and kissed his hand, with the exception of Cromwell and Ireton, who kept aloof.

Fairfax protested that he had nothing to do with Joyce's expedition.

"I shall not believe it," said Charles, "unless you have Joyce hanged."

Joyce was sent for and exonerated Sir Thomas. "I told the King," he said, "that I had no warrant from the General. I acted on the orders of the army. Let the whole army be summoned, and if three parts of them do not approve of what I have done, I consent to be hanged in the presence of them all."

Then Fairfax talked of a court-martial, but was so evidently helpless that Charles said: "Sir, I am as powerful in this army as you are!"

He was taken back by his own desire to Newmarket, while Cromwell returned to Parliament, and there solemnly declared that he was as ignorant as the child unborn of Cornet Joyce's proceedings; but he was not believed, and soon after two officers came to give Sir Harbottle Grimstone information that in a council of leaders of the army Cromwell had said that the House of Commons needed purging, and none could do that save the army. Grimstone took them at once to Westminster, and made them repeat their evidence before the House,

whereupon Cromwell fell on his knees, and with tears and sobs avouched his fidelity to the Parliament; after which he made a speech two hours long, which so entirely convinced the House that they were almost ready to send Sir Harbottle to prison as a libeller.

Charles in the keeping of the army, 1647

That very night, however, Cromwell went off to Triploe Heath, and openly headed the army in their requisitions, as they marched towards London, demanding a general reform, and the impeachment of Denzil Hollis and ten more members.

Meanwhile the King had been better treated by Fairfax than by the Parliamentary guards. He was allowed the attendance of his chaplains, Doctors Hammond and Sheldon; and his friends, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Southampton and the Marquis of Hertford, were permitted to come to visit him. Fairfax even procured leave for him to see his three children, James, Elizabeth and Henry, who were under the charge of the Earl of Northumberland at Sion House. They met him at Maidenhead, a number of people gathering on the way, and scattering flowers before the poor children, the two younger of whom he had not seen for five years, so that little Henry, who was only seven years old, did not know him. They went to his present abode at Caversham and spent two days with him.

Each party felt as if the authority of their own side depended upon throwing the King into the scale, and thus sufficient attention was paid to him to revive his hopes. Officers of the army who had never seen him before were greatly struck by finding him so unlike the diabolic, godless tyrant they had imagined. Legge, Berkeley and Ashburnham, fugitive Cavaliers, were allowed to come from France to bring him a message from the Queen, and on their way, Cromwell and Rainsborough saw them, and sent the King, through them, very fair and moderate proposals.

Charles, however, received these very coolly, not trusting to them, and believing that, by holding out a little longer, he should secure his own terms. While the argument was going on, news arrived that London was in an uproar. The feeling of the citizens had always been in favour of the Parliament and against the Army, and this had been increased by the presence of the more moderate officers, who had been disbanded after serving under Essex and Waller; and now that in the House the Independent or Army party had cowed the Presbyterian or original Parliamentarian party, and assumed the direction of the City Militia, their discontent was great. Lord Lauderdale, the Scottish Commissioner, was sent to the King, and a covenant or manifesto was exhibited in Skinners' Hall, by which the Londoners bound themselves to bring the King to Westminster that he might confer with the Parliament. Thousands of persons of all ranks subscribed it; copies were sent all over England, and a petition carried up to the Commons in accordance with it.

They, however, voted the engagement treasonable, and thus caused a tremendous storm. The whole multitude of apprentices, backed by

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Independent triumph. 1647.

the mob and the discharged soldiers, roared and threatened at the doors of the House, till the members, worn out and terrified, passed a vote repealing their censure, and tried to break up, but the rabble forced them back, and obliged them to vote that the King should be brought back to Westminster. The only member who durst resist was Ludlow, who shouted "No!" in their teeth.

Many of the members, Lord Manchester and Lenthall, the Speaker, at their head, fled away to the army for protection; but the remnant elected another speaker, Mr. Pelham, and the eleven members who had been ousted resumed their seats; all in accordance with the City Thousands swore to do their utmost for the King; cannon were placed on the walls; an invitation to him was voted in the House, and proclaimed by sound of trumpet in the streets.

Charles hoped that this new element in the struggle might so work for him as to bring him back without committing himself to the demands of either Presbyterians or Independents. He delayed his answer, and the soldiers, thinking this due to Lord Lauderdale's intrigues, called that gentleman out of his bed at midnight, and sent him back to London.

The City has never overruled the country as Paris has done. When it was known that Fairfax was at Hounslow Heath, the valiant prentices began to quake, and remember that they had no arms but their clubs. Nobody offered the slightest opposition, as a regiment of foot, followed by another of horse, entered the streets; then Fairfax on horseback, with his staff and body-guard; then carriages bearing the fugitive members, and another regiment of cavalry. The Lord Mayor and aldermen were all drawn up in Hyde Park to receive and compliment the General, but Fairfax hardly vouchsafed to salute them, or the Common Council who awaited him at Charing Cross. He then reinstated Lenthall in his chair, and took possession of the Tower. Two days later the entire army with Skippon and Cromwell was marched through the City, without a single act of violence or excess being committed—the citizens and their prentices were simply to be overawed, but no insult, no injury, was permitted; and these stern, grim, but perfectly disciplined, men implicitly obeyed. The Common Council, rejoicing at their immunity, invited Fairfax to a state banquet, and when he refused, sent him a golden ewer.

It was really the victory of Independency over Presbyterianism, and the fall of the civil power before the military force it had evoked; but probably in the entire history of the world, never had such a victory been gained so entirely without ferocity, bloodshed, or violence of any sort.

CAMEO VIII.

THE PEACE OF MUNSTER.

(1643—1647.)

England.
1625. Charles I.

Spain.
1621. Philip IV.

Germany.
1637. Ferdinand III.

France.
1643. Louis XIV.

Rome.
1644. Innocent X.

CAMEO VIII.

Anne of Austria.

LOUIS XIV. was only five years old at the time of his father's death, and the Regency was naturally in the hands of his mother, Anne of Austria, who after her long suppression, almost persecution, found herself at the age of forty-two in possession of all the power of the Crown. She was a woman of some devotion and conscience, and not devoid of ability, but the narrow and exclusive education of a Spanish infanta had been a bad preparation for a youth of neglect, spent in a Court full of intrigue, followed by almost despotic sway over a kingdom.

By friends or by enemies she is so differently described, that it is hard to believe they are speaking of the same lady: so strange does it seem to hear the faults, nay crimes, of which some accuse her, ascribed to the religious and excellent woman that others represent her.

She seems to have acted conscientiously up to her own standard, at least in this latter period of her life, but that standard was the one given to her by the priests and courtiers of Spain. She was scrupulously devout in fulfilling all religious observances, and in matters of Church patronage, she was guided by the counsels of St. Vincent de Paul, whenever political interests left her free. She would put on a plain gown and white apron, and go *incognita* to wait on the patients in the Hotel Dieu, and she believed this to be humility and charity. Yet, as Queen, her pride might be termed almost insane, together with her harshness and pitilessness towards those whose sufferings she no doubt never for a moment realised. At a time when many French ladies were highly educated, and read deeply, she was almost illiterate, and, unfortunately, allowed her sons to grow up equally ignorant. She was a most affectionate and devoted mother, anxious for their welfare, but

CAMEO VIII.

Boyhood of Louis XIV.

she does not seem to have perceived the need of any training, save in punctual (though unenlightened) attendance on religious rites, and dignified demeanour on state occasions, when the handsome fair-haired boy, though small for his age, was every inch a king. Out of sight, he and his brother, the Duke of Anjou, were ill-behaved, troublesome and mischievous to the last degree, the plagues of the palace, and under no restraint. Louis XIV. might have been a truly great and good man, the glory of his country that he thought himself, had his mother been a wiser, better-instructed woman. In his after years, he worked hard to repair the defects of his secular education, but it was not till he was an old man that he even learnt that Our Blessed Lord had lived in poverty and humility, and then he could scarcely bring himself to believe it. What must have been his religious teaching?

His mother knew no better perhaps, and the fault must chiefly have lain with Mazarin. Anne, during her youth, when grieved by her husband's neglect, had been touched by Buckingham's fervent devotion, and had permitted the homage of others but always at a distance. Mazarin, who was an extremely handsome and accomplished man, won her heart after she was left a widow; she trusted him with an absolute dependence, and there is little doubt that she gave him her hand in private, since though a Cardinal, he was only in minor orders. He entirely ruled her, and it is to him that must be attributed the grievous error of the imperfect education of Louis, even if the accusation be false that the neglect was wilful in order that his power might continue longer.

Madame de Motteville, a lady in close intercourse with the Queen Regent, has left us a close description of her day:—

"She usually awoke at ten or eleven o'clock, and spent a long time in prayer before calling the lady who slept with her. When it was announced that she was awake, her chief officials came and paid their court, as well as certain ladies who brought accounts of charities in Paris, for her alms were very large. Men were not excluded, she often saw many during these early hours. The King and Monsieur always came in the morning. When all had received audience, she rose, put on a dressing gown, and after a second prayer, breakfasted heartily. She then put on her chemise, which was presented to her by the King with a tender kiss. After putting on her petticoat and a *peignoir*, she heard mass, with great devotion, and then proceeded to her *toilette*. It was an unequalled treat to see her dress; she was skilful, and her beautiful hands, when thus employed, showed all their perfections. Sometimes she shut herself up to rest for a day or two, on other days she gave audience to all who wished to see her on public or private affairs.

"The Queen did not often dine in public, but almost always in her own little room attended by her women. After dinner, she either held her Court, or went out to visit some nuns. The Duke of Orleans, the Prince of Condé, and the Duke of Enghien always came, and there

were many others conversing, so that the Court was often very large. Then the Queen retired into greater privacy. The Duke of Orleans, after a conversation with her, went home to the Luxembourg, and left the Queen with Cardinal Mazarin, who generally stayed about an hour, the doors being open, into the larger room where the persons of the Court waited until the Queen came forth, and wished good-night to those of higher rank. Afterwards she prayed in her oratory for an hour, supped at eleven, and left the remains for her ladies and gentlemen, who partook of them *sans ordre ni mesure*, and then followed her to her chamber, where there was a lively and familiar conversation while she was undressed, and often till she was in bed, and ready to fall asleep."

Meantime Mazarin, the pupil of Richelieu, was pursuing his line of policy, and maintaining those armies in Germany and the Low Countries.

On his dying bed, Louis XIII. predicted a great success to be gained by the young Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Enghien. Boy as he was, the command of the army on the frontier towards the Low Countries had been given to him by Cardinal Mazarin, in the hope of strengthening the Queen's party in the State, but the experienced old Marshal de l'Hôpital was given to him as his director, when he proceeded to Amiens, where 12,000 men were under arms. It was a critical moment, for in the Low Countries, the Count of Fuentes, and the Governor Don Francisco de Melho, one of the ablest of all the Spanish Generals, had a force of 27,000 men, including that splendid infantry which had been considered invincible ever since its first formation by the great Captain, Gonzalo de Cordova. Melho knowing that Richelieu was dead, and Louis XIII. dying, thought it the moment for a decided blow at the heart of France. He was supposed to be threatening Landrecies, and the Duke was on the march to relieve that place, when a messenger reached him at Origny from the Governor of Rocroy, telling that the place was besieged, and must be promptly relieved. Another courier brought tidings of the King's death; but Enghien kept both facts from the army. Some of his friends advised him to abandon the frontier and march to Paris to secure the Regency to his father; and the old Marshal de l'Hôpital, who had been given him as an adviser, was much averse to fighting, declaring that the loss of a town was far less ruinous than the loss of a battle.

Enghien, however, pushed forward, with a reinforcement of 8,000 men, and sent his confidant, Gassion, forward with a detachment of cavalry to pour supplies into Rocroy, and reconnoitre the ground, and the enemy. His report was a very formidable one. The Spanish army was very large, and what would a defeat at such a moment bring upon France?

"That I will not see," returned the Duke. "Paris shall see me only as a conqueror or a corpse."

He held a council of war, and persuaded the officers that it was

CAMEO VIII.

Battle of Rocroy. 1643.

needful to risk everything. Even L'Hôpital consented; though there was a long narrow defile to pass before the Spaniards could be reached, he hoped that a fight there would prevent the whole army from being engaged. Melho, on the other hand, wished the French to enter as it were a trap, and left the entrance undefended, to the horror of the poor old Marshal, who was sure that all were marching to their ruin. He strove to dissuade the youth from advancing, but Enghien haughtily declared that he took all responsibility on himself, and, without another word, the Marshal went to his post, the command of the left wing, while the Duke had that of the right. They came out on broken ground, with Rocroy in the midst, and the forest of Ardennes inclosing them on all sides, either with wood or marsh, and a charge of Fuentes' cavalry at the moment might have been fatal; but the Spaniard thought himself secure, and Enghien so manœuvred as to succeed in placing all his troops on high ground, with a narrow valley between them and the Spaniards. By this time it was six o'clock in the evening, and no attack was attempted that night, excepting that La Ferté Senneterre, from the left wing, took it on himself, without orders, to advance with his cavalry, and try to throw relief into Rocroy. This might have brought on a fatal battle, and left a portion of the line exposed, but the Duke ordered him back instantly with great indignation, which was only appeased when the officers promised to wipe out the stain of their rashness on the morrow with their own blood.

It was a cold dark night, and the soldiers on both sides cut down wood from the forest, and made themselves watchfires, round which they lay in their cloaks. The young Duke did the same, and slept so soundly that he was awakened with difficulty at dawn of day, on the 19th of May, 1643. He wore a cuirass, but on his head only a broad-leaved hat, with the large white plume of the Bourbons. His rallying word was Enghien.

Opposite him, on the Spanish left wing, was the Duke of Albuquerque. The Count of Fuentes had thought the old Marshal de l'Hôpital a foe requiring more skill than the dashing young prince, and was at the head of his regiments on the opposite side, in his litter, for he was so crippled by gout that he could not walk nor ride. He had sent 1,000 musketeers to lie in ambush, and fall on Enghien's rear in the midst of his charge upon Albuquerque; but they were detected by the keen eye of the Prince, who directed his course sideways, cut them to pieces, and then charged Albuquerque in front, while Gassion seconded him in flank. His charge was a brilliant one, and in a very brief time the Spanish regiments were in confusion.

Enghien was about to pursue them, but Gassion checked him, showing that it had not gone so well with the other wing. L'Hôpital had been repulsed and badly wounded, and La Ferté Senneterre was likewise wounded and a prisoner, his artillery taken. The Baron de Sirot, a Burgundian, was in command of the reserve, and his officers hurried to him, telling him all was lost. "Not lost," he said, "since Sirot and

his fellows have not fought." He was standing firm, when Enghien, collecting all the cavalry, burst upon the rear of the Spaniards who were attacking him, and, breaking them, recovered the artillery and delivered Senneterre.

There still remained, however, the terrible ranks of the Spanish infantry, and at this moment, tidings came that General Beck was bringing 6,000 fresh troops to their aid. Enghien sent off Gassion with a division to hinder this approach, while he threw himself against the infantry. Fuentes showed the utmost skill and courage. He permitted the French to approach within fifty yards of his squares, then opened them, disclosing a battery of artillery, which poured forth a volley on the enemy, while the infantry seconded this with their muskets. Down went the gallant French, and had Fuentes still had any cavalry wherewith to charge them, the day would have been his, but he was unable to prevent Enghien from rallying his troops for a second charge. Again they were repulsed, but by this time more troops had come up, and Enghien was able to surround the brave remnant, whose losses had been terrible, their leader himself having been mortally wounded. As the third charge was being sounded, some Spanish officers came forward, making signs with their hats that they would yield; Enghien rode forward to meet them, and parley with them, but their men, mistaking his gestures, thought he was commanding a charge, and fired, so that he was in great danger. The French, taking this for treachery, dashed in on them, and there was a terrible slaughter, in spite of the shouts and commands of the Duke, who could only succeed in saving a few officers. He expected still to have to deal with Beck, but Gassion came galloping up with tidings that that general had, on learning the defeat of the cavalry, gone off with such haste as to leave some of his artillery behind.

Enghien threw himself on his knees in thanksgiving; then he embraced Gassion, and promised that he should be a Marshal. It had been a splendid victory. Some one asked a prisoner what the Spanish numbers had been. "Count the dead and captives," he said. The infantry lay dead in their ranks; the Count of Fuentes beside his litter at the point of death. "If I had not conquered," said Enghien, "I could have wished thus to die." Melho had been a prisoner for a few minutes, but had escaped to Philippeville in the confusion. Three hundred colours had been taken, and all the artillery, while the litter was sent to Chantilly as a special trophy.

Certainly the dream of Louis XIII. had been amply fulfilled. The gallant infantry of Spain had been annihilated after two centuries of superiority to all other troops; and the young Duke had won his victory not by mere impetuous fire and dash, but by real generalship shown in power of combination, readiness of resource, presence of mind, and steadiness under reverse. It was the first of the great series of victories which made France under Louis XIV. as formidable to her neighbours as Spain had been under Philip II.

CAMEO VIII.

Siege of Thionville. 1643.

Enghien entered Rocroy in state the day after the battle. He longed to invade Flanders, but the Government at home was not in a condition to undertake such a great enterprise, so that he could only turn towards the Moselle, and besiege Thionville in Lorraine, one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. He was obliged to mine the walls, and when his works were ready, he sent a flag of truce to the Governor, and invited him to come and see the works. It was plain that the fall of the town was inevitable, and bloodshed was spared by a surrender, on the 22nd of August, 1643. The ramparts were in such a ruinous state, that for three weeks the whole army and several thousand peasants had to work at putting them in a state of defence again. Enghien then had an interview with Marshal Guébriant, at Sarrebourg, and left with their general a reinforcement of 5,000 or 6,000 men, while he himself returned to Paris, to enjoy his honours, and see his new-born son, who was named Henri Jules ; but the poor young mother was treated with no additional kindness.

Guébriant, at the head of the remnant of the army of Bernard of Saxe Weimar, was ravaging Bavaria and Swabia, while the two Swedish armies, under Torstensen and Königsmarck, were inflicting additional miseries upon Bohemia and Saxony. On the Imperial side were the brave but perfidious Duke Charles of Lorraine, the gallant Bavarian General Count Mercy, the Dutch adventurer John de Werth, and the Austrian Gallas. They too committed horrid devastation, robbing and torturing the miserable peasants wherever they went.

Guébriant hoped to force the Elector of Bavaria to renounce his alliance with the Emperor ; but while besieging Rothwell on the Neckar, his arm was broken by a bullet, he neglected the wound, and it caused his death on the 24th of November. His death caused the ruin of his army ; Rantzau, who took the command, was surprised at Deutlingen by the Bavarians, beaten and made prisoner with most of his army, colours and artillery, only four days after Guébriant's death.

Turenne was sent to take the command of the remnant of the army, with the rank of Marshal, which had been wrung from the Court by his services, though the late King had declared that no Huguenot was ever to rise to that rank. Gassion was also, according to Enghien's promise, made a Marshal. Enghien was very anxious to return to his army in Picardy, and pursue his victories in Flanders, where the Spanish army was too much broken to oppose him, and great conquests might be looked for ; but Gaston of Orleans took the fancy of demanding this command for himself, and as it was convenient to conciliate him, the request was granted, and all he did was to take Gravelines.

Enghien was sent with a small army to Luxembourg ; but presently Turenne wrote urgently for aid, his forces having been too small to hinder Count Mercy from investing Friburg in Brisgau. Orders were sent to Enghien to join him as soon as possible, and such speed did the Duke make, that in thirteen days they had met, but not in time to

prevent the surrender of the place, after such slight resistance that Enghien threatened to hang the cowardly governor.

The two generals held council together. They had 20,000 men between them; Mercy 15,000 Bavarians; but these men had every advantage of position on the hills of the Black Forest, and with Friburg in their possession, a camp likewise well fortified.

Turenne, the elder man by ten years, and always cautious, agreed with d'Erlach, the Governor of Brisach, who proposed to turn the flank of Mercy, and thus force him to abandon his position; but Enghien was resolved on a direct attack, and his rank again gave him the supreme command. He commanded Turenne to march by a long ravine, which would enable them to arrive at the rear of the Bavarians about five o'clock in the afternoon of the 3rd of August in 1644, while he himself attacked them in front, and tried to force his way through their strong palisade of young oaks and brushwood.

It was a desperate fight; Turenne could not make such rapid progress as had been reckoned on, so there was no diversion in the Duke's favour. When the French regiments were launched against the well-guarded entrenchments, they were beaten back again and again with great loss, until Enghien, dismounting, threw his marshal's staff over into the entrenchments, and with a fierce and desperate rush, forced back the Germans just as Turenne had at last effected an entrance. There was terrible loss on each side, for neither asked nor received quarter. Perhaps it was a deliverance for mankind that so many of these wolfish veterans perished.

Turenne heard the victorious flourishes of trumpets, but durst not advance in the dark for fear of a surprise, neither did Enghien venture to move forward, and this pause enabled Mercy to withdraw his troops and cannon in wonderful order to a hill beside Friburg, where he made his troops rest and raise fresh abattis from a thicket near. Though the battle had lasted nearly all night, and the French rested all the 4th, at sunrise on the 5th Enghien and Turenne rode up a hill together to reconnoitre, leaving orders that no movement should be made till their return. However, one of the officers, M. d'Espenau, insulted a redoubt of the enemy, and the soldiers fell upon each other without order or direction chiefly in a vineyard, which became famous as the Vine of Friburg. There was desperate and confused fighting; Grammont had his horse shot under him, and as he rose, he saw the Duke retiring with very few men, and on foot, having lost two horses, and with his clothes riddled with musket balls. Seven times did the French charge the Bavarian camp, seven times they were repulsed; the infantry was in confusion, and Grammont begged the two generals to draw it off before all were killed, while he with the cavalry, which had been scarcely engaged, protected its return to the camp—*i.e.* the former camp of Mercy.

They went no further, and spent the next three days in burying the dead, and carting off the wounded to Brisach. They were horrible

CAMEO VIII.

Condé and Turenne.

days, and Turenne grieved over the slaughter, but Enghien proposed to renew the attack. Mercy, however, saw that he should be cut off, and began to retreat. The French fell on him, and a sharp skirmish ensued, closing the terrible battle of Friburg victoriously for the French. All the fortresses on the banks of the Rhine as far as Landau surrendered, and a medal was struck representing the little King receiving the spoils of thirty towns, with the motto "*Puer triumphator.*"

The two generals were a great contrast in many respects. Turenne was a grave, self-controlled, courteous man, with the strictness of the Huguenot education, and a great sweetness of manner and liberality of hand, upright and just, though an excellent disciplinarian, so that he was perfectly adored by his men. Enghien was also passionately admired, but rather as a brilliant leader than for his personal qualities, except by the headstrong and licentious nobility, to whom he set an example that they were only too willing to follow.

It was a curious state of things. The Emperor was pushed hard by two nations, whose sovereigns, Christina of Sweden, and Louis XIV., were mere children, represented by their ministers, Oxenstiern and Mazarin, who were only prolonging the horrors of the Thirty Years' War for what they could gain. Sweden for Pomerania, France for Alsace Lorraine, and what could be got from Spain in the Low Countries.

The Swedes were meeting with great success in Bohemia. Forstensen gained a great victory at Yankovitz on the 16th of March, 1645, and then burst upon Austria, threatening Vienna, so that the Emperor had to take refuge at Ratisbon, and the Empress and her children at Grätz. The more doubtfully loyal of the German Princes began to fall away, and Ferdinand's only hope was in the Elector of Bavaria, who at last began to waver at the prospect of a fresh invasion.

Orders were sent to Turenne to cross the Rhine and enter Wurtemberg. This he did, fixing his head-quarters at Marienthal, and extending the others in other villages, trying to impress the need of vigilance on his officers; but they were a fiery, undisciplined set, who regarded carelessness as a proof of courage. Mercy advanced upon them through the forests. Turenne wanted, with the 9,000 men nearest to him, to throw himself on the Bavarians before they were out of the woods, or could use the artillery, but the subordinate generals insisted on waiting to collect the whole force; and Turenne had neither the princely rank nor the vehement impetuosity of the young Bourbon, so he was forced to yield against his own judgment, and the remainder of the army never came up at all, but retreated beyond the Mein on the first sounds of firing. Still the French infantry at Marienthal resisted so gallantly, that they were crying "Victory," when they were taken in the rear by John de Werth's cavalry. They retreated into the churchyard of Herbst Cransen, and defended themselves till the walls were forced. 2,000 killed and 2,000 made prisoners, among them four generals. Turenne retreated with 900 horse, but lost all his artillery

and baggage, together with his own plate and equipments. It was a bitter mortification to him to have suffered this defeat, and he never forgot it through all his successes. It gave a respite to Bavaria and Austria, but not for long. Reinforcements came to Turenne, and therewith Grammont and the Duke of Enghien.

After a good deal of manœuvring, the French and Bavarian armies found themselves face to face on the anniversary of the battle of Friburg, the 3rd of August, 1645, at Nordlingen, where Bernard of Saxe Weimar had been defeated by the Imperialists. There was another terrible battle. The French officers who had been sent to reconnoitre reported a defile behind them impassable, but in the middle of a fierce struggle in the centre, a body of Bavarians made their appearance, having marched up it in order of battle. The French cavalry were so dismayed that they galloped off and never stopped for six miles, while Grammont, who with two regiments had stood firm, was made prisoner, after his four aides-de-camp and three pages had been killed.

The attack by the French centre was repulsed, and themselves thrown into confusion, but their artillery on the heights above was mowing down their opponents, and the brave Mercy himself fell. John de Werth took his place, but the confusion consequent on his death prevented the advantage gained from being pressed, and in the meantime Turenne was successful on the left. Finally some Hessian cavalry, which had not yet been engaged, was sent to fall on the Imperial army, and by a succession of brilliant charges finally forced John de Werth to draw off his forces to Donauwerth.

The slaughter had been terrific, almost equal on either side, and amounting altogether to 8,000—many of them officers of high rank. Mazarin told the Queen that there was no rejoicing in such a victory, and almost all the nobility were in mourning. Mercy was buried where he fell, with the epitaph "*Siste viator, heroem caleas.*"

The two great French generals were superior to all petty jealousies, and laid siege together to Heilbrun, but there Enghien fell ill of a brain fever, and was in great danger. He was carried in a litter to Philipsburg, and there was met by the best French physicians, under whose care he recovered.

He returned to Paris, and spent the next spring in Flanders, trying to remedy the blunders of the Duke of Orleans, and taking first Mardyck and then Dunkirk, a very important accession to the strength of France. In the winter, he succeeded, on the death of his father, to the title of Prince of Condé, and was thenceforth known to his countrymen as Monsieur le Prince.

Victorious as she was, France could not for many years support three wars at once. Sufficient forces could not be sent to enable Turenne to make progress in Germany, and there was a general desire for peace. Negotiations actually began, but one more battle had yet to be fought, in 1647, between Condé and the Archduke Leopold, who had taken the command in Flanders. The place was Lens, the time the 19th of

CAMEO VIII. — *Bed of Justice.* 1647.

August, and as usual the Prince's victory was complete. 4,000 Imperialists were killed and 6,000 made prisoners, among them General Beck, mortally wounded.

Moreover Turenne, Königsmark, and Wrangel gained another victory over the Bavarians at the Leck, and the Swedes marching into Bohemia invested Prague. But as the inhabitants were watching in alarm for an assault, tidings of an armistice arrived. The Thirty Years' War was to end, as it had begun, at Prague. For it was plain that France could endure no more.

The Court was splendid, the war a career of victory, but the people were ground down, exhausted and miserable, and fresh pretexts of exaction were continually invented. The Parliament, when called on to register fresh forms of taxation, continued to protest and delay, and in the January of 1647 Mazarin resolved to put down this opposition, by taking the King to hold a Bed of Justice, at which five fresh ordinances were to be passed. The first took for the Crown a year's income from arable lands; the second was a fresh burthen on trade; two more created new officers, who would diminish the receipts of the old ones, and the other raised money on freehold property.

So Louis, then nine and a half years old, was escorted to Parliament by his mother, the Princes of the blood, and all his Court. Discussion was never permitted before the King, but the Advocate-General had to read the papers before the negotiation. Omer Talon, who held that office, profited by the opportunity to declare the miserable, exhausted state of the country. Of the peasants, he said: "These wretches will soon have nothing left them but their souls, because those cannot be sold by auction." And after a touching address to the Queen, he said, "Add to all I have said, Madame, the calamity of the provinces, in which the hope of peace, the honour of victorious battles, and the glory of conquered territory cannot feed those who have no bread." He then had to read the edicts, and the assembly broke up; but the next day, a protest was made against the creation of the new offices; and the First President, Mathieu Molé, an upright and wise man, maintained the right of the Parliament to discuss such matters even after a Bed of Justice.

The Queen was very angry, and declared to her intimates that she would never consent that this *canaille* should attack the authority of her son, the King. She sent to ask if they meant to place bounds to the royal will; to which they returned a polite and evasive answer and the storm blew over for the time.

However, a fresh exaction on the salaries of magistrates freshly angered the Parliament, and a decision was made that two deputies from each chamber should meet in the great chamber of St. Louis to consider of a reformation together. This was called the "*Arrêt d' Union*," or as Mazarin's Italian tongue made it "*d'oignon*." And the Queen tried to make him consent to annul it, but he would not venture on so doing. The meetings in the hall of St. Louis took place, and

CAMEO VIII.

Arrest of the Magistracy. 1647.

abuses were freely discussed, except when the Duke of Orleans came in, and then all was polite and moderate.

The Queen became more and more angry, and taught her son to look on the magistracy as his natural enemies, so that when news came of victory at Lens, he cried, "How grieved the Parliament will be."

A *Te Deum* was to be sung for the victory at Notre Dame on the 26th of August, Anne herself and the King going in state, while the streets were lined with Guards. It was a splendid ceremony, no less than seventy-three colours of the enemy being laid before the altar, spoils from the Spanish Queen's own kindred. Orders had been given that the soldiery should not leave the streets without fresh commands, for in truth Anne meant to avail herself of this opportunity of arresting the most prominent of the magistrates who spoke of reform. Broussel, Blancmesnil, Charton, Lainé, Bénoit and Loisel. Queen Henrietta was painfully reminded of the attempted arrest of the Five Members, and entreated her to abstain, but she would not listen to advice, and as she left the Cathedral, whispered to Comminges, the captain of the Guards, "Go, and God assist you!" It was half-past twelve o'clock.

Poor Counsellor Broussel was unwell, and had just come down to dine on broth, in his dressing-gown and slippers, when Comminges marched in and arrested him in the King's name. His daughter cried out that he was not fit to leave the house, and an old maid-servant putting her head out at the window, screamed for help. Broussel was a good old man, much beloved, and swarms of people rushed out to the rescue, so that Comminges saw that no time was to be lost. He dragged the old gentleman, just as he was, to the carriage, and drove off furiously, knocking people down to the right and left; but furniture was thrown before the horses, the carriage was upset and broken, so was a second; but a third was brought up, and Comminges and his prisoner went off in it. Blancmesnil was arrested quietly, but the others had warning and escaped.

The whole populace of Paris seemed to have risen upon the Guards, and Marshal de la Meilleraye had to use some military skill in disengaging the troops who lined the streets. He was joined by the Coadjutor of the Archbishop of Paris, Paul de Gondi, who was followed by a crowd of women and children, shouting, "Broussel and liberty!"

They reached the Palais Royal, where Anne of Austria sat in the midst of her Court, who were laughing and making jests on the poor old woman screaming for her nursling. As the Marshal and the Bishop entered, one of these merry gentlemen observed, "Your Majesty must be very ill, since the Coadjutor is come to give you Extreme Unction." Meilleraye endeavoured to persuade the party that the riot was a serious matter, but the Regent only looked at Gondi severely, and said, "There is revolt in merely believing that there can be a revolt."

The noise outside increased. It was even said that the people would break through the Guards, and several persons entered declaring that

CAMEO VIII.

Rising of Paris. 1647.

the tumult was becoming worse. There was some grave deliberation, Guitant said, "My advice is to surrender the old rogue, Broussel, dead or alive."

"I take up the word," said Gondi, "and answer that the first measure would agree neither with the piety nor the justice of the Queen, the second might put an end to the disturbance."

Anne reddened with anger, exclaiming, "I understand you, M. le Coadjuteur; you wish me to set Broussel at liberty; I would rather strangle him with my own hands—and those who——"

She almost held her hands to his face, but Mazarin here whispered something which checked her. He looked uneasy, and presently the Lieutenant Creminel and the Chancellor Séguier came in, having been pelted through the streets, and bringing so much alarm with them, that the Cardinal was altogether dismayed, and after stammering a few sentences, declared that Broussel's liberty must be promised on condition that every one should go home.

Then came the difficulty, who should confront the mob and make the promise? Mazarin proposed the Coadjutor, who was very unwilling, but was earnestly intreated by the Duke of Orleans, and almost forced to the door by the Guards. Meilleraye went with him, and when they came in sight of the surging, roaring mob, in the Rue St. Honoré, the Marshal foolishly waved his sword, at the same time, as he shouted, "*Vive le Roi!* Liberty for Broussel!" And as the gesture was seen, while the words were unheard, the mob became more furious, and in spite of the benedictions waved on all sides by the prelate, they threw stones and dirt at the Marshal, till at last he fired his pistol, and a man fell. The Coadjutor ran up, knelt over the dying man, and gave him absolution. This hushed the storm for a few minutes; but just then, from another street, came up thirty or forty men, armed with halberds and muskets, who fell upon the Guards behind Meilleraye, and several were wounded. A stone knocked down the Archbishop, and while he was rising a fellow was about to strike him with the butt-end of his musket. "Unhappy man! if thy father saw thee," cried Gondi. This made a sensation; his dress was recognised, and there was a cry of "*Vive le Coadjuteur*," and he was able to draw off a great multitude with him towards the markets, while Meilleraye regained the palace. At the market Gondi harangued the people, and persuaded them to return unarmed, peaceful, and quiet, to the palace. Le Meilleraye met him, embraced him, and led him to the Queen, telling her of his exertions, and that all would be safe. She remained impassive, and the Marshal, growing heated, declared that the next day there would not be one stone upon another in Paris if she did not release Broussel.

She looked at him ironically, and said, "Go and rest, Monsieur, you have toiled hard."

The truth was that Anne's pride refused to believe that the uproar was a serious matter, and she further imagined that Gondi was making

the worst of it for the sake of putting himself forward; and she thus made him one of her bitterest enemies.

Barricades. 1647.

The tumult was, however, far from ended. When Chancellor Séguier set out at six o'clock in the morning to go to the Parliament, which on the emergency met at this early hour, he found a barricade across the street, which forced him to quit his carriage and have recourse to his sedan, which was following. But a little further on another barricade stopped his chair, and he went on on foot, accompanied by his brother, the Bishop of Meaux, and his daughter, the young Duchess of Sully, who thought that her presence might protect him. But a few men began to abuse him, and others joined them. In a few minutes he was beset by the populace in such a fury that the trio could do nothing but rush in at the open door of the house of the Duke of Luynes, where an old maid-servant shut the door in the face of the mob, and before it could be broken in, hid the fugitives in a small room at the end of a great hall. The mob burst in, and through the wainscot horrible threats were heard against the poor Chancellor, the only moderate proposals being to make him a hostage in exchange for Broussel. There were repeated knocks against the panel, but as perfect silence was kept behind it, the refuge was not discovered, though the mob ransacked the whole house before Marshal de la Meilleraye came with a company of Guards and a carriage, in which he carried off the Chancellor with his brother and daughter. A yelling multitude pursued them. Meilleraye turned upon it with his men, fired, and killed an old woman. On this stones, and even bullets hailed upon the carriage and the Guards. Several were struck down; Madame de Sully was slightly wounded, and it was with great difficulty that the shelter of the Palais Royal was gained.

The population had risen; by ten o'clock there were 1,260 barricades in the streets of the city, some up to the gates of the Palais Royal; and in the midst the Parliament were pronouncing decrees of arrest against Comminges and the officers who had seized Broussel and Blancmesnil. It was decided that a hundred and sixty of these magistrates should march in solemn procession to the Regent, to demand the release of their colleagues. The people watched them with acclamations, but the Queen was as obdurate as ever. She was perfectly incapable of understanding that subjects could have any rights at all, and sat severely reproaching these venerable magistrates with causing the sedition. "Posterity," she added, "will view with horror the cause of so much disorder, and the King, my son, will punish you severely." Then she expressed her surprise that no one had stirred when Marie de Medicis had imprisoned the Prince of Condé, and yet that there should be such a disturbance about a couple of mere magistrates.

She then left them abruptly, went into her own room and slammed the door; but Molé, by means of the Princes, obtained a second audience, and absolutely pursued her from room to room, till he extorted

CAMEO VIII.
—
Rescue of the Counsellors.
1647.

a promise from her that Broussel should be liberated on condition that the Parliament should never meddle again with affairs of state. They had to consult on this, and were to return the next day, but the populace, who thought the captives were in the Palais Royal, discovering that they were not in the procession returning, there was another uproar. An ironmonger seized the First President by the arm, holding a pistol to his head and saying, "Go back, traitor, unless you wish to be massacred—you and yours. Bring us Broussel, or else Mazarin and the Chancellor as hostages."

About twenty-five of the deputation managed to mingle with the crowd and escape, but the rest, like a flock of sheep, were driven back on the Palais Royal, and had again to face the Queen, who by this time was worked into such a passion at their return, that she talked of hanging two or three of them on the roof, or flinging down Broussel's head among the crowd.

But the Duke of Orleans, the Princesses, and all the reasonable people about her, calmed her a little. Molé spoke with dignity, and she consented to release the prisoners on receiving an immediate promise to abstain from state affairs. Benches were placed in the Great Gallery, so as to give a semblance of holding a session, and the members agreed that they would purchase the release of Broussel and Blancmesnil by engaging to meddle no more with public affairs before the vacation. The Queen then signed the order of release, and two carriages, containing friends and relations of the captives, were despatched to fetch them. The barricades were not, however, removed till the two Counsellors had been welcomed in Parliament, and, moreover, those Chambers which had not been represented in the deputation denied their right to make promises in their name.

The Queen sent for the Coadjutor the next day, and tried to make up for her previous incivilities by polite thanks for his exertions; but, in point of fact, she had entirely alienated him, and he was resolved on taking the part of Parliament and people. The young Prince of Condé was expected to return from the wars, and both parties founded many expectations upon him, as he was well known to hate the Cardinal, while on the other hand his royal blood was likely to disdain the magistracy. In the meantime a Congress was being held at Munster in Westphalia, by delegates from all the powers who had mingled in the troubled waters of the Thirty Years' War, and who were all wearied and exhausted. The troops began to return to their homes, and the Queen looked forward to their aid in crushing resistance. She moved her Court from Paris to Ruel, the former abode of Richelieu, and thither came the young Prince of Condé. Meeting the Coadjutor there, he whispered, "I will be with you to-morrow at seven o'clock." They had a long morning conference, and the Prince undertook to endeavour to make Queen Anne hear some home truths. The Queen had, however, only left Paris in order to revenge herself on the Parliament, without being interfered with by the mob. She arrested two more

magistrates, and when the Parliament sent a deputation to ask for their release, a dispute took place, in which Condé, thinking the Crown assailed, hastily declared that he was ready to shed the last drop of his blood in supporting the Queen's interest, and that he had vowed friendship to the Cardinal.

This disappointed, but did not daunt the Parliament. They further heard that 4,000 German mercenaries had passed the Somme, and were approaching Paris, as if to coerce them. On this they decreed that the safety of the city should be provided for; began to lay in provisions for a siege, and announced that they were going to take into consideration an edict passed in 1617, on the overthrow of Concini, which forbade, on pain of death, any foreigner to be one of the Ministry of the Crown.

It was almost a declaration of war, and the Queen was glad of it; but Condé thought he could mediate. "My name is Louis de Bourbon," he said to the Coadjutor, "and I will not shake the Crown. The Queen presses me to second her vengeance; I feel that if I lend her my arm, I should expose my life and fame for a foreigner whom I despise. But are those square caps mad, to force me either into a civil war, to strangle them, or put over all our heads a rascally Sicilian who will ruin us all?"

However, Condé told the Queen that he could not undertake to make war on Paris with 4,000 Germans, and that the negotiations of Münster would be hindered if there were known to be disturbances at home. An adjustment was proposed, and it was agreed that a quarter of the taxes should be remitted, the prisoners restored to liberty, and what was still more important, that no one should be arrested unless the judges were permitted to interrogate him within twenty-four hours.

The Queen was compelled to sign these articles. She shed bitter tears of rage over them, but signed at last, though only hoping for opportunities of overcoming all resistance. It was the 23rd of October, and on that very day the peace was being signed at Münster, which concluded the Thirty Years' War. Alsace was claimed as the meed of interference of France, half Pomerania was assigned to Sweden, and the rest of that duchy to the Elector Maximilian of Bavaria, who further obtained half the Palatinate, while Charles Louis, the Elector Palatine, only obtained half the domains of his father Frederick.

Toleration for Calvinists, Lutherans and Catholics, in each other's state, was won, and Germany was allowed to rest at last after its frightful convulsions, which had ruined all its commerce and agriculture, and reduced whole districts to utter desolation. Holland made peace with Spain, and the only countries still remaining at war were France and Spain. The peace of Münster, or Westphalia, was signed on the 23rd of October, 1648. The revolt of Bohemia had begun on the 28th of May, 1618. Certainly the sagacity of James I. in refusing to encourage the enterprise of his son-in-law was justified by events.

CAMEO IX.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

(1647—1648.)

England.		*France.*
1625. Charles I.	*Germany.*	1643. Louis XIV.
Spain.	1637. Ferdinand III.	*Rome.*
1621. Philip IV.		1644. Innocent X.

CAMEO IX. — *Hampton Court.* 1647.

THE whole realm of England was practically in the power of the army, and though Sir Thomas Fairfax might be the nominal commander-in-chief, the real mover in all that was done was Oliver Cromwell. The King still hoped to gain by this move and to win the leaders over. He kept up considerable state at Hampton Court, and Mrs. Cromwell and her daughter, Mrs. Ireton, were presented to him there; also Mrs. Whalley, wife to Cromwell's cousin, colonel of the regiment which guarded him there. Moreover, the King tried to come to terms with the army. He offered to make Ireton governor of Ireland, and as the house of Devereux had become extinct in the melancholy Earl of Essex, he proposed to revive the title in favour of Cromwell, in memory, no doubt, of Henry VIII.'s favourite, and to make him a Knight of the Garter.

It was at Hampton Court that Mrs. Fanshaw went to pay her respects to him. She shed tears, and prayed aloud that he might be blessed with many happy years and long life.

He stroked her on the cheek and said, "Child, if God pleaseth it shall be so; but both you and I must submit to God's will, and you know in what hands I am."

He then gave Mrs. Fanshaw letters to the Queen and Prince, and took an affectionate leave of both.

The soldiery began to grow restless and suspicious, and a fresh party began to rise among them, ultra-pietists, who called themselves Levellers and wanted to take all authority into their own hands, hating officers, Parliament and King all alike, usually terming the last of these Ahab, or Coloquintida, one of the bitterest of drugs. These Levellers began

CAMEO IX

Escape from Hampton Court. 1647.

among the privates, but gained over Colonels Pride and Rainsborough. Cromwell and Ireton opposed them, but they had influence enough to expel Ireton from the council of officers, and there were reports that they meant to repeat the exploit of Ensign Joyce with more fatal consequences to the King.

Whether Cromwell were really alarmed, or whether his was a deep-laid scheme for getting the royal person more entirely into his power, is uncertain; but he took care that Charles should learn that he was in danger of being seized at Hampton Court, and that he had better escape while it was still possible.

Charles withdrew his parole to Colonel Whalley, and all the guards were doubled, but still he was not prevented from concerting measures for an escape. Lord Lauderdale offered to escort him to the north with fifty horses, but he had enough of Scottish faith. Others advised him to go to the island of Jersey, where his eldest son was with Sir Edward Hyde; and others mentioned the Isle of Wight, where Colonel Hammond, the nephew of his faithful chaplain, was governor.

In his uncertainty, he actually sent £500 out of £1,000 which had been given to him by the faithful Alderman Adams, to a lady in London, in order that she might consult the famous astrologer, John Lilly, on the direction he should take. Lilly studied the stars, and decided that he ought to go to the eastward into Essex; but Charles had not waited for the answer. An anonymous letter had warned him of a secret meeting of the Levellers, in which it had been resolved to make away with him, unless he could escape before the guard was changed on the following day.

Therefore, at nine o'clock on the night of the 11th of November, 1647, Charles left Hampton Court by a back staircase and private door, attended only by his servant, William Legge, and stole out into the park, where Ashburnham and Berkeley awaited him with horses. Colonel Whalley found on his table in the morning the threatening letter, another from himself, promising to reappear whenever he could do so with freedom, honour, and safety; and an entreaty that his greyhound might be cared for.

Charles alone knew the way through the park, and after they had left it, they lost their way, and did not reach the village of Sutton till daybreak. Ashburnham had provided horses, which were waiting in the stable, but a party of Parliamentarians were discussing State affairs in the hostelry, so that the fugitives had to ride off at once. The King had not yet made up his mind where to go, when they were almost in sight of Southampton. Ashburnham had hoped to find a vessel there, but could hear no news of it, and the King decided to repair to Titchfield, where lived Lord Southampton's mother, and to wait there, while his two friends went to see whether Hammond would receive him in the Isle of Wight.

They then proceeded to Carisbrooke Castle, where they found that

CAMEO IX. Hammond was gone to Newport, and they followed him thither. He was much distressed, suspecting the King's secret plans.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he said, "you have undertaken a charge, the King into this island. If he is not yet removed, I entreat you to prevent his coming. What would become of me between the duty I owe the King for such a mark of confidence, and the trust I owe the army, from whom I hold my present office?"

There was a long conversation, during which Hammond's beggings to take him to the King, and declaring that he would not do it were of honour. Berkeley was not satisfied. Consultations were held for this vague assurance. They took boat and crossed to Titchfield. Hammond being only accompanied by a Captain named Bradshaw. Ashburnham went up to the King, leaving the others in the court of the castle. Charles received Ashburnham's report with great alarm.

"John, John!" he exclaimed, "thou hast undone me by bringing this governor here. Dost thou not perceive I cannot escape now?"

His remorse was thus cut off, and he wrote to the Queen in the utmost distress, so that Ashburnham, shocked at his own imprudence, suggested that Hammond was [illegible], and it would be easy to make sure of him.

"What!" cried Charles, "would you kill him? Would you have it said that he [illegible] me? and that I [illegible] him of it? No, no; it is too late to take other measures. I must trust to the will of God."

Hammond and Berkeley having become impatient, Berkeley came up to ask for them admission. The King received them cheerfully. The Governor still spoke vaguely, and gave no promises, but it would have been impossible to [illegible] had been prepared to convert the King beyond the reach of his enemies, and Charles consented to take boat and cross to the coast. A rumour of his coming had preceded him, the gentlemen rode out to greet him loyally; the people stood bareheaded in their doors, a young woman stepped forward and offered him her last rose of the season, and his spirits began to rise. He found the [illegible] of the beautiful castle consisted of twelve old soldiers. [illegible] escape would be easy. Hammond treated him with great deference, and gave him liberty to ride wherever he chose, and see what persons he pleased; and he became satisfied that he was in the hands of a man of honour and had taken the best course open to him.

There was much consternation in Parliament at the tidings of his flight; nor did any one know whether he had betrayed himself. Despatches were received from Hammond, both by the House and by Cromwell, who perhaps had contrived it for secrecy, but would have been glad had he been absolutely in exile, beyond the reach of any of the English parties.

The Levellers suspected this, and were much enraged. Meetings with the army in order to put an end to its discussions had been

CAMEO IX.

Mutiny at Ware 1647.

appointed, and the first of these took place near Ware, on the 15th of November. Seven regiments were to have met them; nine came, in a state of great excitement, with pamphlets about the Rights of the Soldiers stuck in each man's hat, and shouting loudly. One regiment —Lilburne's—had driven away all its officers but one. Other officers, Lilburne himself, Rainsborough, and others, rode about, telling the men that the sword was in their hands and they must use it for the liberty of the nation, and calling the more moderate men cowards. Had they prevailed, anarchy would have come in as the reign of the saints until the good sense of the nation must have rallied round the King and the Cavaliers.

Fairfax and Cromwell rode into the field where this strange scene took place, accompanied by their staff officers; and Fairfax, going up to each regiment, read them his proposals. The seven peaceable regiments accepted them gratefully, pointed out the disaffected individuals in their ranks, and allowed them to be taken into custody. Then Fairfax went to the other two. That of Colonel Harrison submitted, but Lilburne's was still mutinous, and tried to drown his voice with their shouts.

Cromwell's stern voice cried, "Take that paper from your hats!" They refused, whereupon he dashed in among them, seized one ringleader, and gave orders for the arrest of thirteen more. All quailed before him. A court-martial was called together on the spot, and sentenced three to death, making them draw lots as to which was to die immediately. The lot fell on Richard Arnell, a wild, turbulent man, and he was instantly shot before the eyes of his comrades. The others were marched away, and all was still.

The danger was not over, however, though averted at the moment by Cromwell's presence of mind and intrepidity. Even in Parliament, when he gave an account of the proceedings, though the majority, who had no desire to be at the mercy of the Levellers, gave him a vote of thanks, it was opposed by Ludlow and others. Moreover a preacher named Saltmarsh informed the generals that they were forsaken by Heaven for having put the saints in prison.

A great number of Cromwell's own pupils, colonels, captains, and privates, gathered about him, declaring that nothing should change their purpose. They were resolved to get rid of the King, and have a Republic; and if he would not go along with them, they would divide the army, of which two-thirds would follow them, and carry out their purpose, which of course would have been anarchy. Cromwell felt the risk too great, and changed his tactics. He spoke as violently against the King as might satisfy them, and calling up his ready tears, declared that his eyes had been dazzled by the glories of the world, and had not clearly discerned the work set before him; therefore he humbled himself, and desired their prayers for his pardon! Ireton followed suit, and Hugh Peters and other preachers trumpeted forth his repentance; and he argued with the officers in

Cameo IX.
The Levellers.
1647.

private on the need of preserving discipline, without which nothing could be done. Rainsborough and his fellows became ashamed of their insubordination when face to face with a master mind, and finally a great meeting took place at head-quarters, where ten hours were spent in debating, preaching, and praying; a reconciliation was effected, sealed by a banquet; and there Cromwell, whatever had been his former intentions, became pledged to lead the army in completing the destruction of the monarchy. It was thus the Levellers who sealed the King's doom.

Meantime, Sir John Berkeley had been sent by the King to congratulate the generals on their triumph over the mutiny at Ware. On the way he met Joyce, from whom he learned that it had been only a seeming victory—that the generals had yielded to the soldiery, and that they were preparing to bring the King to trial.

He went on, however, to the head-quarters at Windsor Castle, where he found the council of officers assembled. He presented his letters to Fairfax, and was ordered out of the hall while there was a consultation. On his return Fairfax spoke sternly to him, saying, "We are the Parliament's army; we have no answer to give to the proposals of His Majesty: the Parliament alone can judge of them."

Knowing that the fact was that the House was the army's Parliament, poor Sir John looked at Cromwell and Ireton, but they barely bowed to him, and put on a smile of contempt. He withdrew in silent consternation, and heard nothing all day; but in the evening a private friend, named Watson, sent word to him to come to a paddock behind the Garter Inn at midnight. Here he was told by Watson the true state of the case.

"I risk my life in coming here," said his friend, "for this very afternoon Ireton has made two proposals: one to send you a prisoner to London, the other to forbid any one to speak to you under pain of death. If the King loves his life, let him fly if he has the means."

Berkeley asked whether he should deliver his other letters to the generals, and Watson urged him to do so, since otherwise their interview would be suspected. No one made any reply except Cromwell, who sent word that he would do his best to serve the King, but could not be expected to ruin himself.

Sir John sent the tidings, conjuring the King to flee, while he himself proceeded to London, to see the Scottish commissioners, Lanark and Lauderdale. A ship sent by the Queen was in the neighbourhood, but the Parliament had sent fresh proposals to him, which he knew to be very displeasing to the Scots, and he hoped to obtain better terms by playing these two parties off against one another. So he waited, till Lanark and Lauderdale, on the one hand, arrived at Carisbrooke; on the other, Lord Denbigh and five commissioners from Westminster. He saw the Scots first, and actually in his extremity consented to Presbyterianism for three years in England, after which there should be a council of divines to decide on Church government. The Scots

angered to [illegible], and [illegible] the King, as soon as he rejected the Parliamentary proposals, was to flee to Ireland or some other foreign land.

Charles IX. Attempt at escape.

[illegible] with them [illegible] and [illegible] a portion of [illegible] in a [illegible] town, [illegible] what they demanded. Except [illegible] the King [illegible] to the proposals brought by Denzil and the [illegible]. They [illegible] of [illegible] to [illegible] but on that [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] and all the [illegible] ordered to leave the island.

He sent for Hammond and demanded:

"Why am I treated thus? Where are your orders?"

Hammond [illegible] to show, but spoke of the answer to the Parliament.

"Did not you promise on your honour," said the King, "that in a case you would take any advantage over me?"

"I promised nothing," said Hammond.

"You are full of subtlety and subterfuge; let me see one of my [illegible]. You say you [illegible] have none?"

"I cannot let you have a chaplain, sir," said Hammond.

"You [illegible] exclaimed the King with [illegible] of [illegible]

"I will speak with you when you are more calm."

"I [illegible]," said Charles, [illegible] this to refer to his health, and Hammond expostulated:

"I have behaved very civilly to you."

"Why do you not do so now?"

"Sir, you are too high."

To which Charles retorted, "That could only be the fault of my shoemaker; I do not see that my [illegible]." He walked about the room, and asked what [illegible] and on Hammond's refusal, exclaimed:

"Am I, then, in a prison? Is this the faith you owe me? Are these your oaths? Answer."

The Governor had nothing to say, and went away with tears in his eyes.

The faithful Ashburnham and Legge went as far as the opposite coast, and arranged relays of horses in the hope that the King might make his escape.

One night he nearly did so. He could get his head through the bars of his window, and it was the general belief that the body could follow wherever the head can pass; but he made no attempt to push forward instead of sideways, and [illegible] not move, and only succeeded in [illegible] within, much exhausted, but unperceived by any one except the

CAMEO IX.
Escape of the Duke of York.
1647.

person who was waiting to assist his flight. The window where the attempt was made is still pointed out to those who seek out his traces in

"Lone battle-field or crumbling prison wall."

His young son, James, Duke of York, had been more fortunate. He was about fifteen years old, and was, with his sister Elizabeth and his little brother Henry, in St. James's Palace, under the charge of the Earl of Northumberland, who had exacted a promise from him that he would neither write nor receive any letters privately, and this promise he kept like an honourable boy. However, one George Howard, brother to the Earl of Suffolk, carried him a verbal message, in consequence of which he acted. After supper, in the spring evenings, the children played at hide-and-seek in the gardens, and James contrived places where he could not be found till he chose to appear. After about a fortnight of this, he let himself out of the garden, and met a gentleman, who had a cloak and wig ready for him, and took him to a coach, which drove to the river, where a boat took him to a house in which a girl's dress was waiting for him. He very nearly betrayed himself by putting his leg on the table to adjust his stocking, but happily the person who saw this performance was one who could be trusted with the truth, and he was safely taken to a ship at Gravesend.

Sailing the next day, he arrived in Holland, where he was gladly welcomed by his sister Mary, the young Princess of Orange. On the tidings of his escape from St. James's, every port was watched except that of Gravesend.

The commissioner's report filled the house with fury. Sir Thomas Wroth said, "Bedlam was prepared for madmen, Tophet for kings," and added that he cared not what form of government was established, provided there were neither devils nor kings in it.

Others spoke in the same manner, and though the Presbyterians still would have kept some terms with the King, Cromwell declared that the negotiation with the Scots proved him to be utterly false, and willing to plunge the nation in another war.

It was therefore noted that the new Government should be settled without reference to the King; nor did any one protest except the Lords Warwick and Manchester.

This further step excited the loyal spirit all over the country. Pamphlets were issued by the Cavaliers by the ream. In the Isle of Wight a brave old sea captain named Burley had the drum beat through the streets of Newport and marched at the head of a troop of peasants, women and children, to deliver the King, but he was easily overcome, and was hanged for making war against the King and Parliament. There was a universal spirit of reaction. Essex's disbanded soldiers walked about the streets of London crying, "Save the King," and forcing people to drink his health. There had been a great struggle to keep Christmas Day, and many clergymen had actually

CAMEO X.

Meeting to form a Government 1642.

ministered in the churches, holly and ivy had decked the fountains in spite of the Lord Mayor; Royalist pamphlets, sermons and ballads, were current everywhere, and the small party in power felt themselves in danger, while Charles, in his captivity, had every reason to believe that the real heart of the people had turned back to him.

Cromwell invited the principal leader of both Presbyterians and Levellers, namely, the Parliament and army, to a dinner at which he begged them to lay aside their differences, and decide on some strong new form of government, or they would all be overthrown together.

Nothing was here done, and in another meeting Ludlow, Vane, Hutchinson, Algernon Sidney, and Haslerigg argued against monarchy as opposed to the Word of God, reason, and experience! Cromwell would give no opinion; and when Ireton pressed him, eluded the difficulty by throwing a cushion at the general's head. Ireton returned it, and in this horse-play the conference was broken up.

Cries of "For God and King Charles" began to break out everywhere. The London apprentices, who had once been foremost in attacking the Bishops, would not endure having their sports interfered with. When some soldiers tried to prevent a game at bowls on Sunday at Moorfields, they fairly overpowered them, and, with the help of the Thames watermen, took two of the City gates and drew chains across the streets. Cromwell and Fairfax, however, by showing a determined face, dispersed this riot, but the whole country was in a restless, angry state, highly incensed that the King should be a prisoner in the hands of the army, and ready to rise on his behalf so soon as the Scots should enter England.

The Scottish Parliament had met. The majority were contented with the concessions made to Lanark and Lauderdale, and voted that an army should be raised, and march under the Duke of Hamilton. The Earl of Argyll, however, was strongly opposed to the measure; and the people disliked it. The ministers preached against it, the women inveighed, and the levy proceeded very slowly, and without gathering up many of Leslie's well-trained soldiers.

The Cavaliers, however, remembering how the Scots had once turned the scale, were full of hope. In Essex, they rose for the King, and in the North, Pontefract Castle was nearly taken by a sudden surprise, by eighty mounted Cavaliers, each carrying a foot soldier *en croupe*. In Kent, the insurrection was brought on by the trial of some gentlemen, who had been concerned in one of the disturbances caused by the prohibition of festivities on Christmas Day. The grand jury refused to find a bill against them, and signed a petition in their favour, which was sent round the country for signatures.

The Parliamentary committee in authority denounced this as seditious, threatening to hang two in each parish that promoted it, and sent for troops to disperse the meetings called for the purpose. Provoked at this violence, the people rose, at first under the command of a very young gentleman called Edward Hales. They had the prudence to

CAMEO IX

Rising in Kent. 1648.

decide on taking possession of Dover and Sandwich before advancing.

The men had been affronted by the King's calling them water-rats, and had been on the Parliamentary side; but they had been a good deal neglected by Lord Warwick, then High Admiral, and were neither well paid, nor provisioned; nor did they like either Presbyterian worship or strictness. Their discontents became alarming, and Colonel Rainsborough was sent to the squadron on the Thames to quell any signs of mutiny. He hoisted his flag on the *Constant Reformation*, and hearing that the Royalists had seized the castles on the coast, and had been assisted by the townsmen of Deal, he took boat to investigate; and finding that this was the fact, he sent orders that the ships should weigh anchor, sail for Kent, and fire upon the town. While heaving at the capstan of the *Constant Reformation*, Robert Lindale, a boatswain's mate, reminded his messmates that to obey orders would be to shoot down their own wives and children, many of whom lived at Deal; and when he saw how this struck them, he proposed that they should at once declare for the King, like the rest of the men of Kent.

The sailors set up a cheer, crying "One and all," and before the officers were aware had seized them and confined them to their cabin. Then Lindale went alongside of the next ship, explained matters, and threatened her with a broadside unless her crew followed his example. Each vessel followed his lead, and when Rainsborough returned in his boat, he was neither suffered to enter it, nor to speak, but his officers were lowered down to him, and he had to make his way back to London. The other officers were also put on shore, and the sailors who conveyed them sent to the Kentishmen to ask for some gentlemen to take the command. Several came, but while still in the Downs, Warwick came out in a boat, and endeavoured to bring the sailors back to their allegiance to the Parliament, but in vain. They knew that the young Duke of York had been destined to be High Admiral, and they sailed for Holland in quest of him. Prince Rupert was sent to take the command of them. He wished to have sailed for the Isle of Wight to carry off the King, but the sailors insisted on lying off the Medway, to take the colliers' vessels.

Meantime the command of the men of Kent had been taken by Goring, now Earl of Norwich. Fairfax attacked them, and in the neighbourhood of Maidstone there was one of those deadly battles of the Civil War, from hedgerow to hedgerow, field to field, lane to lane, till the Cavaliers were driven into Maidstone, where again they fought from street to street, house to house, so that, though at last, when driven into the churchyard, they surrendered, Fairfax wrote that he had never seen such hot service for six hours together. Some escaped, and joined a larger body of Cavaliers at Rochester, where Goring was. These advanced to Blackheath, hoping to be admitted into London, but finding this hope disappointed, they seized

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Colchester, which Sir Charles Lucas, Lord Capel, and several others undertook to defend, strengthening the fortifications, and hoping, to hold it out till Hamilton's invasion should raise the rest of the country. Fairfax resolved to blockade them; and at the same time the Welsh had risen, and Cromwell was in like manner besieging Pembroke.

Lord Holland came over with a commission from the Queen, and tried to get up a rising near London with the help of the young Duke of Buckingham, and his brother, Lord Francis Villiers, a beautiful lad of twenty, born after his father's death, and the King's godson. The affair was ill-managed, chattered and gossiped about all over London, and when the meeting took place at Kingston-on-Thames they were easily surprised and broken up, mostly escaping, but young Francis set his back against a wall, disdaining to ask quarter. He was slain with nine wounds, and was buried in his father's grave in Westminster Abbey. Lord Holland was made prisoner at St. Neots and brought to Windsor.

Hamilton, with an army strong in horse but weak in discipline, crossed the border three days after Pembroke had surrendered, so that Cromwell was free to dash across the country, though his men were almost shoeless. The Duke would not believe he was so near, but three skirmishes at Preston, Wigan and Warrington, effectually broke up the Scottish army, which was ill-armed and worse trained, and devoid of discipline, a great contrast to Leven's well-ordered host. At Uttoxeter Hamilton surrendered to Cromwell, and left his men to get back or be made prisoners as they could. He was sent to Nottingham as a prisoner, and Argyll assumed the chief direction of government in Scotland.

This made the situation of the garrison of Colchester hopeless. It had been besieged for two months, and behaved gallantly, but starvation forced the surrender; all the dogs and cats were devoured. Only one barrel of powder was left, eight hundred horses had been eaten, so that there were none left on which to make an attempt at a last desperate sally. Fairfax's army had likewise suffered much, and the terms he granted were that the soldiers and subalterns should be prisoners of war, but the superior officers must surrender at discretion; and two days later, Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lisle, and Sir Bernard Gascoigne were tried by court-martial and sentenced to die, as an example to future rebels. It was the first time that Cavalier gentlemen had not been treated as prisoners of war, and it was a great shock. Lord Capel and the other prisoners intreated Fairfax to put off the execution, or else shoot them all alike together; but Ireton had the mastery over Fairfax, and all the three were led out. Lucas was shot first; he said he had too often faced death to fear it now. After a short prayer he cocked his hat, opened his breast, put his arms akimbo, and called out, "Now, rebels, do your worst." Lisle ran up to him as he fell, and kissed him. Then standing up, Sir Bernard called to the soldiers

CAMEO IX.

Conferences at Newport. 1648.

to come nearer, for they were too far off. "I warrant you, sir, we'll hit you," said one.

"Friends, I have been nearer when you missed me," he said, and fell at the first fire; but as Gascoigne was undressing, a reprieve arrived from Fairfax, who, unlike the others, had abstained from witnessing the execution. Lucas was one of the harsher and more violent type of soldiers, but a gallant and honourable man, and the Cavaliers held the deaths of these two gentlemen as murder, contrary to the laws of war, and nourished a bitter enmity against Rainsborough. Cromwell meanwhile went on to Scotland, where the peasants, headed by their ministers, had risen, and Lord Eglinton, taking the lead, had overcome the remnant of Royalists. This was called the Whigammore's raid, some say from whig, whey or sour buttermilk; others, from "wiggham," the "whay" of Scottish carters to their horses—in either case a nick-name of west country peasants, since applied to their political party. Argyll and the Estates received Cromwell with high honours, and gave a grand feast in the Parliament house, and the General had many private conferences with the Earl.

In the meantime the Parliament had had a little breathing time in the absence of its tyrants, and it sent down fifteen commissioners, five lords, among whom were Northumberland and Pembroke, and ten commoners, to the Isle of Wight. The King had given his word that while it lasted, and for twenty days after, he would abstain from attempts to escape; and at the same time they pledged themselves for his safety. He was transferred to a house at Newport for the conference, and was there greeted by enthusiastic crowds—allowed the attendance of his friends and servants once more, and to receive the commissioners with something of royal state. Richmond, Lindsay, and other old friends repaired to him. Both parties were touched by seeing how much captivity had altered him. His hair was streaked with grey, and he looked careworn, though as dignified as ever. They urged him to accept their promises and return to London, while Cromwell and the army were still in the North; but he did not trust them, and put his hopes in the Scots on the one side, and an Irish rising which Ormond was organising, and held himself ready to escape after the twenty days and join them, confident that the real heart of England was with him. He wrote to Ormond: "Obey my wife's orders instead of mine; do not regard my concessions, they will come to nothing."

Very considerable concessions were indeed made by him, but again they came to a point where he could be pushed no farther. "I am," he said, "in the situation of that captain, who, receiving no assistance from his chiefs, had permission to give up the place. 'They cannot help me when I request it,' said he, 'so then let them help me when they can, but in the meantime I will hold out the place until one of its stones cover my grave.' I shall do the same by the Church of England."

In the eyes of the opposite party the endeavour to raise his friends

CAMEO IX.

Failure of Terms. 1648.

in arms while carrying on a negotiation was rank treachery, and the charge of duplicity and perfidy is continually repeated against Charles. It is very hard to judge. In his view, concessions that were against his conscience were forced from him by unconstitutional means, by a faction which had no right to ask them, while he knew them to be only a tyrannical minority of whom the chief part of the nation were weary. He thought himself justified in temporising while endeavouring to escape from their power, and afterwards to consider how much of his grants were valid. To them this seemed intolerable falsehood and deceit, and wicked plotting. It was a situation in which neither party could understand or trust the other, and so the net closed tighter and tighter around the prisoner.

Officers from the army came to threaten the Parliament for negotiating with the King, but on the other hand the Cavaliers were in utter despair, and the more violent and demoralised thought of nothing but revenge. In the streets of London, several members of Parliament were insulted and beaten, and there were plots against others, but none took effect, except that, at Doncaster, Colonel Rainsborough was set upon by a party of twenty men, who thus took vengeance for the blood of Lucas and Lisle.

The commissioners were recalled, and at the same time Hammond was summoned to head-quarters by Fairfax. All left the Isle of Wight on the same day, the 27th of November, some of them taking leave of the King with much emotion. Major Ralph was left in command of the garrisons, but no orders were given for the removal of the attendants. A few hours after the departure of the commissioners, one of these was accosted by a stranger, who said, "Tell your master that troops have landed in the island, and that he will be carried away to-night."

On these tidings, Charles sent for the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Lindsay, and Colonel Cook, and asked how he could ascertain the truth. Ralph was interrogated, but would only say "that the King might sleep quietly that night, no one would disturb him."

Cook then offered to ride round the coast and reconnoitre, but as it was a dark stormy night the King was unwilling to send him. However, he started, but got no farther than Carisbrooke, where he found ten or twelve officers freshly arrived and diligently watching Captain Bowerman, who was in charge of the garrison. Riding back to Newport with this intelligence, he found the house where the King was closely guarded, both at doors and windows, and men smoking even outside the door of the royal chambers. However, he obtained admittance, and there was a midnight council, the two noblemen begging the King to escape while there was time. Charles hardly thought it possible. "Besides," said he, "if they do take me, they must spare me. Neither party can succeed without me."

"Take care, sir," replied Lindsay; "these people do not guide themselves by such maxims. Remember Hampton Court."

CAMEO IX.

Charles a prisoner.
1648.

"Colonel," said Richmond, "how did you get through?"

"I had the watchword," said Cook.

"Could you enable me to pass too?" asked the Duke.

"I have no doubt of it."

The Duke made the experiment, and with Cook went through the various guards unmolested. Returning, the two nobles eagerly discussed the matter with the King, while the Colonel, who was wet through, stood dripping and steaming by the fire.

"Ned Cook!" cried Charles at last, "what do you counsel me to do?"

"The King has his councillors here," evasively said the soldier.

"No, no, dear Ned," said the King, "I command you to give me your advice!"

"May I ask your Majesty a question?"

"Speak!"

"If I not only say, but prove to your Majesty, that the army intend to seize your person, if I add that I have the watchword, horses at hand, men waiting for me, that I am ready, and the dark night made on purpose, no real obstacle in the way, what would your Majesty do?"

Charles thought for a moment, then shaking his head, said, "No, they gave me their word, and I gave them mine. I will not run from it."

"I presume," said Cook, "that by they and them you mean the Parliament? Now all is changed. It is the army who want to throw your Majesty into prison."

"No matter," said Charles, "I will not fly from my word. Good-night, Ned; good-night, Lindsay; I am going to sleep as long as I can."

"I fear it will not be long," said Cook.

"As it please God," said the King, and at one o'clock they left him, Richmond staying with him. This is from Cook's own narrative, and certainly shows that if Charles's pledges as a ruler were felt to be doubtful, his views of personal honour as from man to man were strict. He went to rest in the spirit of his own lines:

> "Lie down to rest and sleep secure,
> A mind at peace, a body pure;
> A quiet conscience in the breast
> Is more than peace, is more than rest,
> Then lie and rest and sleep secure."

In the November morning knocks came to the door. Richmond went to it, and asked the cause.

"We are officers of the army, come to speak with the King."

"Wait till the King is dressed," said the Duke.

They only knocked more violently, and Charles bade the door to be opened, when several, headed by Colonel Cobbett, rushed up to the bed, exclaiming, "Sir, we have orders to take you from hence!"

"Orders from whom?" asked the King.

"From the army," said Cobbett.

"Whither do you want to take me?"

"To the castle."

"What castle?"

"To the castle."

"*The* castle is no castle. I am ready to follow you to any castle, but name it."

"Hurst Castle."

"They could not find out a worse," said the King, turning to Richmond; for Hurst Castle, a narrow gloomy fortress, lies at the end of a long spit of ground, cut off from everything. Charles asked if he could have his servants, and was answered "Only the most indispensable." He chose his body servants—Sir Thomas Herbert and Harrington, and his carver, Mildmay; then proceeded to dress, while Richmond ordered breakfast; but before it was ready, the carriage was at the door, and Cobbett said, "Sir, you must go." Charles did not answer a word, but got into the carriage without food. Only when his three servants had followed him, and Cobbett was about to do the same, he barred the entrance with his foot till the door was shut, leaving the Colonel to ride with the escort of horse. He was taken to Yarmouth, and there put on board a small vessel, which carried him to Hurst. There Colonel Ewers, the commandant, placed him in a chamber so dark that in the December day candles were required at noon, and his attendant was what Dr. Carte calls, "A little crumpling old man."

CAMEO X.

THE REGICIDE.

(1648—1649.)

England.		*France.*
1625 Charles I.	*Germany.*	1643. Louis XIV.
Spain.	1637. Ferdinand III.	*Rome.*
1621. Philip IV.		1644. Innocent X.

CAMEO X.

The three parties. 1648.

THE English Revolution had been begun by men who believed the Crown to have usurped unconstitutional authority both in Church and State, and wished to limit its power chiefly as exerted through the Court of High Commission and the Star Chamber.

These men, when the appeal to arms came, had taken different sides, according to their sense of duty, either to the King or to the country. Almost all the most distinguished among them had perished on the field of battle, while the less noted and able had—in the hope of political victory — identified themselves with the Scottish Presbyterians and accepted the Covenant. They had thrown over the Church, but did not want to throw over the King, and they still formed the majority in Parliament.

The new party were however the strongest, though by no means the most numerous. They were political and theoretical republicans, whose object was to do away entirely with monarchy ; and there were the mass of the Ironsides, or Levellers, as they called themselves, who viewed royalty and loyalty as the Israelites viewed the seven nations of Canaan.

There was also a considerable Cavalier party, but crushed, dispersed, and rendered almost helpless by the last unfortunate attempt. The great body of the nation, though once chafed and angered by small tyrannies, had come to feel the pressure of the war far worse, to miss their Church ordinances, to pity their King, and to grieve for the cheerful days past ; but they were helpless and exhausted, and would probably rather have endured anything instead of a renewal of the war.

To none of the parties enumerated did Oliver Cromwell belong :

though he was the idol of the army, and was led on by it. He was the only existing person in England—perhaps in Europe—who united the attributes of practical greatness, as soldier and statesman, and he had thus risen to be the leader. Face to face, hardly any one could stand against his determination, whether couched in brief sharp words, or in long winding speeches. His character is one that it is almost impossible to understand. He seems to have been to a certain degree a fanatic, but with fanaticism subordinate to the strongest common sense and decision. He believed himself a Divine instrument, and instantly perceiving what would lead to success, he carried it out, without questioning whether it were morally right or wrong, or rather supposing that because it occurred to him, it must be done, and was the right course.

Probably he had as little idea where these measures would lead him as the meanest soldier in his army, and thus he was the more led to believe in his Divine appointment. At the present juncture, he beheld the army resolved to do away with monarchy, and the Parliament hankering after a reconciliation with the King, and he well knew which was the strongest. Moreover, Charles's nature was that which he would most contemn. Indecision and doubt, scrupulous and tender-hearted piety, yielding concessions inch by inch, and halting where conscience came in, seeking counsellors all round to reinforce that conscience—these traits seemed to him mere hypocrisy. He knew likewise that whatever Charles might grant contrary to his own sense of duty to the Church and State, he would consider as unjustly forced from him, and revoke if ever he had the power.

Once Cromwell had seemed inclined to restore the King, under strong restrictions, as preferable to the remains of the Presbyterian Parliament. The Levellers had shown that the army would not endure the idea; Charles himself had again shown his desire for emancipation by Scottish and Cavalier hands, and Cromwell decided that to sweep him out of the way would be getting rid of an obstruction to the settlement of affairs. It must be done by assisting the Army to overrule the Parliament, and yet leaving enough of the latter to give a species of constitutional form to a judicial murder. The thing was to be done, and therefore the sense of expediency in Oliver Cromwell's mind seemed to him a direct inspiration driving him on, and conquering all scruples. No doubt it was a gigantic instance of self-deceit, making the intuitive perception of what was best for policy and ambition appear to him like heavenly direction. There can be no doubt that he really wished for the welfare and peace of the country, and felt himself called to take the lead by the fact that there was nobody else capable of so doing, and thus he lost sight of the crimes into which he was led. It was as if, in a mutinous ship, the only able mariner decided on throwing a feeble captain overboard in order to be able to take the helm and quell the disturbance, having already wrought himself into a state of blindness

CAMEO X.

The King and the Commons. 1648.

by mutinous discontent and contempt alike of the captain and the articles of war.

There was great indignation among the Presbyterian members of Parliament, who had guaranteed the King's safety and liberty for twenty days after the conference with the commissioners, and who held themselves dishonoured by his violent deportation to Hurst. They voted that he had been taken away without the knowledge or consent of the House, and they renewed the debate on the terms of peace with him. Fiennes and Prynne spoke strongly in favour of it, and Prynne's conclusion was memorable. It was the last at that sitting, given at nine o'clock in the morning, after twenty-four hours of debate: "Mr. Speaker, it is said that if we displease the army we are lost. One of their leaders has just declared to us that they would lay down their arms and serve us no longer; and then, it is urged, what would become of us and our faithful friends? If such were the case, I own I should prize little the protection of servants so inconstant and mutinous. I make no doubt that if the army forsook us, God and the kingdom would be with us, and if we can conclude this treaty with the King, I hope we shall not stand henceforth in need of the services of the army. Be it as it may, '*fiat justitia, ruat cælum*'—Let us do our duty and leave the event to God."

After this there was a division: 140 in favour of accepting the King's terms and restoring him, 104 Independents against it. Ludlow and Hutchinson attempted a protest, but there was a clear majority against them, and Parliament had at last decided on peace with the King.

But it was too late. They had to give up the delusion that they were the masters of the realm. Cromwell had not yet arrived in London, though he was near at hand, and either had given directions or infused enough of his spirit into his officers to decide the steps they took. Fairfax was in London, but though nominally commander-in-chief, the Levellers held him as at heart Parliamentarian, and left him in ignorance of their purpose.

A council of officers and of the Independent minority was held in early morning, and three members and three soldiers were chosen to carry out their design. A list of the House of Commons was laid on the table, and names were marked off, happily not for proscription, but expulsion. The next day, the 6th December, 1648, Skippon consented to remove the militia guard of the House, and two regiments, one of horse under Colonel Rich, one of foot under Colonel Pryde, took their place, and occupied every entrance to the House.

Colonel Pryde himself stood at the door of the Commons' chamber, with the list in his hand; while Lord Grey of Groby and an usher stood by him to name each member who attempted to pass. As each marked man arrived, the Colonel said, "You shall not go in;" and those who resisted were seized and expelled. All the other entrances were closed and guarded by soldiers, who only laughed at the protests and

CAMEO X.

Summoned from Hurst. 1648.

attempts of the members. Prynne said, "I will not go back a step of my own accord," on which he was actually kicked down stairs! Forty-one members were thus turned back. The same scene was repeated on the ensuing day, and some others were arrested in their houses, till 143 of the moderate men had been expelled by this audacious measure, which became known as Pryde's purge. The remnant, who were either of the same mind as the army or lacked nerve to resist, were called by the derisive royalists "the Rump."

Cromwell arrived and took his seat the next day, swearing that he had known nothing of the measure; "but now the deed is done, I am glad of it, and it must be supported." He wrote to Fairfax that it had been done by inspiration, and Hugh Peters preached to that effect, declaring that the saints of the army would not only extirpate monarchy in England, but in France and all the nations round! It was true that the King was doomed. The real power was in the hands of two committees of officers, one, of the superior ones, the other, of the Levellers and wilder fanatics. When a measure was decided on, it was sent down to the obedient Parliament to give it what was held to be legal sanction.

Plans for a republic were drafted, and petitions sent up demanding that the King should be brought to trial for having levied war upon the nation and thus caused bloodshed.

A detachment was sent to Hurst Castle to bring the King to London for trial. It arrived in the middle of the night of the 17th of December, and Charles was awakened by the rattling of the chains of the drawbridge and the tramp of horsemen. Before it was light he rang for Herbert, who slept in the next room. "Did you hear nothing last night?" he asked.

"I heard the drawbridge lowered," replied Herbert, "but I dared not, without your Majesty's orders, go out of my room at so unseasonable an hour."

The King bade him go and find out who had arrived, and he presently came back with the tidings that the officer in command was Colonel Harrison, at which Charles's countenance became agitated, for the name was well known to him as that of one of the sternest fanatics amongst the Levellers. He asked, "Are you sure it is Harrison?"

"It was Captain Reynolds who told me so."

"Then I believe it," said the King. "Did you see the Colonel?"

"No, sir."

"Did Reynolds tell you for what purpose he came?"

"I did all in my power to ascertain, but the only answer I could obtain was that the motive of his coming would soon be known."

The King then sent Herbert away, and spent an hour alone, and when he recalled his faithful servant he had tears in his eyes, and looked so much distressed that Herbert ventured to remark it.

CAMEO X.

Journey to Windsor. 1648.

"I am not frightened," he said; "but what you cannot know is that this is the man who had formed the project of murdering me during the last negotiations. A letter informed me of it. I do not remember having ever seen him or done him any injury. I would not be taken by surprise. This place is just fit for such a crime. Return and ask again what brought Harrison hither."

Herbert was able this time to learn that Colonel Harrison was come to escort his Majesty to Windsor within three days. This seemed to Charles a good omen; he brightened up saying, "Well and good. Windsor is a place where I have always enjoyed myself. It will make up for what I have suffered here."

The letter accusing Harrison must have been a false alarm, for there was nothing of the assassin in him. He was a wild fanatic, full of visions and imaginary revelations, one of those men whom the success of the arms that they imagined to be peculiarly blessed had driven almost frantic. He looked on Charles as an obstacle to the reign of the saints and to be swept away, but only in battle or on the scaffold, not by private murder.

After two days Colonel Cobbett brought word that he was to take the King to Windsor, whither Harrison was preceding him. Charles was ready and eager to leave the gloomy chambers of Hurst, and after going three miles was met by an escort of horse. As he passed on horseback people came out to watch him, some merely to stare, but others doing him obeisance, weeping and praying aloud for him. At Winchester, the mayor and aldermen came to meet him with the mace and keys of the city, and had begun a speech full of loyal affection when Cobbett rudely pushed in among them demanding whether they had forgotten that whosoever should thus address the King was a traitor. They had not the spirit to withstand him, but humbly apologised.

Between Alresford and Farnham another escort relieved guard. Their commanding officer was a well-dressed gentlemanly-looking man, in a velvet cap, and fringed silk crimson sash over his buff coat and he made a respectful salute as the King rode past him. Charles asked who he was, and on hearing he was Harrison, surveyed him so steadily that the Colonel retired behind the other soldiers to avoid his gaze. Charles observed, "That man has the air of a true soldier. I understand physiognomy; his I like. He is no murderer."

The halt for the night was made at Farnham, under the shadow of the ruined castle of the Bishops of Winchester. There Charles seeing Harrison in a corner of the supper-room beckoned to him, and Harrison came up with a manner awkward between shyness and self-assertion, his excitable temperament no doubt stirred to the depths by the presence of one whom he thought the enemy of Heaven and the country, yet whose quiet kingly dignity in misfortune could not but be impressive. The King took him by the arm, and leading him into the embrasure of a window, held nearly an hour's conversation,

even asking whether the warning of his intentions had been well founded.

"Nothing can be more false," said Harrison. "This is what I said, and I can repeat it: it is that justice should have its course alike for all persons, and that the law is alike for great and small."

Charles said no more, and sat down to supper. He was to reach Windsor the next day, and he insisted on halting to dine at Bagshot, at the house of his faithful friend Lord Newburgh, nor did Harrison venture on a refusal. The fact was that Lord Newburgh possessed a horse which was supposed to be the swiftest in England, and he had proposed to give this animal to his master wherewith to repeat the escape of Edward from Simon de Montfort, and with this view Charles was continually complaining of the one he rode between Farnham and Bagshot, and expressing his desire of changing it; but when he reached Lord Newburgh's house, the fleet horse proved to have been so badly kicked in the stable as to be useless. None of the others equalled it, and apparently suspicion had been excited, for all the rest of the way the guards kept very close to their captive with their pistols cocked. He was much pleased to find himself at his beautiful home at Windsor, where his own room had been prepared for him, and he seemed almost to forget that he was a prisoner, even saving the seed of some Spanish melons to be planted at Oatlands.

At that very moment the small fragment which called itself the House of Commons was debating on bringing him to trial. A few even there were against it, wishing simply to depose him, like Edward II. or Richard II.; and Cromwell said, "If any one made this motion from a premeditated design, I should regard him as the most signal traitor in the world; but since Providence and necessity have thrown the House into this deliberation, I pray God to bless its counsels, though I am not ready to give my advice immediately."

A charge of tyrannical intentions enforced by bloodshed was drawn up against the King by a committee of thirty-eight, accepted by the Commons, and sent up to what remained of the House of Lords, only thirteeen in number, who rejected it with one accord. "There is no Parliament without the King," said Lord Manchester, "so the King cannot commit treason against Parliament." Lord Denbigh said he would be torn in pieces rather than consent, and all the rest agreed, by this time heartily regretting that they had opened the flood-gates of rebellion.

However, the Rump, with closed doors, decided that the people were the source of power, and that they themselves, as the representatives of the people, were supreme, and needed no concurrence of king or peers.

So a High Court of Justice was selected by them consisting of 150 commissioners, but out of those named three judges, six peers, eleven baronets, ten knights, and six aldermen utterly refused to take any part in the proceedings. The number was fixed at 135, of whom 20

CAMEO X.
Court of Justice.
1649.

might form a quorum. Thirty-seven of these belonged to the army. There were three peers, Monson, Lisle, and Grey of Groby, most of the Rump, and three serjeants-at-law, of whom John Bradshaw was the most noted. He was a cousin of the poet Milton, a grave man of mild manners, and a strong republican. As he was a lawyer of some eminence, and no judge would be on this illegal commission, he was chosen to preside.

No more than fifty-eight of those nominated ever appeared. Fairfax came to the first private consultation, but never again, and others only came to protest. "I tell you we will cut his head off with the crown upon it," exclaimed Cromwell; and after this the opponents of extreme measures ceased to sit with the others, who took their measures undisturbed.

With sound of trumpet and beat of drum, proclamation was made in all the principal places in London that the King was about to be tried, and all who had any complaints against him should bring them forward. Moreover the Great Seal bearing King Charles's effigy was broken, and a new one made, one side of which bore "The Great Seal of England," and the other, "In the first year of freedom, by God's blessing, restored 1648." It was the 20th of January, but the year was still reckoned from the 21st of March. At the same time, persons were appointed to take an exact inventory of all the royal castles and palaces, and their contents, which henceforth would become the property of the nation. The trial was fixed for the 20th, and Colonel Whichcote, the Governor of Windsor, informed the King that he was to be taken to London for it. He had been so hopeful that the news came as a blow; but he said, "God is everywhere, and in all places the same in power and goodness."

At the same time all tokens of respect at his meals were dropped, and he was served like any ordinary gentleman. "Is there anything more contemptible than a despised prince?" he said; and after this he always ate in private.

On the 19th of January, Harrison came to fetch him. A coach and six horses were sent for him, and he was conveyed to St. James's Palace, where he was closely guarded, two sentinels placed at his door, and he was allowed no attendant save Herbert, who slept by his bedside.

On the 20th at noon he was brought in a Sedan chair to Westminster Hall. The commissioners were in the Painted Chamber, when Cromwell, looking from the window, turned somewhat pale, and exclaimed, "Here he is—here he is, gentlemen! The hour of the great affair approaches. I beseech you to decide speedily what answer you will give him, for he will immediately ask by what authority you pretend to judge him."

No one found an answer, but Henry Martyn said, "In the name of the Commons assembled in Parliament, and of all the good people of England."

The Court then marched in procession into the hall, Bradshaw going at their head with the sword and mace carried before him. These were laid on a table in front of an elevated chair covered with red velvet, where he sat, and all the commissioners who chose to appear around him. A velvet chair was set for the King at the other end of the table exactly opposite to him. There were guards and barriers, and the lower end of the hall was given up to the people. The King was carried up to his seat in the sedan, between two files of soldiers, commanded by Colonel Hacker. He came forward, and gazed fixedly on the tribunal without raising his hand towards his hat, sat down, then rose, turned round and looked again on the mass of people, meeting all their gazing eyes with his deep, melancholy, calm glance of compassionate upbraiding. There was a great silence through that vast densely-thronged hall. It was broken by Bradshaw :

"Charles Stewart, King of England,—the Commons of England, being deeply sensible of the calamities which you have brought on the nation, which have been fixed on you as the principal author of them, have resolved to make inquisition for blood, and according to the debt and duty they owe to God, to justice, the kingdom and themselves, they have resolved to bring you to trial and to judgment, and for this purpose have constituted the High Court of Justice before which you are brought."

Coke, who acted as solicitor-general, stood up to speak the charge, but the King held up a cane as a sign of silence, called out "Hold," and gave him a tap on the shoulder to enforce attention. The gold head of the cane fell off. The King's face showed for a moment that this was a shock. He stooped, picked it up, and seated himself, while Coke went on, "My Lord, I am come to charge Charles Stewart, King of England, in the name of the Commons of England, with high crimes and misdemeanours."

He then gave the charge to his clerk to read the whole of the accusations of having conspired against liberty, despised the laws, levied war, stirred up Irish papists, shed the blood of the people, and the like. "Charles Stewart is a tyrant and a traitor," the words went, at which the King gave a short laugh.

Bradshaw called on him to answer.

Gravely, clearly, and without the wonted hesitation in his speech, Charles demanded by what authority he, the lawful King, was brought thither.

"By the authority of the people of England who had elected you king."

"England is not an elective kingdom," returned Charles, "but an hereditary kingdom these thousand years. I stand more for the liberty of my people than any here that come to be my pretended judges." Then he appealed to his guards whether they had not brought him thither by force, and ended with "Where are the lords? I do not see

CAMEO X.

The Court questioned. 1649.

that there are any present to constitute a parliament. A king also would be necessary. Is this what you call bringing the King to his parliament?"

"Sir," said Bradshaw, "the Court are waiting for your definitive answer If what we tell you of our authority is not sufficient for you, it is for us, for we know that it is founded on the authority of God and the kingdom."

"It is neither my opinion nor yours that is to decide," returned Charles. Bradshaw then adjourned the Court till the Monday. As the King rose, he pointed with his cane to the sword on the table, and said, "I do not fear that."

In the crowd, as he was taken down stairs, a few voices cried "Justice! justice!" but many more, "God save your Majesty!"

And in spite of orders that there should be perfect silence, the same acclamations greeted his arrival on the Monday.

Again he utterly denied the authority of the Court, when called upon to plead "guilty or not guilty."

"You have no reasons to give against the highest of all jurisdiction," said Bradshaw.

"Then show me this jurisdiction, in which reason is not heard," said Charles.

"Sir, we show it to you here," said Bradshaw, apparently missing the irony of the speech; "it is the Commons of England. Sergeant, take away the prisoner."

Then Charles turned round to the people behind his chair and said, "Remember that the King of England is condemned without being allowed to give his reasons in favour of the English people!"

"God save the King!" was the shout from all the spectators.

One soldier, as the prisoner left the hall, echoed the cry. His officer struck him on the mouth. "Sir," said Charles, "the punishment exceeds the offence."

In fact the soldiers began to fear that he would be spared, and began to shout, "Justice! Execution!" The next two days the court sat in the Painted Chamber with closed doors, examining witnesses in the absence of the prisoner, and of course what the commission chose to call treason was palpable to all men; but endeavours were being made on every side to rescue the King. The Scottish commissioners made a formal and solemn protest against the whole proceeding, declaring in the name of their kingdom and Parliament that they dissented from, abominated and detested, the monstrous design against his Majesty's life. A Dutch embassy was on its way to intercede for him; John Cromwell, a cousin of Oliver's, an officer in the service of the States, preceded it, and argued fervently and passionately with his kinsman. The Prince of Wales wrote to Fairfax literally offering *carte blanche* if his father's life were spared, and the Queen sent an ardent letter begging permission to return and be with her husband. Just then too the *Eikon Basilike* was brought out, and handed about reverently among the royalists, who read with hot tears the pious meditations and

prayers of their captive master; while the more moderate Puritans were struck by seeing how they had misjudged him. The opinion of the country and of the City of London was plain enough, but all this only served to give impetus to the determination of the Levellers, to hasten their proceedings and prevent what they viewed as a great act of justice from being frustrated; Cromwell himself had been gradually worked up to regard it as just and necessary, and as the only way of tranquillising the country. He therefore held it to be divinely appointed, and set his resolute will and force of character to hinder any faltering in its accomplishment.

On the 25th of January the sentence was drawn up by a committee consisting of Scott, Martyn, Harrison, Lisle, Say, Ireton and Love. It was debated over on the following day, and on the 27th, the Court assembled to deliver it. The names of all the commissioners were called over as usual. Sir Thomas Fairfax had never been present since the first preliminary meeting, and now, when his name was called, a woman's voice exclaimed, "He has more wit than to be here!" and those near enough recognised his wife. The roll was proceeded with, and sixty-seven made answer.

The King was brought in, amid ferocious cries of the soldiery for "Justice and Execution!" specially excited by Axtell, the commander of the guard, but the people kept a grieved and shocked silence. Bradshaw wore scarlet robes instead of the plain black lawyer's gown in which he had hitherto appeared, and Charles saw plainly why he had been brought in.

"Sir," he said to Bradshaw, "I shall ask to speak a word. I hope I shall not give you occasion to interrupt me."

"You shall answer in your turn," said Bradshaw; "first listen to the Court." But, divining that he should not then be permitted utterance, Charles persisted.

"Sir, if you please, I desire to be heard. It is but one word—An immediate judgment——"

Bradshaw broke in: "Sir, you shall be heard in due time. You are first to hear the Court."

"Sir, I desire—" began the King, then changing to, "What I have to say is concerning that which the Court is, I think, about to pronounce, and it is not easy, sir, to recall a hurried judgment."

To which Bradshaw replied, "You will be heard, sir, when judgment is passed; till then you are to abstain from speaking."

Charles then sat down as if reassured, and Bradshaw proceeded: "Gentlemen, you are well acquainted that the prisoner at the bar has several times been brought before the Court to answer a charge of high treason and other great crimes brought against him in the name of the people of England."

"Not one half of them," cried the same voice as had answered when Fairfax's name was called. "Where are the people? Where is their consent? Oliver Cromwell is a traitor!"

Cameo X.

The King silenced. 1649.

"Down! Down!" shouted Axtell. "Soldiers, fire at them!"

It was soon known that the voice came from Lady Fairfax; but there was a great disturbance, and the soldiers had much difficulty in obtaining silence, when Bradshaw again spoke; and after going through the King's alleged crimes, said that though the Court was agreed on the sentence, they would consent to hear him speak provided he ceased to impugn the validity of the Court. On which Charles replied—

"I demand to be heard in the Painted Chamber, by the Lords and Commons, a proposal which is of greater importance to the peace of the kingdom and to the liberty of my subjects than to my own preservation."

There was considerable disturbance and debate, the commissioners consulting together, and some wishing to hear his proposal, thinking it might be to abdicate; but Bradshaw, like a lawyer, held to his opinion that the Court was a sufficient authority, and there were others who cared for no law, but for what they thought justice. Every time the King renewed his demand for a constitutional hearing before the other estates of the realm, the insolent soldiers puffed tobacco smoke in his face, and grumbled in coarse language at the length of the affair, while Axtell laughed and joked. If Charles turned towards them and begged for a hearing, they shouted the louder "Justice! Execution!" At last he cried, "Hear me! hear me!" in a tone of anguish, but they only bawled him down.

One of the commission, Colonel Downs, was so much shocked at this brutality that he became violently agitated. "Have we hearts of stone?" said he. "Are we men?"

"You will ruin yourself and us with you," said his neighbour, Cawley.

"No matter," said Downs; "if I were to die for it, I must do it."

Here Cromwell turned round on him and sternly said—

"Colonel, are you in your senses? What are you thinking of? Cannot you sit still?"

"No," said Downs firmly; "I cannot sit still;" and immediately rising, he said to the president, "My lord, my conscience is not enlightened enough to allow me to refuse the prisoner's request. I move that the Court should retire and deliberate."

"Since a member requires it," returned Bradshaw, "the Court must retire."

Accordingly they did so, and the King had to wait in silence the consultation on which his fate turned, for except in that packed Court, in the midst of an intimidated people, the act of wickedness could not have been committed.

Cromwell endeavoured to browbeat the Colonel, abusing him as the cause of so much trouble and disturbance; but John Downs shares with Anne Fairfax the honour of having been the only persons who raised their voice for their sovereign in this crisis of his fate. He spoke boldly in the face of Cromwell, declaring that common justice required that the King should have a hearing, and he

persisted, though the General kept on walking round him, and interrupting him continually.

"Is it proper," demanded Cromwell, "that the whole Court should be disturbed and crossed by the obstinacy of one man? We see the aim of all this: he would fain save his old master. Let us return and do our duty."

Colonel Harvey tried to support Downs, and so did a few others; but they were borne down, and in half an hour they returned, when Bradshaw informed the King that the request was refused. Charles was silent, and Bradshaw proceeded:—

"If you have nothing to add, we shall proceed to pass sentence."

"I shall say no more," replied the King. "I only desire that what I have said may be placed on record."

On this Bradshaw told him that he was about to hear his sentence, but previously made a long speech in vindication of the proceedings and in reproaches of the King. Charles attempted to speak in answer, but was silenced, and Bradshaw bade the Recorder read the sentence of death by beheading in two days time, the 30th of January.

"Sir," said the King, "will you hearken to me one word?"

"You cannot be heard after the sentence," returned Bradshaw.

"Not heard, sir?"

"Begging your leave, no, sir. Guards, take away the prisoner."

"I can speak after the sentence," reiterated the King. "With your permission I have still the right to speak after the sentence. With your permission——"

"Wait, the sentence, sir, the sentence."

"I say, sir, that—— I am not allowed to speak! Think what justice others can expect."

All these broken sentences were uttered without temper, and with dignity, but the soldiers seized on him, and carried him to his sedan, insulting him in every way, some throwing lighted pipes in his way, some puffing smoke at him, one even spitting in his face, all shouting "Justice! Execution!" to drown the cries of "God save your Majesty!" "God deliver your Majesty from the hands of your enemies," which came from the people. Till he had seated himself, the bearers kept their heads uncovered, though the brutal Axtell repeatedly gave orders to the contrary, and even struck one of them. As they bore him back to Whitehall, with the soldiers marching on either side of his chair, the streets, windows, and shops were thronged with people, many weeping, many praying aloud for the King, while the soldiers continued their shouts.

"Poor souls," said Charles, as he alighted at Whitehall; "for a shilling they would do the same by their own officers!"

As soon as he had reached his own rooms, he said to Herbert—

"Hark you, my nephew and a few lords who are attached to me will do all in their power to see me. I am thankful to them; but my time is short and precious; I wish to employ it in the care of my soul; I

CAMEO X.

Farewells. 1649.

hope then that they will not take offence that I refuse to see any one except my children. The greatest service that can now be rendered to me by those who love me is to pray for me."

By his nephew he meant Charles Louis, the Elector Palatine, who was on good terms with the Parliament. He also begged for the ministry of the Bishop of London, William Juxon, who was living unmolested in London, and had been already permitted to see him, on the intercession of Hugh Peters.

On the next morning, the 28th, a Sunday, he was removed to St. James's, where the Bishop came to him, and was at first in a speechless agony of grief.

"Leave off this, my lord," said he; "we have not time for it. Let us think of our great work, and prepare to meet that great God to Whom, ere long, I must give an account of myself. I hope I shall do it with peace, and that you will assist me therein. We will talk no more of these rogues in whose hands I am. They thirst for my blood, and they will have it. I thank my God I have heartily forgiven them. I will talk of them no more."

Nor did he say a bitter word of any. All through the Sunday, he was reading and praying with the Bishop, though interrupted at short intervals by the sentinels, who kept on opening the door to ascertain that he was present, also by messages from the nobles he had expected to beg to take a last farewell of him. These he refused, intreating them to pray for him. He went to the chapel at St. James's, where the Bishop preached on Romans ii. 16, and administered to him the Holy Communion. Mr. Seymour brought him an affectionate letter from his eldest son, and fell into a paroxysm of grief, kissing his hands, embracing his legs, and weeping so bitterly than even Hacker, who came in with the guards, was abashed.

There was a still sadder interview to come, namely, that with his children, Elizabeth and Henry, who were still at Sion House under the care of the Earl of Northumberland. Elizabeth, who was twelve years old, had been lying as if dead ever since the news of the sentence had reached her, but on being told that he wished to see her, she roused herself, and she wrote an account, for her mother, of this interview. It was fifteen months since she had seen her father, and she was struck with the alteration in his appearance, his grey hair and neglected dress. She burst into a passion of tears, but he soothed her, took her on his knee, and begged her to be calm enough to listen to him, as he had things to tell her that he could not confide to any one else. He told her not to grieve, for he should die a glorious death; for the laws and liberties of the land and the true Protestant religion. He bade her read Bishop Andrewes' *Sermons*, Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and Laud's book against Fisher, to arm her against Popery. He told her that he had forgiven all his enemies, and desired that all his children should forgive them likewise, and sent word to her mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her. After

other injunctions, which she did not record, he said, "Sweetheart, you will forget this."

"No, never while I live," she cried.

Then, putting her down, he took little Henry on his knee.

"Sweetheart, they will cut off thy father's head."

The boy gazed steadfastly on him, and he added, "Mark, child, what I say, they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king; but, mark what I say, you must not be a king so long as your brothers Charles and James do live; for they will cut off your brothers' heads when they can catch them, and cut off thy head too at last, and therefore I charge you be not made a king by them."

The child, with a long sigh, said, "I will be torn in pieces first."

Charles then divided between the children the contents of a small casket of jewels, consisting chiefly of broken collars of the Garter and Georges, whose owners had fallen in his service. He only retained his own to wear till the last moment. Then he kissed and blessed them, and was turning away when, at an irrepressible lamentable cry from the poor princess, he came back from the door, and gave her another last embrace and blessing.

Meantime the Court had met in Westminster Hall to sign the orders for his execution to take place between 2 and 5 P.M. the next afternoon. Many of the commissioners played the part of Pilate, most unwilling to sign, trying to escape from the chamber, but turned back by two of the more determined who stood at the door; and their signatures were so uncertainly scribbled as to be scarcely legible. Fairfax was not present. Cromwell had worked himself into a state of violent excitement which found vent in horse-play. After writing his own name, he smeared the ink over Henry Martyn's face. His cousin, Colonel Ingoldsby, was on the list of judges, but had never appeared till on this morning he had the misfortune to pass through the hall. "This time," cried Cromwell, "he shall not escape." Ingoldsby was seized on by absolute force, and Oliver put the pen into his unwilling fingers and guided his hand. Thus fifty-nine signatures were collected, about a third even of the closely packed commission of judges.

The order was addressed to Colonels Hacker and Huncks, and Lieutenant Phayre to prepare everything for the execution.

Then and not till then did the House of Commons admit the two Dutch ambassadors, who had been five days soliciting an audience, and had striven to get the French and Spanish ambassadors to join with them, but neither would stir. The one said he had foreseen all along to what things were coming, the other that he had no instructions from his sovereign. The two Dutchmen pleaded hard, but in vain. Then at 12 o'clock on the 30th they saw Fairfax, and roused him into saying he would go to Westminster and try to get a reprieve, but it was too late, the streets were already filling with soldiers on horseback, and the King was expected at Whitehall.

CAMEO X.

The last morning. 1649.

Early in the morning, Harrison and Ireton, who slept in the same bed, had been visited there by Cromwell, Axtell, Hacker, Huncks, and Phayre, that the warrant to the executioner might be drawn out. Cromwell bade Huncks write it, but he refused, and was called "a stubborn grumbler," while Axtell said, "You make me ashamed, the vessel is in the harbour, and you want to furl the sails before the anchor is cast." Cromwell then muttering between his teeth, sat down and wrote the warrant, but even then Huncks would not sign it, though Hacker readily did so.

Bishop Juxon and Sir Thomas Herbert had with difficulty persuaded Hacker not to place two musketeers to watch in the King's bedroom all night, and no one was there but the latter's faithful attendant, who lay on a pallet on the floor, often waking, in the light cast by a wick set in a cake of wax in a silver basin, and wondering at the regular breathing of his master.

Early, however, Charles opened his curtains and said, "I have a great work to do to-day, I must get up immediately." Then he observed on his friend's troubled rest, and Herbert said he had been dreaming that Archbishop Laud came into the room, conversed with the King, gave a great sigh, and fell down prostrate on the floor.

"It is very remarkable," said the King, "but he is dead. Yet had we conversed together in life, it is very likely, albeit I loved him well, I should have said something that would have made him sigh."

Herbert's hand shook in combing the long hair of the "grey discrowned head." "I pray you," said the King, "take as much pains as usual. Though my head is not to remain much longer on my shoulders I will be dressed like a bridegroom. It is my second marriage day."

He put on a second shirt. "The season is so cold," he said, "that I might tremble. Some people would attribute it to fear, and I would not have such a supposition possible."

At break of day the Bishop came, and the King gave in charge to him the books he wished to send to his children, as well as to Lord Lindsay and the Duchess of Richmond. They then spent some time in devotion, and the Bishop read the 27th chapter of St. Matthew, giving the narrative of the Crucifixion. Charles thanked him for choosing what was so comforting and applicable. "May it please your Majesty," said the Bishop, "it is the Lesson appointed for the day."

He was much pleased and touched. A knock came to the door, which Herbert would not hear, but at the second the King sent him to open. It was Hacker, in a good deal of agitation, come to tell him that it was time to take him to Whitehall, but he would still have some space there. The King spent a few minutes more in silent prayer, then took Juxon's hand, and said, "Come, let us go." He asked the hour, and gave Herbert the silver watch that usually hung by his bed.

CAMEO X.

January 30. 1649.

The way was across St. James's Park. He walked between Juxon and Colonel Tomlinson, his head erect, and with a rapid step. The troops escorted him on either side, drums beating and colours flying. As he passed along he observed, "That tree was planted by my brother Henry." One of the officers took this opportunity of asking him if he had any share in the death of his father.

"Friend," said Charles gently, "if I have no other sin—I speak it with reverence to God's Majesty—to confess to God, I would never ask pardon of Him."

Colonel Tomlinson behaved with feeling and respect, and Charles begged to have his attendance to the last, and talked about his own burial, and whom he would wish to have present.

He walked lightly up the stairs at Whitehall, and along the gallery to his own bedroom, where the Bishop was about to give him his last Communion, when a party of Independent ministers knocked at the door to offer their services.

"The King is at prayers," they were told, but they persisted. "Well, then," said Charles, "tell them I thank them heartily; but they have so often prayed against me, and without necessity, they shall not pray with me in my agony. They can, if they like, pray for me; I shall be grateful to them for that."

The Eucharist was then celebrated, and Charles rising from his knees said, "Now, then, let these rascals come; I have forgiven them from my heart, and I am prepared for all that I have to go through."

He had not eaten all the morning, and he was told that a dinner was prepared for him, but he refused. Juxon, however, said, "It is very cold, and your Majesty has been long fasting; perhaps on the scaffold some fainting——"

"You are right," said the King, and he took a piece of bread and some claret wine.

Then he chose the white satin night-cap under which his long hair was to be tucked up, but while he was praying apart, Herbert told the Bishop that he felt incapable of standing by his master at the block, on which Juxon undertook to be there, and took the cap, bidding him wait below to take charge of all that would soon remain of their beloved prince.

It was one o'clock, and Hacker knocked at the door. Juxon and Herbert fell on their knees weeping. "Rise, my old friend," said Charles, and assisted the Bishop. The door was opened. "Go on," said the King to Hacker, "I will follow you." He walked on between two files of soldiers, all silent and grave, and a multitude of people rushed in behind them, weeping and praying for him, so that his face lighted up at the sound. This was in the great banqueting hall, designed by Inigo Jones for his father, and the ceiling painted by Rubens, with allegorical triumphs of James I. An opening had been made in the wall, enlarging the space of a window leading to the scaffold, which was hung with black, and ropes and staples had been

CAMEO X. *Whitehall.* 1649.

prepared, under the idea that as Charles had denied the validity of the Court, he might, like the Countess of Salisbury, resist the sentence, and have to be bound down. Two men in sailor's dress stood by masked, and the axe lay on the block.

The King came forth on the scaffold with his head raised in royal fashion, looking for the people, for whom he had prepared an address, but the entire area beneath was filled with soldiers, partly to prevent him from being heard, and partly to obviate any attempt at a rescue, such as probably there might have been had not the proceedings been so much hurried, that the greater part of England was scarcely aware of what was passing.

The King therefore turned to Juxon and Tomlinson, and said, "I cannot be heard by many but yourselves, but to you I will address a few words." These were calmly spoken, with only one interruption, when some one shook the axe, and he said, "Touch not the axe. That may hurt me." His speech was an exposition of his principles. "For the people," he said, "truly I desire their liberty and freedom as much as anybody whatsoever, but I must tell you that liberty and freedom consist in having government—in having those laws by which their lives and their goods may be most their own. It is not their having a share in the government. That is nothing appertaining to them. A subject and a sovereign are different things."

The Bishop suggested that he should say something of his religious principles.

"I thank you," he answered. "I thank you heartily, for I had almost forgotten it. The truth, sirs, is, my conscience in religion is, I think, well known to all the world, and therefore I declare before you that I die a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left to me by my father, and this honest man will witness it."

He turned to Colonel Tomlinson, and said, "Take care they do not put me to pain," and again, on some one coming near, he called out, "Take heed of the axe, pray take heed of the axe," having evidently a dread, not of death itself, but of the ineffectual blows struck at Mary of Scotland and Sir Walter Raleigh. He told the executioner that he should say a short prayer. "And when I stretch out my hands, thus——"

Then, with the help of the Bishop, he put up his hair under the cap. "I have on my side a good cause, and a gracious God," he said.

"Yes, sir," returned Juxon, "there is but one stage more, and it will carry you from earth to Heaven."

"I go," he answered, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where nothing can disturb."

He asked if his hair were right, then took off his cloak and blue ribbon with the George, and handed it to Juxon, saying, "Remember," then took off his coat, and put on his cloak again—and looking at the block, desired that it might be placed firmly. He stood for a few

CAMEO X.
The Execution.
1649.

moments silent, then knelt down, and laid his neck on the block. The executioner touched his hair to push it further back, "Wait for the signal," he said.

"I shall wait for your Majesty's good pleasure," was the answer.

In another minute the King held out his hands, and with a single blow his head was severed. The executioner held it up with the usual formula. "This is the head of a traitor." There was one low universal groan among the people, and many rushed forward to dip their kerchiefs in the blood.

Andrew Marvell, Milton's secretary, who was looking from a window, wrote :—

> "He nothing common did or mean
> Upon that memorable scene,
> But laid his comely head
> Down as upon a bed."

The word "Remember" was believed to relate to the George, which Juxon was to deliver to his son. It remained to the last among his male descendants, and was sent to George IV. by Cardinal Henry Stuart on his death-bed.

Cromwell desired to see the body in its coffin, and took the head in his hands observing, "This was a well constituted frame and promised a long life." In fact, Charles, who was just forty-nine, must have been a very strong man, since there is no record of his health having suffered through all his troubles.

CHARLES REX :

1648 :

was engraven on his coffin, and after six days it was given up to Herbert and Mildmay, with orders to bury it in St. George's Chapel at Windsor. It was conveyed in a hearse covered with black velvet, and drawn by six black horses, followed by four mourning coaches. Juxon was in one, Herbert and a few other faithful servants, together with Charles's old friends, the Duke of Richmond and Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Southampton, and the Earl of Lindsay, one of whom had left a brother and the other a father on the field of battle. The coffin was carried to the King's own bed-chamber, which he had left only a fortnight before; and the gentlemen went to the melancholy, desolated chapel to choose a resting-place, where all their old landmarks, altar and cross and banner, were gone. They found the graves of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour, and this fixed the place by the eleventh stall on the sovereign's side of the Choir.

As the procession moved towards the chapel, a shower of snow came on, and covered the pall. The little band recollected the white Coronation robes, and thought it meet that "their King should go white to his grave."

Bishop Juxon stood at the head of the grave with his Prayer-book to begin the burial service; but Colonel Whichcote, the Governor, for-

CAMEO X.
The Burial.
1649.

bade it to be used, and in perfect silence the coffin was lowered into the vault, and there left. Whichcote forced the mourners immediately to leave the chapel and locked the door.

Reports went about that the coffin was empty and that the King had been interred elsewhere. Under George IV., however, the coffin was examined, and Sir Henry Halford, the royal physician, wrote a minute account of the condition of the remains, which were undoubtedly those of Charles, for the spine at the neck was severed. A lock of the hair was given to Sir Walter Scott. It was of a dark chestnut, and some have said that this discredits his own verses mentioning of "the grey, discrowned head;" but besides that buried hair often seems to assume that tint, hoariness generally begins at the temples, where it is most remarked while the mass at the back is still of the original colour.

Charles the Martyr! So the English Church owned him, and the royalists mourned for him with passionate enthusiasm for many generations. And it was for the Church and her Bishops that he stood fast, when all the rest had been yielded or taken from him.

But there will always be two opinions about him. Those who cannot understand that Episcopacy is a vital part of the Faith once delivered to the Saints think his endeavours in Scotland mere tyranny, and his resistance in England narrow-minded self-will. And his evident desire in politics to resume whatever he thought ought not to have been wrung from him, is taken as shiftiness and bad faith.

It was not conscious bad faith. He thought, protesting all the while, that it was only yielding to the storm for a time. He meant to be conscientious, and yet found himself struggling blindly with times he could not understand. Montrose, in an agony of grief, called him "great, good, and just." Great, he was not, or the Rebellion would never have taken place. Just, he tried to be, but failed. Good, he assuredly was, and there is no doubt that his martyrdom and Laud's clenched the English love to the Church.

CAMEO XI.

THE FIRST FRONDE.

(1648—1649.)

England.
1625. Charles I.

Spain.
1621. Philip IV.

Germany.
1637. Ferdinand III.

France.
1643. Louis XIV.

Rome.
1644. Innocent X.

THE apparent indifference of France to the fate of King Charles I. at the very time when his wife and daughter were living in close intercourse with the Court could only be explained by the struggle going on at Paris.

This struggle took the name of La Fronde, from the witticism of Bachanmont, who called the debaters in the Hall of St. Louis Frondeurs, or Slingers, because they boldly launched forth their speeches at one another, but were instantly silenced when the Duke of Orleans came in, like the little street boys ceasing to sling stones at sight of the Lieutenant of Police.

La Fronde thus became the title of the whole strife which had arisen between the Crown and Parliament of Paris, a feeble imitation of that which had just taken place on the other side of the Channel.

The actual beginning of the affair had been with the *lit de justice* in the January of 1647; but there was no space at that time to describe either the parties or the conditions of the conflict, nor to explain how greatly the French and English Parliaments differed in constitution, though they had started from the same original foundations, namely, the feudal council of the Prince, whether King, Duke, or Count, so that there were as many Parliaments in France as there had once been feudal appanages, now absorbed in the Crown; though the Parliament of Paris held the foremost rank among them, and was the final Court of Appeal.

At first it had been the Council of the Count of Paris, afterwards made King of France, and consisted of the immediate vassals of the Crown and of the county of Paris. Its principal work was as the court of judgment for offences of men of noble birth. St. Louis, when

CAMEO XI

The Parliament of Paris.

endeavouring to establish law and justice in his dominions, found his barons unwilling to attend, ignorant and untrustworthy. He therefore added to them a permanent court of lawyers, as magistrates, who could always be depended on to be present. This example was followed in each of the provinces, where the Parliament thus became the chief court of justice, bound likewise to register fresh edicts, though with no power of originating them. Whether such edicts could be refused was uncertain. If there were any doubt of the consent of the Parliament, the King came down, and held what was called a *lit de justice* on a sort of purple velvet ottoman ; and all opposition was overpowered.

Each Parliament consisted of an immense number of officials, especially that of Paris, which was the Supreme Court of Appeal. There were Chambers for all manner of different processes of law, criminal, or connected with property and inheritance, with magistrates and lawyers for each variety ; each Chamber under its own President with a staff of *greffiers*, or registrars, and other officials, and the whole under a Premier President, who was one of the chief powers in the kingdom. These *gens de la robe*, as they were called, were the most intelligent, and on the whole the most estimable body of men in France, the only ones who had any public spirit or care for the welfare of the country ; but they were much disliked and despised by the *gens de l'épée*, or nobles. Those nobles whose ancestors had belonged to the original little Kingdom of France had hereditary seats in the Parliament, so had Princes of the blood, and others on whom the Crown had conferred the right of being "Peers of France," an institution which they fondly believed to have commenced with the twelve Paladins of Charlemagne. The Premier President, Mathieu Molé, was a man of great integrity and noble character, and most dignified countenance. He was popularly called, *Le grand barbe.*

The taxes caused by the war soon became intolerable, and the burthens connected with them were enormous. Every office in the magistracy was loaded with fees. The reversion to a son was secured in his father's lifetime by a payment called *la Paulette*, after the name of the inventor ; but there was a sum nevertheless levied on the inheritor when he came into possession. Offices of all kinds were invented for the mere purpose of bringing in fees to Government ; there were customs of all sorts to be paid for articles carried from town to town, and province to province ; and the expenses of the Court, and apart from the war, were enormous, since every creature connected with Royalty was attended by countless officials, each of whom enjoyed a pension ; and appointments were invented in great numbers to gratify the vanity of the nobles and their ladies, to keep them dependent on the Sovereign, and subsidise them so as to preserve tranquillity.

The camel's back had nearly been broken, and it was the weight of these burthens that had led to the resistance which Anne of Austria had endeavoured to punish by arresting Broussel. But the Parliament had its hopes. The hatred felt for Mazarin by so many of the nobility

inspired the expectation that an alliance between the sword and the gown might be brought about to overthrow the Italian, and obtain recognition of some check on the growing despotism; but the misfortune was that these nobles had become so demoralised in tone that there was not one among them capable of pure public spirit. The best of them had the devoted loyalty to the Crown of honest English Cavaliers, but with no room for any other sentiment. Not one of them could be a Falkland, not one had the slightest fellow-feeling for any one beneath their own order. Pious gentlemen and ladies looked on the poor as creatures on whom to exercise almsgiving, but to the average French noble, the bourgeois and peasant were simply machines and sponges to supply the wherewithal of his Court life. Just at this period, however, hatred of the foreign minister Mazarin impelled the discontented to make common cause with the Parliament.

Every phase of the struggle is shown us by the unusually ample memoirs, of the time, among whom may be mentioned Omer Talon, a member of the Parliament, Guy Joly, Secretary to Condé, Madame de Motreville, the devoted attendant of Anne of Austria, and likewise Mademoiselle, the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, and the Coadjutor de Gondi.

Mademoiselle, whose proper name was Anne Marie de Bourbon Montpensier, was the only child of the Montpensier heiress who had been married to Gaston of Orleans. Her mother died almost at her birth, and she inherited her vast estates. She grew up high-spirited, intelligent, and vivacious, with more heart than most of those around her, but spoilt by her position, and full of an egotistical ambition and vanity, which she displays in her memoirs with the utmost simplicity, unconscious how she is making herself the laughing-stock of posterity. There is no richer scene than her description of her aunt, Queen Henrietta, coming to dress her hair for a ball, with the Prince of Wales holding the mirror. He was dressed in the same colours as herself, carnation and black, which his mother affected to hold as a wonderful coincidence. The Queen did all the conversation, for at that time he could speak no French, but he held the mirror before his cousin. Her desire was to secure for him this great heiress; but Mademoiselle thought ill of his chances of a kingdom, and had her hopes either on the little King, the German Emperor, or the Prince of Condé, whose dislike to his poor young wife was no secret. Mademoiselle had an establishment of her own, apart from her indolent stepmother, Marguerite of Lorraine, who had two or three little daughters, and at this time a short-lived son.

We also have the memoirs of Paul de Gondi Coadjutor to his uncle the Archbishop of Paris. He was the younger son of the Duke of Retz, a fairly good man, and St. Vincent de Paul had been his tutor; but for many years the good seed was entirely choked. He had been early made an ecclesiastic, as a provision for a younger son, though entirely unfitted for it by character and tastes, and to secure the succession to his

CAMEO XI.

Jean Paul de Gondi.

aged uncle, he was made his Coadjutor, and Archbishop of Corinth *in partibus infidelibus*. He was extremely clever and agreeable, but dissipated and licentious. Yet he really had more idea both of duty and justice than almost any other man of noble birth. He constantly kept open house for the parish clergy of Paris, and gave large sums away to the poor. His devout old aunt, who knew nothing of his irregularities, went about praising him as a saint with all her heart, and greatly enhanced his popularity; and he had great power among the populace owing to his readiness of address. One of the most amusing scenes in his memoirs is his description of an adventure, when he, with a party of gentlemen, among whom was the Viscount de Turenne, were returning from an entertainment in the country, just as night was becoming summer morning. The carriage halted, coachman, servants, and all struck with terror, at the sight of a whole row of white phantoms slowly proceeding over the fields in the dim twilight. Some of the party threw themselves on their knees, and told their beads. Turenne drew his sword, and went forward with the Coadjutor, upon which the ghosts all threw themselves on their knees in equal abject terror. They proved to be a band of Dominican friars in their white habits, going down to the river to bathe! Turenne declared that he had never been so much frightened in his life.

Another highly popular person was the Duke of Beaufort, son to the Duke of Vendôme, and thus grandson to Henri IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrées. He had inherited the beauty, especially the fair hair of the latter, and the winning charm of manner of the former, and was such a favourite with the market-women of Paris, that he went by the name of *Le Roi des Halles*. He had, like the Coadjutor, belonged to the party of *les importans*, who espoused the cause of Anne of Austria before the death of her husband, and were much disappointed and aggrieved at finding themselves cast off for Mazarin when she came into power. Beaufort had even taken part in a plot against the Cardinal's life, and had been thrown into prison. Marie de Hautefort interceded for him, but Anne of Austria would not listen, and treated her old friend with marked coldness. The lady retired into a convent, saying, "Had I served God as fervently as I have served your Majesty, I should be a great saint." She soon left her convent to marry the Duke of Schomberg.

One of the most brilliant figures of the day was Anne Geneviève de Bourbon, sister to Condé. She was surpassingly lovely, with blue eyes, and a profusion of hair like golden flax, and had an eager, sensitive, excitable nature. She had been very religious as a girl, and was almost driven to her first ball, wearing hair-cloth under her dress. Her greedy parents married her to the dull and middle-aged Duke of Longueville, and she was soon plunged into all the most reckless dissipations of the Court, surrounded by admirers, among whom the most favoured was held to be the Prince de Marsillac, eldest son of the Duke of Rochefoucauld, an able man who proved himself

afterwards to have considerable powers of mind, and who perhaps even then was not the intriguer he appeared. He had Huguenot blood too; his grandfather had perished in the St. Bartholomew massacre. Many of the Huguenots of high birth had mostly conformed. The Duke of Châtillon, grandson to Coligny, was said to have done so because a saint had predicted the yearly return, on a certain day, to a pond in Normandy of a flight of wild ducks. The sight of them converted Châtillon, unaware of the punctuality of migratory birds!

Turenne was as yet Protestant, but his brother, the Duke of Bouillon, had recently joined the National Church with all his family. Bouillon was a discontented man, unable to forget the loss of the principality of Sedan, and ready to take part with the Frondeurs.

Each party was full of anxiety to know which side Condé would take. This Prince had the elements of a fine character, but there had been much to spoil him, though his education had been thorough. In person he was small, but active, with an aquiline face, large nose, and blue eyes of a peculiar fire. Impatience with the stately formality of the Court, and love of camp life, had led him to an affectation of rudeness amounting to brutality, in which he was followed by the young officers who were enthusiastic for their victorious general. Swearing, coarse language, rough familiarity, and intoxication prevailed among them whenever no one was present to awe them, and Condé himself owned no such influence except that of the Queen and Duke of Orleans. His pride was excessive, and he had some of those apparent virtues which accompany pride. At this period his dislike was chiefly directed against Mazarin; but that astute person told the Queen not to be uneasy, for there was little doubt that the Prince would soon quarrel with the Parliament, and take her side.

He was right. On the 16th of December the Parliament were deliberating on making complaints of proceedings of the Crown. Condé, who sat there as a Prince, spoke hotly in defence of the royal prerogative. Counsellor Quatresous answered him, on which he lost his temper, began to swear, and made a gesture with his hand as if to threaten him, though he declared, and all his friends backed him, that it was a habitual movement, not meant for a menace.

The magistrate answered that if so, it was an unbecoming habit of which he ought to cure himself. This was held to be great insolence towards a prince; there was a great clamour, but the dinner-hour prevented a riot. That afternoon Condé went to the Coadjutor, still in a great rage, using violent language and denouncing the insolence of the magistracy, saying that as long as he thought they only attacked Mazarin, he had agreed with them, but that he would not shake the State, and that they were an army of madmen. They should see that they were not as powerful as they fancied, and could soon be brought to reason.

CAMEO XI.

Evasion of the court from Paris. 1649.

"Paris would be a morsel hard of digestion," observed Gondi.

"It could not be taken like Dunkirk with mines and assaults," returned the Prince; "but if the bread made at Gonesse were cut off for a week——"

"That might present some difficulties," said the Archbishop.

"What difficulties? Would the town sally out to give battle?"

"That would be a small matter, if they had no one but themselves."

"Who will be with them? Will you—you who are speaking?"

"It would smell of the League," answered the Coadjutor.

The plan of reducing Paris by starvation was being whispered through the Court, and now that Condé had given up the Parliament there was no more delay.

On the Twelfth night of 1649, Anne of Austria had made all her preparations for a general evasion of the Court. Mademoiselle has recorded the strange night. Her father, who had consented most unwillingly, was sitting over the fire, fretful with gout, when she heard the first rumour, and going up to him she exclaimed, "Monsieur, here is news! We are all to start for St. Germain this very night."

Monsieur would make no answer, and bade her good-night. She went to bed, but between three and four was roused by M. de Comminges, bringing a note from her father, and telling her that the King and Queen were waiting for her in the courtyard. The order had thus been given suddenly to prevent her from remaining, as she much wished to do; and dressing in the utmost haste, she went down stairs, and was handed into a carriage already filled with the Queen, her two sons, the elder and younger Princesses of Condé, and the Prince of Conti. The greater part of the Court were in their carriages, but not Queen Henrietta nor her little daughter, nor Madame de Longueville, who said her confinement was too near for her to go. The foremost carriages passed before the people were awake; the hindmost were less fortunate, for the mob was angry and alarmed; the pickpockets were on the alert, and tried to rob Madame de Motteville; but all succeeded in passing, and arrived at St. Germain. There everything was utterly unprepared, most of the windows without frames or glass, and hardly a room furnished. Mademoiselle had a mattress on the floor in a great painted gallery, with draughts from end to end, and shared it with her little half-sister who needed to be sung to whenever she awoke.

Neither were there any cooks, nor any provisions, except what were collected from the farms. Those of the fugitives who had a change of clothes had no bedding, those who had bedding had left their wardrobes. Nobody had any money, and as to food, there was one great *pot-au-feu* and *bouilli* for royalty as well as the rest, while the spoons, knives, and forks were so few that they had to be washed and handed on from one person to another.

Nevertheless, Anne of Austria was in the highest spirits, treating

all the inconveniences in a sort of picnic spirit; and in fact they must have been a refreshing variety in her cramped and formal life.

The Parisians sung "The Complaint of the Carnival"—

"Dans mon extrême affliction
J'ai cette consolation,
Que mon ennemi, le Carême,
De lui sera traité de même;
Et qu'on ne l'observera pas
Non plus que moi dans les repas
Ainsi se joignant à la France,
Qui va le poursuivre à l'outrance.
Le Carême et le Carnaval
Feront la guerre au Cardinal."

Meantime the Parliament met, and discussed a letter which the Queen had left behind her, saying that the King had quitted Paris, in order to be no longer exposed to the pernicious designs of some officers of Parliament. Letters from the Duke of Orleans and Prince of Condé declared that they had counselled the removal, and on the following day arrived orders from the Sovereign that all the *gens du roi*, meaning all who held offices directly from the Crown, should retire to Montargis, where, according to the Queen's will, the Parliament was to assemble. The *gens du roi* on this went as a deputation to St. Germain to remonstrate; but these dignified elderly men were kept for hours in the snow at the gates at night, and only with difficulty was the Queen prevailed on to let them take shelter in the ranger's house, nor were they allowed to see her in the morning.

Their report exasperated their colleagues in Parliament into what was tantamount to a regular declaration of war, and this decree was passed: "Whereas Cardinal Mazarin is notoriously the author of the disorders in the State, the Court of Parliament declares him a disturber of the public peace, an enemy of the King and State, enjoins on him to leave the Court in one day's time, the kingdom in a week, and after the expiration of this period, calls on all the King's subjects to fall on him (*lui courir sus*), and forbids all to shelter him." The Parliament of Brittany, Normandy, Bordeaux, and Provençe all enacted similar decrees, and the universal hatred of Mazarin found popular voice in epigrams, verses, pasquinades, and all that French wit could invent.

"Un vent de Fronde
Rompit ce matin.
Je crois qu'il gronde
Contre le Mazarin."

The town guard numbered sixteen regiments, 12,000 men, and more were raised and paid, and Frondeurs began to arrive from the Court. First, on the ninth, came the Duke of Elbœuf, a needy younger son of the House of Lorraine, with a large family, who arrived saying that he could get no dinner at St. Germain, and hoped to find some supper at Paris. The people were delighted, and named him their general, to the secret annoyance of the Coadjutor, who had

CAMEO XI.

Defence of Paris. 1649.

reason to expect more distinguished helpers. He knew that the Prince of Conti had almost been carried captive to St. Germain by his brother. He was a mere boy, somewhat deformed, and with a spiteful temper; but he was devoted to his sister, and he succeeded in getting away from the Court, together with the Duke of Bouillon, the Duke of Longueville, Marshal de la Mothe, the Prince of Marsillac, and so many more that the burghers who were guarding the gates were alarmed, and would not let them in till the Coadjutor arrived with torches, and conducted them in in triumph. Elbœuf was affronted, but the real command was left to him, Conti being named Generalissimo, but without much actual power; and Beaufort, managing to escape from Vincennes, had far more influence than either. The Duchesses of Longueville and Bouillon were induced by the Coadjutor to offer themselves as hostages for the fidelity of their relations, and were escorted by him to the Hôtel de Ville on foot, each with her hair artistically dishevelled, and carrying a child as lovely as herself. The people were almost wild with enthusiasm, women wept, men shouted, and there was a perfect ecstasy of admiration.

Condé, however, was furious at the part taken by his family. He dressed up a little hunchback in a scarlet coat, in derision of his brother, and brought him to the Queen, saying, "See here, madame, the Generalissimo of Paris."

But Condé himself had small means for what was required of him. The Bastille, where a garrison had been left, had to surrender for want of provisions. To please the people, "le bon homme Broussel," as he was called, was nominated Governor, but was allowed to substitute his son. Not above 1,200 men were under Condé's command, and to blockade so large a city as Paris was impossible, so that he could only watch the roads in the most important directions, and fight a few small skirmishes. The shopkeepers of Paris were not very effective troops, and every effort was made to raise more regular ones. The Coadjutor had a troop of horse, which, from his Archbishopric, was called the First of Corinthians; but money was not easy to raise, and Elbœuf helped himself freely to what there was. The rhyme was sung—

"Le pauvre Monseigneur d'Elbœuf
Qui n'avait aucun ressource,
Et qui ne mangeait pas de bœuf,
Le pauvre Monseigneur d'Elbœuf
A maintenant un habit neuf
Et quelques justes dans sa bourse—
Le pauvre Monseigneur d'Elbœuf
Qui n'avait aucun ressource."

All that could be done was to wait till the one side or the other was tired out, and on the whole, the besiegers were worse off than the besieged, though they flirted, coquetted, and laughed endlessly. Mademoiselle, who was among them much against her will, had obtained her own properties, and given passports for the Queen's, and it was considered as a great joke that one of the bourgeois, examining

a box of new Spanish gloves, had been so much overcome by the perfume as to sneeze violently. One person who did suffer severely was poor Queen Henrietta, who had just heard the tidings that her husband was to be brought to trial by his enemies, when she was left behind at the Louvre. The Coadjutor found her absolutely famishing, sitting by the bed where she kept her little daughter for want of a fire. He hurried to the Parliament and obtained a grant from them ; but she would not avail herself of it till she had asked permission from her sister-in-law the Regent. It was many days before, in her state of isolation, she even knew the result of the trial in England, or the blow that had befallen her.

The Duchess of Longueville gave birth to her second son during the siege, and invited the city of Paris to be his sponsor. She and Madame de Bouillon did their utmost to keep up the enthusiasm, the latter acting for her husband, whose hope was to force the Court to restore Sedan. The gentlemen who had been skirmishing used to return in their cuirasses to report themselves to the duchesses and their ladies, and there was a wonderful mixture in their apartments of blue scarves, ladies, officers, violins and trumpets, lackeys and soldiers. On the 8th February the Frondeurs lost Charenton, but in the fight one of the gayest of the lively courtiers of St. Germain was killed—the young Duke of Châtillon. It was a great grief to the Prince, but when all the world went to condole with the widow in her bed, they remarked that her grief was that of a lady who loved herself too well to care much for any one else. In fact Châtillon had neglected her for Mademoiselle de Grenchy, and met his death with a garter of that lady bound round his arm !

The Court knew by this time of the fate of Charles I., but had as yet no communication with the poor Queen ; whose son James was still in ignorance of the truth when he penetrated the lines and joined her at the Louvre. She became so anxious as to intreat one of her household to endeavour to reach St. Germain. It was ten days after the axe had fallen that her Confessor, Père Gamache, and her faithful attendant, Lord Jermyn, broke the tidings to her. She fell into a state of stupor, from which no one could rouse her, till the Duchess of Vendôme, her sister-in-law, came, and by her tears seemed to break the first silent agony. After a night of bitter weeping poor Henrietta retired into a Carmelite convent for a time, and thence sent a message to Anne of Austria that nothing was so important to a sovereign as to hear the truth. Anne's deduction was, however, that if she gave up Mazarin, as Strafford had been yielded, she might meet the fate of Charles.

There was little real distress in Paris. It was impossible to watch all the roads, and the markets were well supplied, the people well maintained by the leaders, who kept them in good humour by subsidies, so that there was a song about *le bon temps de la famine*, while reports were circulated that the favourite food of Condé was the ears of his prisoners.

CAMEO XI.
Overtures of peace.
1649.

Patience, however, was wearing out, and a decision seemed to be approaching. Turenne, who had remained with the main body of the army, wrote to his brother Bouillon that he hoped to bring all these to the aid of the Frondeurs, and that there were only two colonels still to be brought round.

At the same time the Coadjutor and the Duke of Elbœuf, after the usual fashion of French malcontents, looked to Spain. Gondi sounded the magistrates, but they showed so much honest national spirit that he durst not put himself forward, lest, as he said, instead of becoming Archbishop of Paris, he should be only almoner to the Archduke.

However, an agent arrived from Brussels, a Bernadine monk, named Arnolfini, who came armed with papers signed as *cartes blanche*. The Duke and Duchess of Bouillon and the Coadjutor filled up one of these as the credentials of Don José de Illescas, ambassador from the Archduke, dressed him accordingly, and arranged his arrival with a great commotion in the middle of the night at Elbœuf's door. Though Elbœuf had spent ten years among the Spaniards, he was taken in and invited all the grandees to dinner to meet the ambassador to the Parliament. These intrigues had, however, an absolutely contrary effect from what was intended, for the magistrates were by no means inclined to bring in the enemies of their country, and perceived that the great lords were only making tools of them. The *gens du roi* had again been on a mission to St. Germain, had been civilly received, and assured of life, liberty, and immunity of personal property for every one; and their account of their interview was given in Parliament just before the Prince of Conti announced that an envoy from the Archduke Leopold of Austria was at the door, and asked a hearing for him.

"Is it possible, sir," said President de Mesme, "that a Prince of the blood of France should propose to seat on the *Fleur de lys* the deadliest enemy of the *Fleur de lys?*"

The elder men supported De Mesme, but the Coadjutor's tactics prevailed.

"The readiest way of getting anything carried," he said, "is to pit the young against the old."

The false Don José was introduced, and declared that the Archduke was not satisfied at concluding a peace with the Regent; but viewing the Parliament as the natural guardian of the minor king, wished to treat therewith, and offered an army to raise the blockade of Paris.

This the magistrates were resolved not to accept, but they made good use of the offer, sending a deputation to the Queen to inform her of it, and though she was ungracious, a truce was arranged, wheat was allowed to pass into Paris, and Molé went forth again and had another conference. He saw by this time that the Queen would not give up the Cardinal, and that the Frondeur nobles were utterly devoid of public spirit; the Coadjutor wanted vengeance on the Court,

others only hated Condé; Madame de Longueville was offended with the Queen, and her admirers were led by her; Bouillon wanted Sedan—not one of them cared for the rights of the people, or the welfare of the kingdom.

So Molé and De Mesme, with the other *grand barbes*, were resolved to make the best terms they could, and the Queen being tired of her position at St. Germain, and alarmed by Turenne's defection, was ready to promise anything but the overthrow of her Cardinal. Interviews were held at Ruel with Mazarin himself, an amnesty was declared, the nobles retired and made terms privately, and on the 15th of March peace was signed at Ruel. But the mob of Paris were furious at this hollow agreement, and received the magistrates with hootings and violence.

"No peace! No Mazarin! Let us go to St. Germain for our good King. All Mazarinists into the river."

A man aimed a pistol at Molé.

"When you have killed me," he said, "I shall only need six feet of ground."

He was advised to go home by a back entrance.

"The Court never hides," he said. "If I was sure of perishing, I would not be so cowardly. It would only embolden the seditious."

Another man said that it was hard to be forsaken just as a treaty with the Spaniards was being concluded by their friends.

"Give their names," he said. "We will bring them to trial for high treason."

Mathieu Molé was a man of far higher mould than those about him, and he and his colleagues, De Mesme, Broussel, Blancmesnil, and others, evidently had an amount of conscience, loyalty, and public spirit not to be found elsewhere in France, and which might have saved that country much guilt and misery. But the Fronde was a failure. The magistracy had taken the frivolous discontents and jealousies of the nobility for a wholesome patriotic spirit. They found that victory could only be gained by admitting the foreign foe, and from this they recoiled. Perhaps, too, the condition of England, acted as a warning to their loyal souls, that by allowing the turbulent to proceed further, they might bring about the overthrow of King and Church.

Thus they were content to cease their resistance on having obtained from the Queen recognition of such rights as they still possessed, though in fact these were only at the mercy of the Crown.

CAMEO XII.

IRISH RAVAGES.

(1646—1652.)

England.
1625. Charles I.

Spain.
1621. Philip IV.

Germany.
1637. Ferdinand III.

France.
1643. Louis XIV.

Rome.
1644. Innocent X.

CAMEO XII.

Parties in Ireland.

NOWHERE did the distractions and miseries of the civil war fall more heavily than in Ireland. There were, it may remembered, no less than five parties in that unhappy country. First, the Council, representing the English Parliament; second, the Lord-Lieutenant, the Marquis of Ormond, and the Cavaliers, representing the King; third, the moderate and reasonable Roman Catholic gentry of English descent, called Lords of the Pale, who would fain have been loyal, but were deeply mistrusted and confounded with the fourth party of "mere Irish" rebels, under Owen Roe O'Neill, a brave and honourable gentleman; and fifth, the Scotch contingent quartered in Ulster.

There were, of course, three forms of faith. The Covenant was eagerly taken by the Parliamentarians and the Scotch; the Prayer-book was maintained by Ormond and his Cavaliers, who held Dublin; and the Lords of the Pale and the Irish were alike Roman Catholics. This occasioned Ormond's great mistake in refusing all accommodation or alliance with the Lords of the Pale. He was quite as much determined against any sort of toleration for Papists as was the Parliament; and, on the other hand, the King, who had clearer views, would have been most thankful to purchase their assistance by acts of grace, and encouraged them in the hope by Lord Glamorgan's mission; while, on the other hand, the English people regarded the whole of the population on the other side of the Channel as a horde of wolves.

Meantime Pope Innocent X. had sent Rinuncini, Archbishop of Fermo, to Ireland to maintain the Lords of the Pale in their demands; and he had on his way been much encouraged by Queen Henrietta. With him, Glamorgan, who was himself a Roman Catholic, and eldest son to the brave old Marquis of Worcester, carried on his secret

CAMEO XII.

Rinuncini's mission. 1646.

negotiations, and the discovery greatly embittered Ormond, who held himself to be betrayed; and viewing the Royal cause as lost, began to negotiate with the Parliament.

Rinuncini either had, or professed to have, a letter from the King, dated July, 1646, from Newcastle, declaring that if he could escape from the Scots, he would throw himself on the protection of the Irish. This encouraged the Nuncio to call upon the rebel, Owen O'Neill, to lay siege to Dublin. O'Neill's army was chiefly composed of wild Irishmen, who had been burnt out of house and home, and took such revenge wherever they went, that Rinuncini wrote that Tartars could not do worse, and he could not bear to have them termed the Nuncio's army. Preston, who had obtained money and arms from France, commanded the troops of the Lords of the Pale, and had a more respectable force, and these advanced upon Dublin.

Lord Digby tried to persuade Ormond to be reconciled to the Lords of the Pale, but could not move him. Dublin was without provisions, there were no means of defending it in the Marquis's reach, and he therefore decided on admitting the Parliamentary forces. They entered in June, 1647, and their leader, Colonel Jones, immediately abolished the Liturgy and treated Ormond with harshness and contempt. Learning that orders for his arrest were expected from England, he went on board ship privately and escaped to France.

Meantime Munster was overrun by the head of the O'Brians, Lord Inchiquin, a savage who was always changing sides, and whose cruelties were such that "the black Morrough O'Brian" remained as a proverb of terror to scare naughty children with. Pretending to be for the Parliament, he had defeated Lord Taaffe with the troops of the Pale; and the Lords were so alarmed that they commenced negotiations with him. This might well disgust the Nuncio, who intreated them to desist, and wrote for succour to Paris, Madrid, and Rome, but in vain, none could or would assist them, and the remonstrances of Rinuncini against their treaty with the savage Inchiquin only exasperated the Irish.

Envoys were sent to Paris to persuade Queen Henrietta to appoint a Roman Catholic Governor. Antrim and Glamorgan both aspired to the post, but the Queen hesitated to take so strong a measure, and as Ormond was at Paris, Lady Glamorgan, whose rejected suitor he had been in former days, attributed it to his influence, and turned her back on him in public when he was about to greet her.

"Really, madame," said the Marquis, "this would have troubled me much eighteen years ago."

He was again appointed, but just at this time, Lord Inchiquin thought proper to change sides, and go over from the Parliament to the King, offering an armistice to the Lords of the Pale. Many were for accepting it, but the Nuncio, Rinuncini and eight Bishops justly distrusted him, and when the majority persevered and concluded the agreement, the Nuncio declared himself unsafe in Kilkenny, escaped

CAMEO XII.

Invitation to the Prince. 1649.

over the walls, fled to Owen O'Neill at Maryborough, and thence excommunicated the abettors of the treaty, and laid under interdict the towns that accepted it.

But his censures were not accepted, fourteen Romanist Bishops supported Taaffe, Clanricarde, and Preston in refusing them; and every one seemed to have changed sides. Colonel Jones in Dublin and General Monk in Ulster made truces with O'Neill, and, on the other hand, Inchiquin and Preston attacked him, and there was war and devastation on either side. It was proposed that the Prince of Wales should come over and bring authority that might overawe the various factions, but this plan fell through.

The Marquis of Ormond, however, came over in the September of 1648, having made up his mind to peace and toleration for the Lords of the Pale, provided they would unite with him to rescue the King. This hope had buoyed up Charles to the last, though to try to unite these discordant Irish was knitting a rope of sand. They all—except the Parliamentarians in Dublin—professed loyalty to the King; but the Lords of the Pale hated and dreaded Owen O'Neill and the Nuncio, and, indeed, informed the latter that they had accused him to the Pope of heavy misdemeanours.

However, horror and indignation at the tidings of the King's execution united all for the moment. The Prince of Wales was proclaimed as Charles II. everywhere except in Dublin, Belfast, and Londonderry; and Rinuncini, finding O'Neill's men hot against the Parliamentarians, thought it wiser to flee, and after staying some months in France, returned to Rome.

For the moment, Ormond held all Ireland apparently united, even the Scottish regiments in Ulster abhorring the regicide, and only the English garrisons of Jones in Dublin, Monk in Belfast, and Coote in Derry, holding with the Parliament. He sent an invitation to young Charles in Holland to come and place himself on the throne of a pacified country, and Rupert started with the fleet to cruise along the coast.

Charles had eagerly accepted the invitation, but he was told that he could do nothing without the money he could not procure; and many of his friends feared to promote his journey thither lest, when at the head of an army chiefly of the Roman Church, he should be drawn over to their faith. He lingered; sending Mr. Fanshawe to Ireland to receive the money from the loyal part of the country. The Fanshawes met at Youghal and spent six weeks in tolerable peace at a house called Red Abbey in Cork. There is a curious account in Mrs. Fanshawe's papers of a visit to a castle where the family banshee actually appeared at the window while an old lady in the house was dying. The country meantime professed to be governed by a sort of council at Kilkenny; Ormond was at the head, but was fettered by the Confederate Lords of the Pale, and in the meantime the English Parliament, or rather the Rump, deliberated and decided on sending Oliver Cromwell to reduce the island to their authority.

CAMEO XII.

Skirmish of Rathmines. 1649.

Not that he showed himself ready to go at once. He waited a fortnight, declaring that he must first have the will of heaven revealed to him; and when he had decided on going he made elaborate preparations. In all this he showed his wisdom, for it was of no use to strike at all, unless he did so effectively, and probably he thought delay would be likely to disorganise the incongruous elements whom indignation had united under Ormond.

In this he was right. O'Neill had already broken off his treaty and made friends with Monk, who undertook to transmit his proposals to England. Ormond wanted to besiege Dublin, but he could not stir up the Confederate Lords to take the field, nor persuade Prince Rupert to blockade the port by sea; but the fleet remained in the harbour of Kinsale.

At last, in May, 1649, the Lords of the Pale met under Ormond and advanced towards Dublin, hoping for an insurrection there in their favour; but as none took place, and it was very difficult to keep the army together, two divisions were sent off to reduce Drogheda, Dundalk, and some other castles. The Dublin garrison was strengthened by 2,600 soldiers and plenty of provisions, and reports came that Cromwell was about to land in Munster, where there were several Protestant towns likely to receive the Puritans with open arms. Ormond, therefore, sent off Lord Inchiquin with 1,100 horse to overawe them, and he then prepared to lay siege to Dublin.

His camp was at Rathmines, a village near that city, but while collecting forage on the evening of the 1st of August, a detachment was attacked by Colonel Jones, and driven in on the camp. There was a frightful confusion. The men who had served under Inchiquin when he was on the other side, refused to fight against their old comrades; others were panic-stricken. Ormond started from his bed and galloped from post to post in vain; whenever he got a few men together they broke away behind him, the cavalry galloped off almost without a blow; and he was forced to leave his whole camp, baggage, artillery, and stores, to the enemy. Of the prisoners, most of the Irish were slaughtered, but Inchiquin's men enlisted in the English army.

Cromwell had by this time started from Whitehall after a day of preaching and praying. He drove off in a coach and six, attended by a lifeguard of eighty young gentlemen, and joined his army of 12,000 Ironsides at Bristol; but he found great difficulty in overcoming their distaste to service in Ireland, which seemed to them more remote than New Zealand does to us, and where the recent massacres were not forgotten. So unwilling were they that there had been a mutiny in Whalley's regiment, the men refusing to quit London. Fifteen were tried by court-martial, sentenced, but only one, named Lockyn, executed. He was shot in St. Paul's Churchyard, the Cathedral itself being now stables for the cavalry, and the beautiful cross whence open-air sermons had been preached, demolished. There was a great

CAMEO XII.

Massacre of Drogheda. 1649.

procession at his funeral, six trumpets before him, the body covered with bunches of rosemary, one dipped in blood, and thousands of people with sea-green and black ribbons following to the churchyard at Westminster. Such an example prevented open murmurs, but the troops chosen were chiefly Levellers, the unquiet spirits of whom Cromwell wished to dispose, and guessing this, perhaps, they refused to leave their native country, standing on the right of militiamen not to be taken out of England. Cromwell was, however, equal to the occasion. He set preachers to work up their enthusiasm by representing the Irish Papists as Canaanites, whom they were called on to exterminate, under their new Joshua. They were not to be slack under such a call, and their grim, stern spirits fully responded; so that Cromwell was able to sail with one division, speedily followed by Ireton with the rest, and they were gladly welcomed by the garrison of Dublin, where the commander gave them a fortnight to recover from the fatigues of the voyage, and then marched them to attack Drogheda, which was held by Sir Arthur Ashton with 2,000 foot, and a regiment of horse. There was some delay till the artillery was brought; and in two days effected a breach in the crumbling old walls. Ashton had trenches dug behind the breach, and he was thus enabled to beat off the first assault. In the second, 1,000 men broke through, but were again driven back. The third assault was led by Oliver himself. The Irish Colonel Wall was killed, his men wavered, quarter was promised to them, and they threw down their arms; but as soon as the whole place was at the mercy of the victors the pledge was broken. There was a general massacre, lasting five days, and the streets ran red with blood. Even Sir Edmund Verney, the son of the standard bearer at Edgehill, was slaughtered in cold blood, also Sir Arthur Ashton, who had a wooden leg, which the soldiers supposed to be full of gold pieces, and scrambled for accordingly, and the whole of the inhabitants besides, without distinction, only thirty being saved to be sold as slaves in the American Colonies.

Ormond wrote that these cruelties could only be compared to the Dutch massacre at Amboyna. The Levellers seem to have thought the Irish and their allies beyond the pale of humanity, and Cromwell declared the slaughter a judgment of Heaven.

Ormond, who had just been named Knight of the Garter by Charles II., tried to make common cause with Owen O'Neill; but that chieftain was dying of a complaint in the knee, believed to have been brought on by a pair of russet boots, presented to him by a gentleman named Plunkett, who was heard to boast of the service he had done the English by this poisoned gift. Owen O'Neill was a fine character, faithful and gallant, and was bitterly lamented.

Cromwell put forth proclamations promising safety to the peaceable, and toleration of religion; but as he expressly excluded the Mass from the worship to be endured, this was of little avail to the greater part of the country. And yet the portion of the Irish who had supported

Rinuncini were so angry at the manner in which he had been used by the Lords of the Pale, that for the sake of revenge these ultra Papists took part with Cromwell against the moderate Papists.

In October, Cromwell began to besiege Wexford, trusting to the disaffected within the place, as well he might, for the governor of the Castle, James Strafford, though a Roman Catholic, betrayed it to him. The commander whom Ormond had sent, Sir Edmund Butler, with some other gentlemen, tried to escape by swimming their horses across the Slaney, and some succeeded, but Butler was struck down by a shot just as he landed. The slaughter of the garrison and inhabitants almost equalled that of Drogheda. In especial, three hundred women who had gathered round a stone cross were all shot down by these ruthless Ironsides, who regarded them as Midianitish women doomed to destruction. Cromwell termed his conquest, in his letter to the Parliament, "a marvellous great mercy;" and he mentioned two deeds of the Irish which must have infuriated his men, namely a *noyade* of seven or eight score Protestants in a rotten old vessel in the harbour, and the starving to death of another party in a chapel.

Next Ross fell, but was less cruelly treated. Ormond was crippled by the Lords Confederate, and by the treachery of Lord Antrim. The eldest son of the Earl of Cork, Lord Broghill, was a strong Puritan, and disapproving Ormond's alliance with Romanists, persuaded the towns of Youghal, Cork, and Bandon to declare for Cromwell. The governor is said to have tried to increase his treachery and recommend himself by delivering up Prince Rupert, who was in command of the fleet off Kinsale, and twice was invited by him to a stag-hunt, but happily was prevented from coming, and soon had occasion to rejoice.

Mrs. Fanshawe was in bed with a broken arm at Cork, when at midnight she heard sounds of artillery. All the household were soon on foot, and soon dismal cries and moans were heard, which proved to be those of poor people fleeing from the troops of Colonel Jefferies, who had entered the town on Cromwell's behalf. The Fanshawes had once been on friendly terms with Jefferies, and the lady at once wrote to her husband, blessing Providence that he was not in this danger, and bidding him have no fears for her or her little daughter Nan, for she trusted to get out of the town safely with his papers; and this letter she sent off by a faithful servant, who was let down over the garden wall by a rope. Then, after packing up her husband's papers, a thousand pounds in gold, and all her own property, Mrs. Fanshawe went at three in the morning, attended by a man and maid, through all the tumult in the streets, to look for Colonel Jefferies, who was very civil to her, said he could never forget the respect he owed to Mr. Fanshawe, and gave her a pass to leave the town with her family and goods. She succeeded in procuring a cart, and started at five in the morning, with her sister and little girl, three maids, two men, and two horses. They went, ride and tie, the ten miles to Kinsale, where they found Mr. Fanshawe very anxious on their account, and most thankful to his wife

CAMEO XII.

The last service at St. Patrick's 1650.

for having saved his papers, while Cromwell was proportionately disappointed.

Soon after letters came from the King that Fanshawe should go on a mission to Philip IV. of Spain, but first there was to be a conference at Limerick with Lord Roscommon, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. In lighting Mr. Fanshawe down stairs after the meeting, the Earl missed his footing, fell, and fractured his skull. He died in five days' time. He was attended by the great Dr. Bramhall, Bishop of Derry, and declared himself to die in communion with the Church of Ireland. The Limerick Romanists were so much angered that the Bishop was in danger of his life, and had to hurry to the nearest port. His vessel barely escaped two Parliamentary cruisers, and when he had landed in Spain, and halted at an inn for refreshment, the hostess, to his surprise, called him by his name, and showed him his own portrait, telling him that this and others like it had been distributed by the agents of the Inquisition, in order that he might be arrested and carried before it!

This same autumn, the aged Archbishop Bulkeley of Dublin, in his eighty-first year, ventured to hold an All Saints' Day service in St. Patrick's Cathedral, where he took leave of such clergy and people as he could collect in a touching farewell discourse, which must have gone to their hearts. It was the last time the Liturgy was publicly read in Ireland for eleven years, and the Archbishop died ere many months had passed.

Mr. Fanshawe was forced to remain in charge of the Great Seal of Ireland till he could hear from the King again, and in the meantime Lord Broghill succeeded in getting Kinsale surrendered to Cromwell, while Prince Rupert sailed away to Portugal with the fleet. When orders came that the Seal should be given up to Lord Inchiquin, the only means that the Fanshawes had of reaching the Peninsula was by embarking in a Dutch vessel about to sail from Galway. The plague was raging in the town, and Lord Inchiquin durst not enter it; indeed, guards were set at all the gates, but the Fanshawes were allowed to pass, and a man guided them round the walls among piles of rags and rubbish from plague-stricken houses. A gentleman, who had promised them hospitality, received them with the words, "You are welcome to this disconsolate city, where you see the streets overgrown with grass —once the finest little city in the world." The poor man had buried nine persons out of his household. Nevertheless, the Fanshawes escaped the infection, and safely reached Spain, though not without a fight on the way with a Turkish corsair, during which Mrs. Fanshawe, unable to remain below, put on the cabin boy's jacket and hat, and stood undetected by her husband on deck till the pirates sheered off. "See what love can do!" cried Mr. Fanshawe when he discovered her.

The plague raged in many places—Jones had died of it in Dublin —but of course it was most severe among the undisciplined regions that called themselves Royalist. There was nothing but dissension among them.

CAMEO XII.

Cromwell's success in Ireland. 1650.

Lord Broghill's defection had made the Confederate Lords of the Pale suspect the Protestant Royalists of being ready to go over to Cromwell, and the native Irish hated all of English descent alike. Scarcely a town would receive a garrison, thinking perhaps that resistance only led to general butchery. Kilkenny, indeed, was obedient, and Clonmel admitted Hugh O'Neill, the brave and gallant son of Owen, with one thousand two hundred of the best troops of Ulster; but Waterford would not so much as let the royal troops pass through the town to save the fort of Passage which commanded their harbour. Ormond had to send his forces into winter-quarters, and never could assemble them again. Antrim was in the meantime intriguing against him, trying to get the Roman Catholic Bishops to petition against him on the one hand, and on the other to induce Charles II. to deprive him. But the Bishop of Clogher persuaded his brethren that Ormond was more trustworthy than Antrim, and the King declared that he would rather lose his crown than offer such an insult to the Marquess.

After seven weeks' rest in winter-quarters, Cromwell advanced against Kilkenny, which Colonel Tickle had promised to betray to him. However, the letters were intercepted, and Ormond had the traitor tried by court-martial and executed. He then went into Connaught to endeavour to raise an army with Lord Clanricarde's assistance, and meantime place after place surrendered on Cromwell's first appearance. If his first summons were accepted, he granted life, and winked at the profession of Popery; but if there were the least hesitation, he shot the officers. If resistance were made, the garrison shared their fate, and if he thought the townspeople to have held out willingly these were slaughtered. The knowledge of this rule made all, except the most resolutely loyal, give way before him.

Two traditionary stories are told of Cromwell in Ireland, which have become proverbial; one that Lieutenant Flanagan, commanding a tiny fort, replied to his summons to surrender with bluster about blowing the whole Parliamentary army into the sea. "Fire away, Flanagan," answered the General. The Lieutenant surrendered on the spot.

The other is that being about to cross a river in face of the enemy his exhortation was, "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry."

Again he came before Kilkenny, where the plague had reduced the garrison, but the Commandant, Sir Walter Butler, made a gallant resistance, and twice beat off attacks. But the Mayor and Corporation secretly treated with Cromwell, and a surrender became necessary. On this occasion Cromwell showed the ordinary respect for a brave garrison, and complimented Sir Walter on the defence.

He had even harder work at Clonmel, where, when the breach was stormed, Hugh O'Neill made such a defence that the infantry refused to advance a second time. Cromwell appealed to the cavalry, and many troopers volunteered; but they found a wall behind the breach,

CAMEO XII.

Departure of Ormond.

their heads were swept off with scythes, and they had again to retreat. They blockaded the place, while O'Neill sent messages to implore assistance.

Ormond did his best, but the Confederate Lords hindered his efforts. At last, Lord Roche and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross set forth with a numerous but ill-armed and tumultuary force which was easily beaten by Lord Broghill with a detachment. The Bishop was made prisoner, and as a small fort stood near which the army wished to secure, Broghill offered him his life if he would obtain its surrender, but death if he brought back an answer to the contrary, and made him pledge himself to return. He was admitted to the fort, exhorted the defenders to do their duty to the last to King, country, and God, returned, and was instantly hanged. Hugh O'Neill, having spent his last charge of powder, withdrew his men in secret at night, and the inhabitants offered terms of surrender, which were granted in ignorance of the departure of the garrison.

Cromwell was immediately after recalled to meet the Scottish attack, and left Ireton in command. There was little more to do. The Bishop of Clogher was defeated by Coote, made prisoner, and hanged, for no priest of his Church was ever spared. Limerick was under the influence of a number of friars, and closed its gates against Ormond, refusing any governor except Hugh O'Neill. Imagining that Ormond was about to treat with Cromwell, the Roman Catholic clergy held a synod at Jamestown, ordered him out of the kingdom, and excommunicated all who should adhere to him.

This was proclaimed at the head of Clanricarde's forces, and these were soon after defeated at Bir by those of Ireton. Waterford, Duncannon, and Carlow were all occupied by the English forces, and after one attempt to get a declaration in his favour at a general assembly at Loughrea, Ormond gave up his commission to the Marquis of Clanricarde, embarked at Galway on board a vessel sent him by the Duke of York, and took with him Lord Inchiquin and a few other officers, in the November of 1650.

Yet though Clanricarde was of their own Church, the Irish Romanists would not brook the authority of one so loyal, and their Bishops wanted to set up a "Home Rule" of their own, with the Duke of Lorraine as their protector. He actually promised 20,000*l.*, with arms and ammunition, provided he were put in possession of Limerick and Galway as pledges; but by the time his answer came, a traitor, named Fennel, had first caused another rout of Lord Castlehaven's army, and then given up Limerick to Ireton's troops!

He met with his deserts, for Ireton had him immediately executed. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick escaped as a common soldier; but his brother of Emly, and Friar Walsh, who had kept out Ormond, were hanged, with some others of less note. Hugh O'Neill was also sentenced; but Ludlow and others represented that he was a gallant captain, who had held commissions in foreign service, and that his

death would bring England into ill-omen with foreign countries, and he was therefore spared.

Still the native clergy continued to oppose Clanricarde, and by the end of the autumn this disunion had led to the loss of Clare, and the danger of Galway. In the course of the winter the plague carried off Ireton. The Bishop of Emly had appealed to the tribunal of Heaven, and summoned the General to meet him there, and this summons was thought to be fulfilled. Ireton was always unmerciful to the Romish clergy, hanging all who fell into his hands; but he had kept the ferocity of his troopers in check, and had prevented any more massacres whenever it was in his power.

Ludlow took the command, and soon took Galway, the last town that held out against the Parliament. Clanricarde was obliged to fly to the Isle of Carrick, and Sir Phelim O'Neill, who had begun the rebellion, was captured. He was offered his life and property on condition he would give evidence that the late King had fostered the rising against the Parliament; but he absolutely refused, and was put to death. As his name was anglicised as Felix, an Irish poet exclaims—

> "Why when that hero-age you deify,
> Why do you pass infelix Felix by?"

The heroes might be brave, but their folly and disunion were hopeless. They held out in the mountains and bogs, and sent to ask the Pope, the Duke of Lorraine, the Kings of France and Spain in succession, to become their sovereigns, but were rejected by each with contempt.

Cromwell appointed General Lambert as Lord Deputy of Ireland. A day or two after Mrs. Lambert and Mrs. Ireton met in the park, and each claimed the precedence. Mrs. Ireton came full of complaints to her father, and being on the point of a marriage to General Fleetwood, persuaded Cromwell to give him the deputyship instead of to Lambert, who was presented with a large sum of money to compensate for the preparations he had made. This is the story told by Mrs. Hutchinson; but as she and her husband both disapproved of Cromwell's elevation, and she greatly contemned the ladies of his family, on whom she said greatness sat like scarlet on an ape, this may have been gossip. Moreover, Vane and Haslerigg had both disapproved of sending Lambert to Ireland, so that there were probably other reasons besides this foolish quarrel.

Fleetwood was soon after applied to by Lord Clanricarde for a pass, since he had received letters from Charles II., giving permission to him to give up the struggle and save himself. He then submitted on condition of not being obliged to take any oath inconsistent with his duty to the King. Lord Muskerry held out a little longer in Munster, but had to surrender; and on the 26th of September, 1652, the English Parliament declared that the rebels in Ireland were subdued, and peace restored.

CAMEO XII.

Settling of Ireland. 1652.

Then came an ordinance for the settling of Ireland, beginning with the assurance that it was not the intention of the Parliament to extirpate the Irish nation. This really seems to have been the original idea with which the war had been begun three years previously; but the actual sight of the country had convinced Cromwell that extermination was impossible, and that he could only revert to the policy of Elizabeth and James, and make new plantations of English.

A Commission was appointed to meet at Kilkenny, presided over by an Irishman named Donnellan, and thence to go on circuit through the island to try and punish all Catholics accused of having shed Protestant blood since 1641, except in battle. The other side of the question was not brought forward.

Altogether, about two hundred suffered, among them Lord Mayo, who was beheaded, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who was burnt, the punishment for treason for a woman not noble. The others were hanged.

Next, the Act passed at the beginning of the war was brought forward, dividing the lands of the rebels among those who should advance money for the war. This was reckoned at 2,500,000 acres.

As to the people, each noble or chief, as he surrendered, had stipulated to be allowed to take with him a certain number of men, and these he carried off to the service of Spain, France, Austria, or Venice.

Next, Royalists and Catholics were divided into different classes. First the great leaders were absolutely deprived and banished. All who had borne arms against the Parliament forfeited two-thirds of their estates; all who had not actually assisted the Parliament lost one-third; and only those whose property did not amount to 10*l.* per annum were pardoned. Moreover the thirds that were left were not to be the old homes, but places as far distant as possible therefrom. Indeed, the first idea was to drive all the Romanist population up into Connaught; but this was found impossible, though a good many landholders actually removed thither.

Hosts of widows and orphans thronged the desolate land, and these were driven on shipboard, and sent off to America and the West Indies. All the priests were banished on pain of death, and whoever concealed one was to be whipped and lose his ears. The Cromwellians expected to destroy Popery in another generation, though they could not yet destroy all the Papists.

The vacant lands were granted to the soldiers who had gained the victory, in various lots, and there they settled down, chiefly on estates, not of native Irish, but of the nobles and gentry of the English pale. Some sent for their families, but many married the widow or the daughter of a late proprietor. The Irish on their property lived by sufferance, watched continually, and treated as

the meanest of mankind at first, though their lot softened as the Ironside spirit toned down in the easy life of a farmer or country gentleman.

Some of the dispossessed had fled to the mountains and bogs of the west, and kept up an outlaw life, making forays on the homesteads of their former enemies. They were called Tories and Rapparees, and were so much dreaded that the price of 40*l.* was paid for the head of any one of them, 200*l.* for that of their leader. Of course, the sympathies of the peasantry were with them, especially as they harboured the priests, who from time to time, at the peril of their lives, came down to minister to their people.

CAMEO XIII.

KING OF SCOTS.

1649—1651.

France.	*Spain.*
1643. Louis XIV.	1621. Philip IV.
Germany.	*Rome.*
1637. Ferdinand III.	1644. Innocent X.

CAMEO XIII.

Charles II. proclaimed in Edinburgh. 1649.

THE consternation excited by the King's trial and death was great, and seemed to paralyse all for the time. The first thing done by the poor fifty or sixty members of the House of Commons who remained, was to put forth a proclamation declaring it high treason to proclaim any person whatsoever King of England; still in one place, Pontefract Castle, Charles II. was proclaimed, and papers declaring him King were handed about everywhere.

In Scotland, as soon as the tidings arrived of the execution, on the 5th of February, 1649, Charles II. was proclaimed at the Market Cross at Edinburgh; but there was at the same time a strong determination that he should only reign as a Covenanter, for, as Carlyle says, "they were pedants in conduct, not poets." However, the Rump proceeded to abolish the name of Lords and office of King, and to appoint a Council of State, with Bradshaw for its president to carry on the Government—a Great Seal being made representing the Commons instead of the King. Six judges upon this resigned, and the others only consented to continue their functions on the pledge that the fundamental laws of the kingdom should continue. The first measure of the Council was to bring to trial the Royalists in their power, namely, the Duke of Hamilton, who was an English peer as well as a Scotch one, the Earl of Holland, the Earl of Norwich, better known as Lord Goring, the Lord Capel, and Sir John Owen. Hamilton could plead orders from the Scottish Parliament, and, indeed, had already compounded for a fine of 100,000*l*. Lord Capel demanded to be tried by his peers; but they were abolished, and the Court was declared to be of supreme authority. All received sentence of death, subject to the decision of Parliament. Lady Holland and Lady Capel pleaded for their husbands'

lives in vain, but Goring, though the disgrace of his party, was to every one's surprise, saved by the casting vote of the Speaker, and Sir John Owen was also spared, at the intercession of Colonels Ireton and Hutchinson.

Holland had been a feather-pated intriguer, and had done much mischief to the cause he espoused. Capel was one of the bravest and best men of his time. To Hamilton, Charles I. had once said on his greeting, "My dear master," "I have been a dear master indeed to you." He did indeed love his master, but national and family jealousies had confused an intellect not sufficient for his position, and he too had been a mischievous supporter. They were executed on the 9th of March, 1649, to the grief and indignation of the Scots; who, on their side, had taken the staunch Royalist, Marquess of Huntley, and put him to death a week later.

At the Hague, where the little exiled Court then was, the tidings of the King's execution were heard with horror and dismay, but no one's grief seems to have equalled that of Montrose, who was at Brussels at the time he received them. He broke forth into an oath that he would henceforth live only to revenge the royal martyr and to reinstate the heir, and then shut himself up for two days, during which he neither saw nor spoke to any one. Dr. Wishart, his chaplain, was the first to be admitted and shown the lines in which Montrose's agony of indignation found outlet.

> "Great, good, and just, could I but rate
> My griefs to thy too rigid fate,
> I'd weep the world to such a strain
> As it would deluge once again.
> But since thy loud tongu'd blood demands supplies
> More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes,
> I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
> And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds."

He soon after set forth for the Hague, where there was the strongest feeling of sympathy for the bereaved family. The Prince of Orange sent at his own expense mourning for the new King and his suite, and ordered the payment of all the members of it to be defrayed out of his own revenues; and the feelings of the Dutch citizens were so stirred that the parliamentary commissioner Strickland durst not stir out of his house, and his windows were broken by the mob, amid shouts of "Long live King Charles and the Princess Royal."

The States condemned these tumults, and tried to silence the ministers who preached fiercely against the murder; but excitement was greatly increased by the arrival of the brother of the Duke of Hamilton with tidings of his death. A day or two later came the Earls of Lauderdale and Callander, who had been negotiating with the Parliament to save the late King's life, and rapidly following them arrived the Earl of Cassilis, with formal proposals from the Estates of Scotland to receive and crown Charles on condition of his taking the Solemn League and Covenant.

They also wanted him to banish Montrose and bring only one hundred persons with him.

CAMEO XIII.

Montrose's Expedition. 1659.

The counsels of the little Court were divided. Hamilton and Cassilis were utterly hostile to one another, but they equally hated Montrose; and on the other hand the Covenant was detestable in the eyes of the loyal English, and not much less so in those of Montrose, Presbyterian though he was. While the matter was under consideration, an envoy from the Parliament to the States of Holland arrived, Dr. Dorislaus, a Dutchman by birth, but a professor at Gresham College, and who had been employed in drawing up the indictment against the King.

On the very evening of his arrival whilst he was sitting at supper six men in masks rushed into the room, bade the rest of the company not be alarmed as they only sought the agent of the English rebels, then dragging the unhappy doctor from the table; they plunged their swords into his body, withdrew, and escaped from the Hague.

The Dutch seem in general to have thought the vengeance was deserved for thrusting himself into the city inhabited by their bereaved Princess; but the States-General were greatly displeased, and forced upon William of Orange the conviction that the residence of his brother-in-law would only bring trouble on them. So Charles was advised to quit the Hague, and instead of going at once to push his cause in Ireland or Scotland, he listened to an entreaty from his mother that he would come and visit her at Paris on his way.

The murderers of Dorislaus were believed to be Scotsmen, some of them attached to the following of Montrose. The King seems to have made up his mind that the best chance for himself was to send Montrose off to the Highlands with a commission as Lieutenant-General of Scotland. If the same extraordinary success as in the first campaign should be gained, then Charles could come in with a high hand, unfettered by the Covenant; but if he failed, there would be an end of a person whom it was impossible to disown, but whom no Covenanter would ever endure.

So he encouraged Montrose to set forth on an expedition he must have known to be desperate, making him a Knight of the Garter. Montrose and his friend, the Earl of Kinnoul, got together such Cavaliers as they could, and obtained leave from various sovereigns to enlist their subjects. Sir John Urry, who had changed sides more than once, also joined him. The young Queen Christina of Sweden gave them 1,500 stand of arms. But heavy storms arose, and when the two friends landed at Kirkwall, they had only about seven hundred men, whom they managed to raise to a thousand, carrying a banner with the words "Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord!" the same motto that had been used after the murder of Darnley. But their recruits were chiefly fishermen—bold enough by sea, but little fit for battles on the main land—and where he landed in Scotland, the ravages instead of the victories of his former expedition were remembered, and the inhabitants fled from him.

He was denounced at Edinburgh as belonging to the "viperous brood of Satan," and an army of 4,000 men was soon collected under

CAMEO XIII.

Capture of Montrose. 1659.

Leslie. Colonel Strachan, who had been detached to watch Montrose's movements, when at Corbiesdale, on the borders of Ross-shire, learnt that the Marquess was only two miles off. He called his men together, under the cover of the long broom on the moor, and after a psalm and prayer, divided them into several bodies, and proceeded to the attack at a pass called Invercharron. It was thought that the whole of Leslie's army were upon the little troop. The Orkney fishers fled, the foreigners made a show of resistance, and obtained quarter, the few Cavaliers fought bravely, but in vain: Montrose's horse was killed under him, and throwing away his cloak with the Star of the Garter, he and Lord Kinnoul fled together on foot, and wandered for several days, enduring terrible privations, so that Kinnoul was left exhausted on the way, where he probably died, for he was never heard of again. Montrose had put on a peasant dress, when, meeting one M'Leod of Assint, who had once served under him, he hoped to have found a protector, but was given up to his enemies for the reward, it was said, of four hundred boles of meal. Sir John Urry was also taken, and several other gentlemen.

Leslie conducted the Marquess from place to place in the mean garments he had put on, till at Dundee the inhabitants, though they had once suffered from his army, came forward to supply him with clothes, money, and necessaries. When lodged in the house of the Laird of Grange, the lady almost effected his rescue. She made his guards drink, supplied him with female attire, and had got him out of the house, when he was met and recognised by a half-tipsy soldier, who was wandering about the grounds.

Bitterly was Montrose hated by all the opposite party, far more than if he had never been a Covenanter. Their exultation in his failure was great, and their only fear was that the King might interfere on his behalf. Therefore the Estates resolved that the old attainder passed against him in 1644 should hold good, and that he should thereupon be executed, not by beheading, according to his rank, but by hanging, and further that his limbs should be gibbeted in each of the chief towns, unless before his execution he should profess repentance, and be released from excommunication.

All the magistrates of Edinburgh in their robes came out to meet their prisoners at the Water Gate. Twenty-three Cavaliers were first marched in in pairs, with bare heads and chained hands, and then came the hangman, riding a horse which drew a car where sat the Marquess, with bare head and arms fastened with ropes. Thus he was conducted to the jail, amid shouts of triumph and vituperation from the populace.

Sunday was quiet, except for the sermons; but on Monday he was brought before the Parliament, bearing himself as ever, gallantly, and listening calmly to the invectives poured on him by the Lord Chancellor. He was allowed to make answer, and he thus explained that though he had taken the first Covenant, he had never accepted the second, which he held as disloyal. His wars had been under the King's commission,

CAMEO XIII. — *Execution of Montrose.* 1650.

and as to the cruelties of which he was accused, he had never spilt the blood of a prisoner, and had done his best to mitigate the violence of his followers.

Nevertheless the savage sentence was read without moving him. As to having his head set on a pole on the tolbooth of Edinburgh, he said he held it as a greater honour than to have his picture in the King's bed-chamber. He only wished he had limbs enough to disperse to every city in Europe, to plead for the cause in which he died, and the book of his wars, which was to be hung round his neck, was a more glorious decoration than his collar of the Garter. When taken back to the tolbooth, he wrote these lines on the window with a diamond—

> "Let them bestow on every airth a limb,
> Then open all my veins that I may swim
> To Thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake:
> Then place my parboiled head upon a stake,
> Scatter my ashes, throw them in the air.
> Lord, since Thou know'st where all these atoms are,
> I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust,
> And confident Thou'lt raise me with the just."

In the morning he was wakened by the drums and trumpets calling out the guards who were to escort him to his place of death. "I have given these good folk much trouble while alive," he said. "Do I remain a terror to them on the day of my death?"

Several ministers came about him, entreating him to profess such repentance as would relieve him from their excommunication; but he said that though this gave him pain he could not repent of having done his duty to his King and country. Sir Archibald Johnstone, of Warreston, who had drawn up the Covenant, came in while he was combing out his long lovelocks and rebuked him for such an idle employment at such a time. "My head is mine own to-day," said Montrose, "to do as I please with. To-morrow it will be yours, to deal with as you list."

He arrayed himself in a rich dress and scarlet cloth, and walked firmly and with a stately step to the Grassmarket, where a huge gibbet and scaffold covered with black cloth were erected. The ministers again pressed him to profess repentance for his wars, but in vain. He made a grave and dignified speech, explaining and justifying his conduct, and his last words were, "May God have mercy on this afflicted country." He was in his thirty-eighth year when he thus died on the 21st of May, 1650. Argyle and his son Lorne were spectators from a window, and a letter of the former shows him scandalised at the absence of visible praying. He writes of Montrose: "He got some resolution after he came here to go out of this world, but nothing at all how to enter into another, not so much as once humbling himself to pray at all upon the scaffold." Probably Montrose's high spirit could not brook kneeling in prayer with all his enemies watching each gesture.

A day or two later died Sir John Urry, and three more of Montrose's

officers shared the same fate. Happily the great Marquess did not know that the master for whom he died had written to the Parliament protesting that Montrose's invasion had been expressly forbidden by him, and begging that the Parliament would do him the justice to believe that he had not been an accessory to it in the smallest degree, telling Argyle at the same time that he felt no regret for the defeat of a man who had presumed to draw the sword without, and contrary to, the royal command. No doubt Charles would have preferred to come in as a conqueror with Montrose and the Highlanders, but this failing, it cost him little to say *væ victis*.

CAMEO XIII.

Arrival of Charles in Scotland. 1650.

After a visit to his mother at Paris, and lingering in Jersey with a view to joining the insurrection in Ireland, he had moved to Breda. There he signed a treaty, binding himself to accept the Covenant, to declare null the peace with the Irish, and never to permit the exercise of the Catholic religion in Ireland or any other part of his dominions. Then, the Prince of Orange lending him a small squadron, he embarked and actually took three weeks to reach the mouth of the Spey on the 3rd of July. Argyle came to meet him, also commissioners from the Scottish Parliament ; but they would not let him land till he had signed the Covenant, and they insisted on the dismissal of all his English attendants. With great difficulty he obtained the attendance of the young Duke of Buckingham, Lord Wilmot, and a few servants, on their taking the Covenant.

There were three parties in Scotland: First, the loyal, who were chiefly Roman Catholics and Highlanders, but numbering several nobles, such as the Marquess of Huntley, and Lord Ogilvie ; secondly, the Engagers, or moderate Presbyterians, the same who had become involved in the Duke of Hamilton's attempt, and who considered his brother and successor as their head ; and lastly, the rigid Presbyterians, with Argyle for their leader, who had the mastery at present. They hated the Engagers almost as much as the Highlanders, and excluded them from all approach to the King.

The object of these strict Covenanters was to educate that young gentleman into being a worthy covenanted King. So they inflicted on him a continual course of the longest of sermons, on the sins of his father, the idolatry of his mother, his own propensities to malignity, and the judgments on his father's house. Amusements were shocking in their eyes, even music and dancing: A lady from an opposite window beheld the King actually playing at cards. The kirk was stirred up to wrath, and appointed a minister to carry a rebuke ; but their choice fell on one who was more of a man of the world than they intended, and after duly administering the admonition, he finished it by recommending that next time the window should be shut.

Never was prisoner more closely guarded and restrained, or more impatient of his bondage, than the so-called King ; but his presence in Scotland was sufficiently alarming to bring Cromwell back from Ireland. The English received the Lord General with joy. The Palace of St.

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March of Cromwell to Scotland. 1650.

James's was allotted as his residence, and therewith a large grant of lands, while he was to go as lieutenant-general of the army to Scotland. Fairfax was at the same time, as commander-in-chief, called upon to proceed thither; but he considered this as contrary to the English treaty with the Scots. He said his conscience was against it, and on being further urged laid down his commission, ceased to be General, and retired to his estates in Yorkshire, where he lived as a country gentleman.

The field was clear before Oliver Cromwell, who became the Lord General, and speedily raised 16,000 men, mostly his own tried soldiers. There was great alarm in Scotland, where the people expected, though quite without reason, to be treated like the Irish at Drogheda. A very large number of Scots rose to join the army; but the Covenanters were absolutely determined to endure no assistance from any one tainted with what they called malignity, and actually expelled 4,000 men, old soldiers, the best in their army, as not being staunch Presbyterians enough. Moreover, they did not think the young King himself sufficiently purified and devoted to bring a blessing on their arms, so he was sent back to Falkland Palace. It is impossible not to be struck with the stern, strong faith and devotion that endeavoured to go forth to war in the spirit of Joshua and the Israelites, and to feel it a strange mystery that such feelings should have been so misdirected as to become superstition. Fully did these stern Presbyterians believe themselves the divinely commissioned host, viewing Cromwell's "army of the Sectaries," as they not unjustly called it, as little better than Canaanites, and greatly exaggerating the violences that had been committed in Ireland. The General was, as usual, the old Earl of Leven, with his nephew, David Leslie, as his right hand. Their tactics were the old ones of depriving the English of sustenance by desolating the Border, and the population, although their homesteads had not seen a "fire-raising" for a century, were quite ready to flee and leave a desert behind them; for they believed Cromwell to be in the habit of having every man between sixteen and sixty put to the sword, depriving all boys between six and sixteen of their right hands, and piercing every woman's bosom with red hot irons.

So when the English army crossed the Tweed on the 16th of July, they found nothing but ruined villages, where one or two old women, clothed in white flannel, crawled out, threw themselves on their knees to implore mercy, and said that all the men were with the Barons' army. Cromwell led his army along the coast, where provisions were supplied from the fleet; and the perfect discipline of the Ironsides soon proved that there was nothing for peaceful Lowlanders to fear from them.

The Scottish army was strongly entrenched between Edinburgh and Leith. By the advice of Lord Eglington, Charles was allowed to visit them on the Links of Leith. His winning manner and gracious

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—
March of Cromwell.
1650.

courtesy charmed the men, who chalked "R" for "Rex" on their facings. This alarmed the Zealots, and by way of further purification of the cause a document was drawn up and published in the name of the young King, who had never seen or heard of it, condensing all the iniquities imputed to either of his parents, and devoutly declaring that Heaven had revealed to him the great evil of the ways in which he had been hitherto led by wicked counsel.

Very naturally Charles showed his displeasure at having such an avowal put into his mouth; but this almost broke up the army, some proposing to go home, and others to make terms with the English. The dominant powers, however, drew up a still more offensive declaration, and sent it off to be signed by the unfortunate King, who was, by a strange coincidence, at Gowrie House, where his grandfather had been in such peril of his life. He was to bind himself to extirpate not only Popery, but Prelacy, heresy, schism, and profaneness, and to tolerate none in his dominions; besides which he was to profess himself desirous to be humbled for all the sins of the Royal family and his own, and to manifest his loathing by a public fast-day of abstinence from all but prayers and sermons!

Charles agreed with his two companions, Buckingham and Wilmot, that absurdly impossible, as well as impolitic, as were these pledges, he was as one in the hands of madmen, and must submit both to the signature and to the fast-day. He hoped thus to be allowed to join the camp, which must have appeared to him as likely to be a relaxation such as it was to the ancient Spartans. But no such thing. The new ministers did not think him safe company. They were too shrewd to trust entirely to his sincerity in the pledges they had extorted, and they thought his presence might, like Achan's, bring defeat. So they obliged him to remain a prisoner, as it were, at Dunfermline, being indeed the more afraid of his presence because the soldiers regarded him so affectionately. The fine army that Leslie had raised seven years before was exhausted; many of the best men remaining had been dismissed, and the present one was officered by ministers' sons, clerks, and others chosen for their grace, or appearance of it, instead of their military qualities.

Still the younger Leslie was equal in fame to Cromwell, and like him, had never been beaten. He had an excellent line of defence, along the heights between Edinburgh and Leith, and when Cromwell tried to reach Edinburgh by the Pentland Hills, Leslie met him, and a successful skirmish forced him to fall back on Musselburgh, "so tired and wearied for want of sleep," wrote Cromwell, "and so dirty by reason of the wetness of the weather, that we expected the enemy to make an onfall on us." This accordingly happened between three and four o'clock of the summer morning; but the English being on the alert, many Scots were killed, and there was what Cromwell called "a sweet beginning."

In the end of August, Cromwell moved to Dunbar, perched on one

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The Scotch and English armies. 1650.

of the headlands nearly at the southern angle of the Firth of Forth, forming a peninsula with an isthmus about a mile and a half broad. The castle and town were his, and his fleet was at hand to receive his sick, or, as the Scots hoped, what might remain of his army.

Leslie had followed to the outmost span of the Lammermuir heights, called the Hill of Doon. He was 23,000 strong, and confidently expected to wash the English out of the country, if not out of the world, for they were said to be in a worse ground than the King had Lord Essex in in Cornwall. Cromwell himself was aware of his disadvantages. "Our men lie sick beyond imagination," he wrote to Sir Arthur Haslerigg, who was Governor of Newcastle, and whom he warned to be prepared, "whatever may become of us." Oliver himself was sleeping at the Earl of Roxburgh's house, Brocksmouth, at the mouth of a little burn falling into Belhaven Bay, after flowing along a narrow grass-clad ravine at the foot of Doon Hill, thus separating the two armies.

At a little hut near this stream Leslie's horse had a skirmish with some of the English and took three prisoners, one a musqueteer with a wooden arm and a hook at the end of it, who had fought very bravely. He was brought to old Lord Leven, who asked if the enemy intended to fight.

"What do you think we came here for? We came for nothing else!"

"Soldier," said Leven, "how will you fight when you have shipped half your men and all your great guns?"

"Sir," said the man, "if you please to draw down your men, you shall find both men and great guns too."

An officer rebuked him for answering the General saucily.

"I only answer the question put to me," he said.

Leven released him, and he made his way to Cromwell with his report, adding that he had lost twenty shillings by the business, having been plundered, upon which the Lord-General gave him two gold pieces, amounting to forty shillings.

There were only two places where the banks of the stream sloped enough to be easily crossed by troopers, one high up, one near Brocksmouth, and if Leslie could secure the last, the victory would be his.

For a full month these two great rivals, the only real Generals in Britain, watched each other. From Arthur's Seat Leslie could see whatever Cromwell did with his forces, and meet them at every pass where the inferiority of the Scots would be compensated for by their position. It seemed inevitable that the English would either be starved into surrender or have to force their way back through the Lammermuir passes, where the Scots would cut them off.

A flaming sword was seen in the sky, which the Scots thought presaged fire and sword in England. A Sunday came, which each host devoted to prayer and preaching. Cromwell felt an enlargement of the

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Dunbar. 1650.

heart such as he had always found to betoken victory, and very early on the Monday, while it was still dark, after sleeping at Brocksmouth Castle, when he looked out with his glass, he exclaimed, "They are coming down. The Lord hath delivered them into our hands."

In fact, the ministers, weary of Leslie's delays and of the field-camp, had raved all Sunday about going to meet the Philistines at Gilgal, and Johnstone of Warriston and the other commissioners were so worked upon as to overrule Leslie's caution, and absolutely insist on his moving down from his point of vantage. So says the account of Burnet, Warriston's nephew, though Leslie's letter does not blame them, only the subordinate officers, for not standing firm. Possibly the men, excited by the preachers, rushed on the enemy, and their leader could only follow, or he may really have intended to seize Brocksmouth.

All night—a wild, stormy one—the armies watched. By three A.M. the Scots' right wing had moved down to the sloping corn-fields between Doon Hill and the brooks, waiting for daylight to secure the passage and make the attack, and sheltering themselves meantime under the shocks of corn.

Another reaper was soon among them. Cromwell had espied the movement, and at four o'clock Lambert was upon them. These were Leslie's best troops, and the fight was very sharp, for the Scottish horse, charging down in the midst, were breaking through the English. Cromwell had been standing near a regiment of Ironsides from Lancashire, whom one of their number was preaching up to enthusiasm. The general was listening, but watching all the time; and just as the sun rose above the horizon, he shouted aloud, "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered!" and hastened them to the charge with levelled pikes. They carried all before them. The mist which had filled the narrow valley began to draw up, and the Scots on the hill saw the defeat of their best men, their banners gone, their horse falling, or driven from the field. About 3000 were slain in this ravine; the others were seized with a panic. "I profess they flee!" exclaimed Cromwell. He halted his men to sing the victorious 117th Psalm, in the rugged metre of Rous:

"O give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nations that be;
Likewise, ye people, all accord
His name to magnify.

"For great to usward ever are
His loving-kindnesses;
His truth endures for ever more,
The Lord oh do ye bless."

And then they rushed upon the pursuit, which continued for eight miles. Two hundred colours, 15,000 matchlocks, thirty cannon, all the baggage and stores, and 10,000 prisoners were taken. Half of these being wounded were allowed to return to their homes; and

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Conquest of Scotland. 1650.

the other half were "driven like turkies" into England, many dying of a pestilential disease, and the rest being sent off to be sold as slaves in the American colonies. The battle of Dunbar took place on the 3rd of September, 1650. It was perhaps the battle of all others where there was most religious feeling on both sides, each regarding itself as the army of the saints, and, alas! both alike were sincere and mistaken fanatics.

Cromwell, however, really wished for toleration. He occupied the City of Edinburgh, but sent a message to the Ministers who had taken refuge in the castle, that they had better come out and attend to their flocks. They answered that they could not venture out into a land infested with Sectaries and blasphemers. To which he replied, "No man hath been troubled in England or Ireland for preaching the Gospel, nor hath any minister been molested in Scotland since the coming of the army."

It was true, except that he did not hold what he called Popery and Prelacy to be the Gospel. He took possession of most of the Lowland towns, including Glasgow, where our old friend Baillie fled to the Isle of Cumbrae, leaving his wife and goods behind him, but they suffered no hurt, and he confesses that Cromwell's men "did less displeasure at Glasgow nor if they had been in London, though Mr. Zachary Boyd railed on them to their very face in the High Church."

While this railing was going on, an officer seated next to the Lord General was seen to be whispering more than once to him, and as often silenced. As the congregation broke up, Cromwell called to a poor artizan by his name, Wilson, so terrifying him that he ran away, but was presently captured, and brought to the General's quarters. He was the son of a servant who had followed the suite of James I., and he had been apprenticed to a shoe-maker in Nottingham, where he had sometimes played with the young Oliver, and had made leathern straps and balls for him. Cromwell was pleased to meet his old playfellow, gave him a present, and talked in so kindly a manner that he ventured to ask what the officer had been whispering about. "He called the minister an insolent rascal," said Cromwell, "and asked my leave to pull him out of the pulpit by the ears; but I commanded him to sit still, telling him the minister was one fool and he another."

One portion of the Scots began to think there was more agreement between them and the Sectaries than with the King, and some began to negotiate. On the other hand, Charles, who could not help being glad his tormentors were beaten, had a correspondence with Murray, Huntley, Athol, and the other real Royalists in the Highlands, and on the afternoon of the 4th of October he galloped away from a hawking party to join them; but he had been too impatient. He found nobody at the appointed meeting-place, a miserable hovel on the braes of Angus, and after wandering about alone for a day, was captured, and with ignominious deference carried back to his place of durance at Perth.

CAMEO XIII.
Charles enters England. 1650.

The Estates made up their minds to strengthen the allegiance of those who still held to the idea of a covenanting King by crowning him at Scone. The ceremony was fixed for the 1st of January, 1651, but it was to be one after the fashion of the Covenant, all fast, humiliation, and sermon, no anointing. The Marquess of Argyle was really the representative of the family who were wont to crown the Kings of Scotland and place them in the regal chair, and this was done so soon as he had sworn on his knees to observe the Covenant and the laws of Scotland. Afterwards all the lords and lairds present swore allegiance to him, and likewise to the Covenant, and Mr. Robert Douglas, who had been chaplain to the Scots under Gustavus Adolphus, preached a sermon of portentous length on the sins of his parents.

The coronation, however, strengthened his hands. Many persons flocked to his standard. He had more liberty, and Royalists were actually permitted to serve under him. David Leslie entrenched the army on the heights between Stirling and Falkirk, and resolved not to lose his vantage-ground there.

Meanwhile Dundas, the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, had surrendered it to the English, and Tantallon had been taken by storm; but Cromwell had been so ill with ague that he had been on the point of going to England to recover, when he suddenly improved, and marched towards Stirling. He tried in vain to tempt the Scots down from their heights, but while they were watching him, he had caused a fleet of boats to be brought to Queensferry, and troops were taken across under the command of Lambert, who was victorious in a skirmish at Inverkeithing, and thus secured the passage of the rest, who gained possession of the county of Fife, and in a few days had taken Perth.

A gallant idea now occurred to the young King. Cromwell was indeed behind him, but England was in front of him, the way was open. Why not make a bold dash for his throne at once? He felt convinced that the English Cavaliers would flock to his standard, and at any rate he should be free from the intolerable trammels of the Covenanters. He found a ready response to his proposals—Argyle and a few other chiefs chose to return to their homes—but about 14,000 cast in their lot with the King, and swiftly and silently marched southwards and entered England.

Cromwell knew that no one could cope with David Leslie save himself. He hastened off in pursuit, leaving Monk in command in Scotland with only 5,000 men. Even with that small number the whole of the Lowlands were at the feet of the English. Castle after castle, town after town were induced to surrender. Dundee, where a good many gentry and their families had taken refuge, tried to hold out, but was taken by storm, its defenders taking refuge at last in the tall church tower, where they were smothered out by the burning of straw. The place was plundered and given up to the soldiery, as was the custom with cities taken by assault. These were horrors enough to abide long in the Scottish mind, though nothing approaching to the cruelties at Drogheda and Wexford.

CAMEO XIII.

The Regalia of Scotland. 1650.

The regalia of Scotland had been placed in Dunolten Castle in Kincardineshire, a noble fortress on a headland jutting out into the sea, the walls rising sheer from the rock, so as to be absolutely impregnable, and belonging to the Earl Marischal. The English blockaded it by sea and land, and the Governor, Sir John Ogilvie, saw he should be forced to surrender; but he was resolved to save the crown. The wife of the minister of Kinneff, Mrs. Granger, was in the castle. A report was circulated that Sir John Keith, brother of the Earl Marischal, had carried the jewels abroad; after which a pass was requested for Mrs. Granger with some hands of lint, *i.e.*, linen yarn in bundles. In these she concealed the crown, sceptre, and sword of state, and bravely carried them through the camp. The General saluted her courteously and assisted her to mount on horseback, little guessing what she carried. She took the treasure home, where her husband buried them under his pulpit, visiting them from time to time to change their wrappings. When the castle was taken and the regalia missed, both Ogilvie and his lady were questioned, imprisoned, and even tortured, as were also the Grangers; but all kept the secret faithfully until better days should return, and, as say the English Cavaliers—

"The King should enjoy his own again."

CAMEO XIV.

THE CAVALIERS' WRECK.

(1651—1653.)

France.
1643. Louis XIV.

Spain.
1621. Philip IV.

Germany.
1643. Frederick III.

Rome.
1644. Innocent X.

CAMEO XIV.

Cavalier rising. 1651.

It was a gallant dash that Charles II., with David Leslie, made into England, hoping that his arrival would be a signal for the rising at once of the Cavaliers and of those Presbyterians of the north who were disgusted with the predominance of Cromwell and his Sectaries, and shocked by the execution of the King.

General Massey was sent forward with a proclamation from the King to gather troops, but with this the committee of Scotch ministers sent a declaration that his Majesty would have none to join the army but such as had signed the Covenant! When the King discovered what had been done, he sent orders to Massey not to publish this declaration, but to enlist every one who offered without distinction. However, the mischief had been done, and many who would naturally have been loyally inclined fled from their homes, thinking, as indeed they had every reason to do, that their young King had become a thorough-going Covenanter.

However, he did not meet a single enemy in arms through all the northern counties, and in Lancashire the Earl of Derby came from his island kingdom of Man, met him, and was left with a party of 200 horse, mostly gentlemen, to raise the Loyalists of the county where the Stanley influence was large. Before, however, many could come together, Colonel Lilburn, hurrying from Scotland with a regiment of horse, and being joined by the neighbouring garrisons of Chester and Manchester, fell upon him in a lane between Chorley and Wigan. Lord Widdrington, and several other gentlemen, with sixty privates, were killed; the Earl himself, who was slightly wounded on the face, with the enemy at his heels galloped into Wigan, where, seeing an open door, he dashed into a house. A woman shut and barred the door

CAMEO XIV.

March to Worcester. 1651.

and by the time it was broken in, he had escaped through the garden behind. He was weak and exhausted, but after a time he reached a country house called Boscobel, the mistress of which was Mrs. Cotton, a Roman Catholic Royalist. Her woodman, William Penderell, with his wife and five sons, waited on him, and guided him to come up with the royal forces.

Lambert and Harrison meantime had coalesced, and tried to prevent the royal army from crossing the Mersey at Warrington bridge, but were beaten back, and retreated to Coventry to wait for Cromwell; while the Rump at Westminster was in a terrible fright, expecting an advance to London, and fearing that Cromwell had come to an understanding with the King.

It was Charles's plan to have gone straight to London, but his men, who had marched the whole way from Stirling in three weeks, were so wearied out that it was necessary to halt at Worcester to refresh themselves. The garrison resisted their entrance, but were overpowered by the faithful citizens, by whom the King was joyfully welcomed. He sent forth a proclamation to all his male subjects between the ages of sixteen and sixty to join his standard at the Pitchcroft, the meadow between the city and the Severn. A few gentlemen with their tenants, with Lord Talbot at their head, obeyed the summons, but the whole force only amounted to 12,000 men, and of these not more than 2,000 were English.

Cromwell was soon upon them. They had broken down one arch of the bridge at Upton on Severn, but some of Lambert's men threw a plank over, and crossing in the night mended the damage; and Lambert passed to the right bank the next day. There were some small skirmishes bravely fought, and the Lord-General resolved to make his chief attack the next day, the 3rd of September, the first anniversary of his victory at Dunbar. He sent Fleetwood to force the passage of the River Team at Powick, while he himself superintended the throwing of a bridge of boats across the Severn at Bunshill where the two rivers meet.

About one o'clock Charles and his officers, who were watching on the top of the Cathedral tower, saw the smoke of musketry at Powick. He rode thither at once, and ordered the Scotch Colonel Montgomery to oppose the passage, and prevent the formation of the bridge. They fought hard, but Fleetwood had just succeeded when Cromwell, having finished his bridge, moved four regiments to his help; but still Montgomery's men fought gallantly, defending every field and hedge in the hope that they might thus enable their friends to join the victory. Cromwell had now caused his artillery to play on Sidbury Gate, a massive old Gothic arched gateway. The King hoped to be able to defeat one half of the rebel army while the other was divided from it by the river, and he therefore led out all his force, gaining some success at first by the impetus of the attack; but Cromwell's reserve of steady veterans endured the shock, and retrieved the day, the Royalists only

yielding inch by inch, and expecting General Leslie to charge with his horse to their succour. Leslie, however, only appeared on the scene too late, nor has his delay ever been accounted for. After a gallant resistance, these brave men were at last broken, and fled within the shelter of the gate, rallying, however, in Friar Street, where the King rode along their lines, and strove with all his might to bring them back to the charge; but they hung down their heads, or threw down their arms. "Shoot me dead," he cried, "rather than let me see the consequences of this day."

Fleetwood had by this time driven in Montgomery's troop, and taken the fort of St. John. Cromwell had stormed another fort and turned the guns on the city. There was utter confusion, and the enemy pouring in on all sides.

The gentlemen around Charles implored him to escape, since all was lost. One party of them charged up the street by which the enemy were entering, while the King, with a few horsemen, rode off through St. Martin's gate and reached the open country. It was past sunset; Colonel Drummond surrendered the Castle hill; of the men in the streets, some were killed, others driven into the Cathedral as prisoners, and the place was given up to plunder. The Duke of Hamilton was found with his leg broken, and died the next day; indeed, 10,000 prisoners were taken altogether by this, which Cromwell called his crowning mercy.

A few miles outside of Worcester, Charles found in the dusk about 4,000 of the beaten Scottish cavalry, but they were too much dispirited to fight, and their presence would only have increased his danger. He took council with Lord Wilmot, and these two, with some fifty or sixty gentlemen, separated themselves from the rest—who soon broke up, and tried to make their way safely out of the country in different disguises; but the Scots were soon betrayed by their accent; Leslie, Lauderdale, Montgomery, and several others were taken in different places. The English, who were in far greater danger, since they were no longer treated as prisoners of war, were better able to conceal themselves. The Duke of Buckingham thus reached a kinswoman's house in Leicestershire; Lord Talbot went to his home at Longford, and lay hid for three or four days in an out-house while he was being searched for. Another gentleman, named May, was hidden for twenty one days in a haystack belonging to one Bold, a husbandman at Chessardine, while soldiers were quartered in the house all the time.

Of the prisoners, the Parliament—or rather Cromwell—resolved to make examples; so as to show that though the four years' strife between 1642 and 1646 might be regarded as warfare, the recent insurrection was to be viewed as rebellion, like that of Lucas three years previously. Therefore eight were selected as victims, the foremost of whom was the gallant James Stanley, Earl of Derby, who had been captured soon after separating from the King, and directing him, from his own experience, to take shelter at Boscobel House. The Earl was tried by

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Lord Derby.
1051.

court-martial at Chester, and pleaded that as he had received a Roundhead captain to quarter, so the same ought to be given to him. He was answered that there was no mercy for traitors, and was condemned to be beheaded at Bolton le Moor, in four days' time, in order that there might be no appeal to Parliament. His eldest son, Lord Strange, who had been in disgrace for a marriage that the Countess disapproved, brought his young wife to receive his father's blessing, and then rode to London in a day and a night to endeavour to obtain a pardon by the surrender of the little kingdom of Man; but Lenthall would not present the petition in time, and the young man rode back equally rapidly that he might see his father once again.

The three youngest of Lord Derby's children were with their mother in the Isle of Man; and very beautiful and resigned were the letters he wrote to them. He was allowed the attendance of a clergyman, Humfrey Baggally, to whom he talked specially of the little Lady Mary. He also sent a special message to his old friend Archdeacon Rutter, to whom he had once spoken of the horror he felt of any death except in the heat of battle. "But," said he, "tell the Archdeacon from me that I do find in myself an absolute change as to that opinion, for I bless my God for it, who hath put this comfort and courage in my soul; I can with resignation to His Almighty will as willingly lay down my head on a block as on a pillow."

Still when the Lieutenant came to ask if "he had any friend or servant to do that thing your lordship knows of," he decidedly declined to find such a friend. "If those men that will have my head will not find some one to cut it off, let it stay where it is."

He wrote a last letter to his wife and to little Mary, and sent out to buy all the rings he could obtain, each being then wrapped up and addressed to friends and members of his family. His two elder daughters, Amelia and Catharine, were able to be with him all the last days at Chester, and parted with him when he set out for Bolton. He slept at Leigh, and spent the morning of the 31st of October in prayer with his son and with Baggally, until between twelve and one he was taken to Bolton, where he had to wait for some little time in a house while the scaffold was being raised from the timbers of Lathom House. At three, he went forth amid a crowd, weeping and praying aloud; he thanked them and solemnly blessed them, and, as he laid his hand on the ladder, said: "I am not afraid to go up here, though it is to my death;" and to his friends he said: "The Lord be with you all. Pray for me."

"The headsman's at his post,
The Earl is on his knees,
There's a murmur through the host
Like the wind on forest trees.
In battle field his heart beat high;
But can he like a traitor die?

"The Earl's last prayer is said,
The sorrowing priests retire,
But as he turned his head
He saw a distant spire

Tipp'd with the yellow light afar,
It shineth like some peaceful star.

"'I pray, sirs, turn the block,
All for the Church's name,
I've faced the battle shock,
I die this death of shame,
And I would fain that Church might be
The last of earth mine eyes shall see.'

"They would not hear his prayer.
"'Well, be it as you will,
My soul will soon be there
Where you can do no ill,
Lead on, sirs.' Long his fame endure,
The martyr chief of Bolton Moor."

CAMEO XIV.

Execution of Derby. 1651.

His last words were, "Blessed be God's holy Name for ever and ever. Let the whole earth be filled with His glory." He stretched out his arms, and the axe fell.

The brave Countess, Charlotte de la Tremouille, tried to hold out Castle Rushen in the Isle of Man, as she had before defended Lathom House, but the place was betrayed by one William Christian, who was suspected of having been bribed, and the island was granted to Fairfax.

Two officers, Benbow and Featherstonhaugh, were also sentenced with Derby and executed. Generals Middleton and Massey were intended for the same fate, but escaped from the Tower and reached the Continent in safety.

Sir Richard Fanshaw was made prisoner, and marched with many others to London. Great sympathy was shown to them, people offering them supplies. One lady wanted to give him all the money she had in the house, but he would not have it, saying he had too ill kept his own, and he only wished for some clean linen. She had none save her own to give him, but he was very grateful for it.

He was shut up in a little close room, which was dark even at noon, and allowed to see no one; but his wife used to take a dark lantern and talk to him under his window at four in the morning. After a time he fell ill of the scurvy, and sent a petition to come out and take a course of medicine. Sir Harry Vane said he might come out if he would take the engagement; but Cromwell rejoined that he never heard that the engagement was a remedy for the scurvy, and therewith consent was given that he should come out on bail, and he lived quietly in Yorkshire. The engagement was a pledge not to disturb the peace of the country, and all Cavaliers not in exile bound themselves by it if they wished not to be molested.

Meantime no one knew what had become of the King. A reward of £1,000 was offered for the person of Charles Stewart, dead or alive, the penalties of high treason were denounced against whomsoever should harbour him, and parties of horse scoured the country in all directions, yet nothing was heard of him since the little troop of sixty had broken up.

There are two accounts of his adventures, his own, taken down after his restoration by Samuel Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty, and one

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Boscobel. 1651.

given by his first guides, the Penderells, in what are called the Boscobel tracts. Before parting, Lord Derby had, from his own experience, recommended him to make for Boscobel House, assuring him of the perfect fidelity and trustworthiness of the Penderell family, who were mostly out-of-door servants of Mrs. Cotton, and, like her, were Roman Catholics, and thus had been in the habit for more than one generation of watching over the comings and goings of priests.

There had been six brothers, three of whom had fought in the royal army in the former campaigns. One of these had been killed. Of the others, William had the care of the house at Boscobel, and of an old priest named Walker, who lived there; Humfrey had a share in a neighbouring mill, and the other three, Richard, John, and George, had small farms in the forest, together with the charge of woodwards or keepers, for which they received cow-grass, or right of pasture. A sister had married a man named Yates, who was attending on Colonel Giffard, and who guided the King and a few others to Whiteladies, a house also belonging to Mrs. Cotton, which they reached in the grey of morning, after riding five-and-twenty miles.

Here they were sheltered and fed with bread and cheese, but there was no time for rest. Charles agreed with Wilmot that they would make their way to London separately, and meet at the tavern of the Three Cranes in the Vintry. Wilmot set out on horseback with his servant Robert Swain, under the care of John Penderell, and Charles changed his clothes for a leathern doublet, threadbare green jerkin, grey breeches much too long for him, and an old steeple-crowned hat. His black lovelocks were cropped short, and with a crooked thorn stick in his hand he went forth as a woodman under guidance of Richard Penderell, just as the sun rose, and only just in time to escape a troop whom they saw riding up to search Whiteladies.

Trusty Richard led his charge deep into the wood, while the other brothers kept watch. It was a cold, wet, showery day, ten days farther on in autumn than by the present reckoning of the 4th of September, and Charles, who had had no rest since noon of the previous day, was quite worn out. Richard spread a blanket under a tree, and managed to send a message to his sister to bring the best in her house. Her arrival startled Charles, and he asked—

"Good woman, can you be faithful to a distressed Cavalier?"

"Indeed, sir, I would die rather than betray you," she answered.

Her old mother came afterwards, fell on her knees, and blessed God for having chosen her sons to save the life of their King.

Charles asked Richard about making his way to London, but finding that the good man did not know it, thought of crossing the Severn, and waiting at Swansea or elsewhere on the Welsh coast for a ship to take him to France. Richard told him of a Mr. Wolfe at Madeley, who had places of concealment for priests; and at nine at night the two set off thither.

Between twelve and one they came to a stream, where the bridge ran

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Boscobel. 1651.

close to a mill at Evelyn. It was full of fugitives from the battle; but this they did not know, and hearing voices Penderell bade the King be silent, lest his speech should betray him. The miller came out in his white garments, and shouted—

"Who goes there?"

"Neighbours," answered Richard.

"If you be neighbours!" called back the miller, "or else I will knock you down!"

Thereupon Richard bade the King run, and they reached a gate leading to a dirty lane up a hill, the miller shouting after them, "Rogues! rogues!" and apparently followed by armed men.

They ran for some distance, then lay down and listened, and hearing no more went on; but their journey had been lengthened, and when they arrived at Madeley the weary King lay down in a field and sent Penderell to rouse Mr. Wolfe and see whether he could be received and hidden all the next day. Mr. Wolfe at first said it was impossible, as soldiers were at hand, and all his hiding-places had been discovered; but on learning that the fugitive was the King himself, he admitted him by a back door, and produced some bread and meat. He said, however, that guards were stationed all along the Severn, and that it would be equally dangerous to go back as forward, since day was approaching, and soldiers were on the watch everywhere. He could not venture to hide the King in his house, which was sure to be searched on the first suspicion, but the hayloft might be safer, and here Charles spent the day. By the evening Mr. Wolfe's son, who had been kept a prisoner at Shrewsbury, came home, and assured the travellers that it was vain to think of getting into Wales, since every bridge and ferry was guarded.

Nothing was to be done but to walk back to Boscobel woods that night. Not wishing to encounter the miller of Evelyn, when they came to the stream Charles asked Penderell if he could swim, and how deep the river was.

Richard said he could not swim, and that it was a scurvy river not easy to pass; but Charles undertook to help him, and they crossed it safely, getting at last to John Penderell's cottage. John had come home the night before; for Lord Wilmot had found it impossible to proceed on the London road, and had taken refuge in the house of a gentleman at Brinford while John hid the horses in a deserted cottage and went in quest of a better retreat. On his way he met a priest, whom he well knew, Father John Huddlestone, who was tutor to the sons and nephew of Mr. Whitgrave of Moseley. After consultation, it was agreed that John should go back, and bring Lord Wilmot by night to a field, where Mr. Whitgrave would meet him and take him to the priest's hiding chamber. Wilmot's horses, however, were a difficulty, as Whitgrave's stables might be inspected; so "a trusty poor neighbour" was despatched to Colonel Lane to ask if he could entertain two horses of the King's friends. This led to a meeting between Lane

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and Wilmot, and an invitation to the former gentleman's house at Bentley, together with an offer of a pass which the Colonel's sister Jane had just obtained for herself and two servants.

Wilmot thought of his master, and sent John back to Whiteladies to transfer the offer to him, but the message arrived while Charles was gone on his vain expedition to Madeley, and Wilmot thinking him in Wales, was going to make use of the pass himself, but waited for another day, and again sent John back to Boscobel for news.

Another fugitive had met Charles there, Major Careless, or Carlos, one of the brave men who had charged up the street at Worcester to cover the King's escape. They consulted what was to be done, and Careless persuaded him that the safest thing would be to climb up into the branches of a huge oak which grew not far from a pathway through the common meadow. It had been pollarded a few years previously, and thus the head was extremely thick; so taking with them some bread, cheese, and small beer, they found themselves perfectly sheltered in the cover,

> "Wherein the younger Charles abode
> Till all the paths were dim,
> While far below the Roundhead rode
> And hummed a surly hymn."

They actually saw the red coats prowling about the lanes and wood; but William Penderell kept on the watch as woodman, and Joan, his wife, gathered sticks below, to be ready to give notice of danger. In the meantime, Humfrey went to Skefnal to obtain news under pretext of paying taxes. He was taken before an officer who knew that the King had been at Whiteladies, and threatened and promised the faithful miller in vain, but finally let him go. Sunday passed quietly, and in the evening John Penderell came back with Wilmot's message to meet him at Moseley that night.

The tramp to Madeley had left the King so footsore that he was thankful for the offer of Humfrey's mill-horse, and set out at night escorted by the five brothers and Yates, two walking in front, two behind, and one on each side of the horse. When Charles complained of the creature's jolting pace, Humfrey rejoined, "Remember, sir, the poor beast has the weight of three kingdoms on his back."

At three o'clock in the morning Whitgrave and Huddlestone challenged the party, and brought the King to Wilmot, who kissed his hands, and he then took leave of the faithful Penderells. He was conducted to a chamber where he could get rid of his old shoes full of gravel, and his other rude garments, enjoy a good supper, and go to bed in the hiding-hole, and where he spent the day, while the three boys, Huddlestone's pupils, were stationed in the garrets to watch for any sign of danger. That day Whiteladies and Boscobel were searched more closely than ever, and Charles, from a little closet window, could see many of his poor soldiers being driven along the roads, stripped, barefoot, and in great destitution.

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By and by there was a cry of "The soldiers, the soldiers!" Charles withdrew into his den, and Mr. Whitgrave went out into the street, where he was arrested on suspicion as a Roman Catholic; but on his proving that he had never been absent from Moseley he was released. It is said that while shut into the secret chamber Charles read a book of Huddlestone's which turned his mind towards the Church of Rome. Probably it was the only theological work he ever read after he was out of his tutor's hands; and it must be allowed that the contrast between the usage he was receiving from Roman Catholics and Presbyterians might act as the strongest logic.

He made up his mind to avail himself of the proposal first made to Wilmot by the Lanes. Jane, the Colonel's sister, had obtained a pass from the Governor of Stafford to go with two attendants to visit her aunt, Mrs. Norton, at Bristol. At night, Charles was taken to Bentley, and put into the grey cloth suit of a serving-man.

The next morning he started with Jane on a pillion behind him, and her cousin, Mr. Lassells, riding with them. Lord Wilmot hovered about, with a hawk on his wrist, and dogs running by his side, disarming suspicion, and refusing to put on a disguise, saying he should look so frightful in it that it would only attract notice.

After two hours' ride, the horse the King rode cast a shoe, and it was needful to halt at a forge to have a fresh one. While holding up the horse's foot the King asked, "What news?"

"None," said the smith, "since the good news that those rogues, the Scots, were beaten."

"Are there any of the English that joined the Scots taken?" ventured the King.

"I do not hear the rogue, Charles Stewart, is taken; but some of the others are."

"Ah!" said the King, "he is the chief rogue of all for bringing in the Scots!"

"You are an honest fellow," rejoined the smith.

Jane must have been heartily glad when this colloquy was over, and presently she was joined by her sister and brother-in-law on their way to Lord Paget's at Windsor. Their roads lay together as far as Stratford-on-Avon, and just as they were about to enter that place, a woman gleaning in a field called out, "Master, don't ye see a troop of horse before you?"

The troopers were, in fact, halting outside the town till quarters were provided for them. The brother-in-law, saying he had been twice beaten by Roundhead soldiers, turned his horse, and rode back; but Charles whispered to his companion that this was the worst thing to do, since it would certainly lead to their being followed; and he took her through the troop into Stratford without being noticed.

In two days more the riders reached Abbotsleigh, Mr. Norton's house, close to Bristol. There, on dismounting, Jane Lane called the butler, whose name was Pope, and begged that her man, William

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Abbotsleigh. 1651.

Jackson, might have a room to himself, as he had an ague, and was not fully recovered; and indeed, between fatigue, exposure, and woodman's diet, Charles was looking ill enough to support the account, so that he had a meal to himself.

In the morning, however, he was very hungry, and went down to the buttery-hatch for his breakfast. Pope was there and two or three men, and they all began eating bread and butter, washing it down with ale and sack. A country fellow sat close to Charles, and began describing the battle of Worcester so evidently as an eye-witness, that the King thought he must have been one of Cromwell's soldiers; but on being asked what was his regiment, he said, "The King's," and he proved to have been actually one of his Majesty's own guards.

On being asked what kind of person the King was, he gave an exact description of his clothes and horse, while as to his height, he said "three fingers taller than himself."

Charles, fearing to be recognised, followed Pope out into the hall, just as Mrs. Norton was passing, and took off his hat to her. He saw Pope look earnestly at him, but took no notice, and went out for a walk. No sooner had he returned than Mr. Lassells came to tell him that he was certainly known to Pope, who had been in the service of one of the Jermyns, and afterwards had fought in the royal army.

Charles asked if Pope were an honest man.

"So honest," said Lassells, "that I would trust him with my life."

On this the King sent for the butler, and disclosed himself, declaring that he was glad to meet an old acquaintance whom he could trust with his life.

Pope was greatly pleased, for the frank, good humoured manner of Charles conciliated every one. He said the master and mistress of the house were perfectly honest, but some persons there were great rogues; and when he heard that Lord Wilmot was to come and meet the King that day, he said it would be most unsafe, since that nobleman was sure to be known to several of these people. The cook, too, knew him, and to avert suspicion, set him to turn the spit, and scolded him for his awkwardness. The block of wood is still shown at Abbotsleigh on which he is said to have stood for the purpose. The faithful Pope went himself to stop Wilmot on his way, and went on to Bristol to inquire for a ship, but he could hear of none likely to sail within a month. Returning with these tidings, he introduced Wilmot at night by a back way to the room where Charles slept as an attendant on Lassells, and they had a great consultation.

Pope advised going to Trent, near Sherborne, to ask the help of Colonel Wyndham, who might be able to secure a passage for the King, and it was resolved to go thither in the same manner as before. That night, however, poor Mrs. Norton was taken so ill that Jane Lane could only find a pretext for leaving her by getting Mr. Lassells to forge a letter, declaring her old father to be in great danger, and recalling her to Bentley.

CAMEO XIV.

Charmouth. 1651.

She took the King as far as Castle Carey, and then returned home, while Charles went on to Trent, and there lay concealed in Wyndham's house, while negotiations were being made with a skipper at Lyme for taking him and Wilmot on board in a little creek at Charmouth, and carrying them to St. Malo. Meantime the church bells at Trent were rung, and a maid going out to ask the cause, found that a trooper of Cromwell's army had arrived, and was boasting of not only having killed Charles Stewart, but of wearing his buff coat, in honour of which a bonfire was lighted in the village that night, while the real King sat and planned his journey.

This time, he was supposed to be a young gentleman running away with an heiress, escaping from a cruel guardian. The lady was represented by Juliana Coningsby, a relation of Colonel Wyndham; and the feelings of a widow at Charmouth were appealed to for the runaway couple, who appeared in due time with Wilmot riding beside them.

They waited and waited in vain in the widow's house for the boat which was to take them off. Wilmot at last went to Lyme to see what had happened, appointing to meet the King at Bridport. The shoes of the horses required to be looked to, and the smith who was employed immediately pronounced that the King's horse had been shod near Worcester; and as soon as his work was done, went off to consult the Presbyterian minister, who was in the midst of a long prayer, and would not admit him till it was ended.

By that time Charles, with Juliana behind him and Wyndham riding near, was well on his way to Bridport. There they found the streets full of red coats, for one thousand five hundred men were about to embark to seize upon Jersey. Charles at once said the only thing to do was to go boldly to the best inn, and there wait for Wilmot. The yard was full of soldiers, but Charles, in his character of groom, pushed his way through them, leading the two horses, and called the ostler to give them corn.

"I should know your face," said the ostler; "I have seen you somewhere."

Charles asked a few questions, and found that the man came from Exeter, and had lived close to the house where he had spent some time during the war. He therefore said he had been a year in the service of Mr. Potter of Exeter, and the ostler, declaring he had seen him as a boy, wanted to drink a pot of beer with him. He excused himself as having to wait on his master and mistress at dinner, but said that as they were going for three weeks to London, there would be plenty of time on their return for a hearty pot.

Presently Wilmot came with news that there had been a dispute about the terms of the passage, but he believed all would be right that night. So they set forth on the way to Lyme, and thus missed a search party from Charmouth, who had set forth on the smith's alarm, and on the ostler's information went in pursuit on the Dorchester road. While waiting near Lyme, they found that the wife of the

CAMEO XIV.

Brighthelmstone. 1651

master of the ship had taken alarm, and persuaded him to have nothing to do with any mysterious runaways.

Back they went to Trent, and attempts were made to secure a passage at Southampton. In consequence, after a fortnight's stay at Trent, Juliana convoyed her seeming groom, escorted by Colonel Philips, to Heale, near Salisbury. There Colonel Philips took him to the house of Mr. Hyde, whose wife knew Charles instantly, but held her tongue till a safe moment, when she told him she had a secure hiding-place for him in which to wait for a ship, but he had better disarm suspicion by going away in the morning and returning secretly at night.

Accordingly, all the party set forth on the next day, Juliana going home to Trent, and the Colonel taking the King out on Salisbury Plain, where he visited Stonehenge and tried to count the stones, doing so twice exactly. On his return he learnt that a Royalist gentleman, named Gunter, had procured that a barque should be ready at the little fishing village of Brighthelmstone on the 14th of October.

The intervening days were spent in Mrs. Hyde's secret chamber, till Colonel Gunter came to conduct the King and Wilmot to their destination. The first night they slept at Hambledon, at the house of Gunter's brother-in-law, Mr. Simonds, a roystering Cavalier, who was out making merry at an alehouse. Mrs. Simonds received her brother and his friends, and they were all at supper when the master of the house came in, sat down on a stool, and joined in the talk. Presently, noticing the King's cropped head, he whispered in Gunter's ear an inquiry whether that were not some roundheaded rogue's son, for he looked very suspiciously.

The Colonel answering for his "honesty," Simonds took him by the hand, and drank to him as "brother Roundhead."

Brighton, as we now call it, was a small village, and the ship lay at Shoreham. At the former the King met Mansel, the merchant who had hired the vessel, and Tattershal, the master. They all sat down to supper together, and again those dark harsh features which Charles had inherited from his Gascon grandfather betrayed him. Tattershal took the merchant aside and complained of not having been fairly dealt with, in having been hired only to take two fugitives of rank, instead of being told it was the King himself. He was sure of the fact, having been employed by Charles when with the fleet in 1648, but he was quite willing, thinking, he said, that he should do God and his country a service by carrying the King away safely. Mansel was, however, afraid to let him go home, lest he should tell his wife, or be persuaded out of his resolution, and sat up all night smoking and drinking beer with him.

The host, too, had been one of the royal guards, and before Charles went away, fell on his knees, kissed his hands, and said, "Bless you, sir, wherever you go. I doubt not I shall be a lord and my wife a lady before I die."

CAMEO XIV.
—
Escape.
1630.

He, too, proved trustworthy and useful. At four in the morning of the 6th of October, the King and his friends rode off for Shoreham with Tattershal mounted *en croupe* behind one of them. His vessel was a collier of sixty tons, with a crew of four men and a boy, and bound for Poole. She lay dry at low water, and the King and Wilmot climbed into her by a ladder. Charles went at once into her little cabin and lay down, the skipper following to kneel, kiss his hand, and vow service to him. At seven, the tide and wind carried them off. The master begged the King himself to persuade the men to stand towards France, as they had no suspicion that they were not going to Poole. Charles did this with a story of being a merchant in debt, escaping from creditors, adding a present of twenty shillings, which induced them to expect their master to oblige the gentlemen, and after making a few difficulties he complied, and they were finally set ashore at Fécamp on the 7th of October, after five weeks of wandering.

Going on to Rouen, their shabby looks—for Charles still wore the grey cloth suit in which he had ridden from Bentley—prevented them from being received at the best inn, till an English merchant vouched for them. Colonel Phillips had sent bills of exchange to meet them at Rouen, and they proceeded to Paris, where Queen Henrietta Maria had quite given over the hope of seeing her son again; and had been condoled with by all the great ladies, but preferred the consolations of the saintly Duchess of Montmorency, who, like her, had mourned a husband executed unjustly in the prime of life.

A great sorrow had befallen the royal family during his absence. The young Elizabeth, always delicate, had pined and wasted ever since her father's death. The Earl of Northumberland had sent her and her brother to Penshurst, where his sister, Lady Leicester, was very kind to them. The more vulgar Roundheads talked of putting them to some mean trade, but the idea was never seriously entertained, and after a time the two children were sent, under the care of the Mildmay family, to Carisbrooke Castle, a place full of recollections of their father. A week later, Elizabeth, while playing at bowls in the garden with her little brother, was caught in a sudden shower, which brought on intermitting fever. Every care was taken of her, and an express sent to London to consult Sir Theodore Mayerne, but she sank gradually, and at last was found dead with her cheek resting on an open Bible on the afternoon of Sunday the 8th of September, 1650. Many Cavalier poets wrote elegies on the gentle maiden in her fifteenth year, but the only beautiful one was that of Henry Vaughan—

> "Thou seem'st a rose-bud born in snow,
> A flower of purpose sprung to bow
> To heedless tempests, and the rage
> Of an incensèd stormy age;
> And yet as balm-trees gently spend
> Their tears for those that do them rend,
> Thou didst not murmur nor revile,
> But drank'st thy wormwood with a smile."

CAMEO XIV.
—
Death of Princess Elizabeth.
1650.

Her grave in Newport Church was entirely unmarked till Queen Victoria placed near it a mural monument by Marochetti, with prison bars broken, and the figure of the princess lying as if asleep, but unfortunately more as if she had pillowed her head on her Bible, than as if she had sunk to rest while reading it.

If she had lived a little longer, it seems that the Parliament would have sent her to her sister in Holland.

Charles was thought by the ladies of Paris to be much grown and improved in looks, by the help of a black wig to hide his cropped hair. Mademoiselle was quite willing to coquet with him, and flatter his mother with the hopes that Montpensier and Dombes might yet be his. He was, however, changed from a hopeful lad into an easy-going, pleasure-loving man—another Henry IV., without his energy or generosity; and the treatment he had received in Scotland had had a most unhappy effect on his feelings towards religion.

In fact there was strong faith and trust needed in those who were still faithful to the English Church. Romanists and Protestants alike triumphed in the ruin of the middle way, and called on them to join one or the other. Still, however, Bishop Cosin held a service in the Queen's household, as her chaplain, and Sir Richard Browne, who was held as the King's ambassador, had regular services in his chapel. The King, who knew that to join the Church of Rome would be fatal to his chances of returning to England, attended these openly, and so did his young brother Henry, who had at last been permitted to rejoin his family.

When, in 1653, Charles quitted Paris, the Queen persuaded him to leave Gloucester with her for education, promising not to tamper with his faith. Unfortunately, just at this time, Henrietta took for her confessor Walter Montagu, brother to the Puritan Earl of Manchester, the same whose conversion to Romanism had long ago convulsed the Court. With all the zeal of a pervert, he induced Anne of Austria to put a stop to Bishop Cosin's ministrations in the household of Henrietta, so that her sons and servants could only attend divine service at the ambassador's chapel. He then worked upon Henrietta to break her promise, and use every means to bring young Henry over to the Church of Rome. She first tried to send him to study at a Jesuit college, but he refused to set foot there; being supported by his tutor, Mr. Lovel, and his brother, the Duke of York. The Queen said she had promised not to force his belief, but she had never engaged not to show him the right way to Heaven, to which she joined a Cardinal's hat, and unlimited wealth in French benefices.

Henry, who was scarcely fourteen, thought it very hard that the Abbé Montagu and the French monks should argue with him in the absence of his English tutor, who answered what he could not reply to; but the boy remembered what his father had said to him and his sister in that last interview, and he was resolved to hold staunchly to the Church of that father whom he had only twice seen within his

CAMEO XIV.

The Duke of Gloucester at Paris. 1653.

remembrance. His little sister coaxed him as she did her governess, Lady Morton, with kisses and caresses, saying, "Be a Catholic! The good fathers say you must be a Catholic to be saved. Be a Catholic then."

At Lord Hatton's request, Bishop Cosin drew up a paper of arguments for him; but the boy was so closely watched that it could never be delivered to him in person, but was given to his gentleman of the bedchamber, Mr. Griffith, who read it to him at night when he was in bed.

James, who, whatever were his faults, was always a man of his word, was greatly displeased at his mother's utter disregard of her promises, and when Henry was deprived of Mr. Lovel, and about to be sent to the Jesuit college, an appeal was made to Charles, which produced a stern letter to the Queen, commanding her to the contrary, and another to Henry, encouraging him in his steadfastness. "If you do hearken to her," wrote the King, "or to anybody else in this matter, you must never think to see England or me again."

The Marquis of Ormond at the same time offered to go to Paris and protect the boy, or else fetch him away. His arrival, no doubt, stimulated the Queen to a last effort. One Sunday morning, after the very early meal, she took her son to her own chamber, embraced him, and with many endearments, told him how much it grieved her to be severe with him; then said she would send him the Abbé Montagu, and begged him to meditate on his words and give her a final answer. Henry, suspecting some such crisis to be in preparation, had sent Griffith to fetch the Marquis of Ormond. Montagu came and used all his wonted arguments, then demanded what reply he was to make to her Majesty.

"None," said Gloucester.

The Abbé left him for an hour to consider of his answer—then came back; but by this time Ormond had obeyed the summons, and Henry, in his presence, answered without hesitation that he was resolved not to change his religion.

On this the Abbé flatly told him that he was to see his mother's face no more. He was greatly grieved, and begged to bid her farewell and receive her blessing; but in vain. The Duke of York interceded for him; but the Queen would only send messages by Montagu, who told him that as she was just going to mass, it was the best time to make his submission, and she had proposals to make which would set his heart at rest. Henry said nothing could set him at rest but the free exercise of his religion; and seeing his mother setting out for church in her coach, he ran up to it, begging for her blessing; but she waved him off angrily, and bade him see her face no more.

As the poor boy stood in the court of the Palais Royal, overwhelmed with grief, the Abbé came up and asked what her Majesty had said to put him in such disorder.

"Nothing but what I may thank you for, sir," replied he. "It is

CAMEO XIV.

Persecution of the Duke of Gloucester. 1653.

but reason that what my mother said to me, I should now say to you: 'Be sure I see your face no more.'"

So saying, Henry walked off with his brother to the morning service at Sir Richard Browne's; but when he came back he found himself shut out from the Palais Royal, and no dinner to be had. Lord Hatton, one of the fugitive Cavaliers, took him home for the meal, and begged him to remain as long as he was at Paris, to which young Gloucester demurred, lest this hospitality should be punished by the sequestration of his estate in England.

Henrietta was so affectionate a mother that strong measures were put in force to keep her from relenting; and after mass, Anne of Austria came to inquire after her success. Anne proposed sending her son Philippe, Duke of Anjou, to persuade his cousin to consult his own comfort by yielding; but on repairing to the Duke's chamber, he came back with the news that no one knew where Gloucester was gone. The Queens were somewhat alarmed; but finding that he was at Lord Hatton's, they sent the Marquis du Plessis to persuade him to return. However, Ormond and Hatton answered this gentleman so decidedly that he lost his temper in the discussion.

While the two Queens were gone to vespers, Henry, after evening service, stole back to take leave of his young sister, who beheld him with terror, sobbing, "O me! O my mother! I am undone for ever!"

The poor little girl had evidently been forbidden to speak to him under pain of punishment, and he withdrew to his own apartment, which he found dismantled, the very sheets taken off his bed; and at the same time the groom came to say that his horses were turned out of the stables. The Duke said no place could be found for them at that hour, for it was nine at night; but the comptroller of the household declared that if he let them remain another hour he should be dismissed. The poor boy had no choice but to take refuge at Lord Hatton's, where he was obliged to remain for two months until Ormond could, by pawning his own Collar of the Garter and other jewels, raise money for the journey. Every attempt was made to draw over the Anglican exiles to the Church of Rome. A very odd controversy is related by Carte as taking place before the Countess of Lindsay, who never would argue with the Roman priests, saying that Dr. Crowther was her confessor, and would speak for her.

One day when he came in, she told him that she was very glad to see him, for Father Leybourn had been arguing with her on religion.

"What does he say?" asked Crowther, who was a rough, unpolished man.

"He says theirs is a true Church and ours is not, and that this appears by miracles."

"What miracles?"

She mentioned the Glastonbury thorn, said to be the staff of St. Joseph of Arimathæa, blossoming at Christmas.

"Pray," said the doctor, "does it keep the English Christmas or that which is observed abroad?"

"The English Christmas," said Leybourn.

"Oh, then," said Crowther, "your Pope who settled the new calendar is not infallible."

"Our Church is infallible, yours is not," said Leybourn. "Will you assert it to be so?"

"We are not so ridiculous as to pretend to infallibility," said the Anglican.

"If you are not an infallible Church you are a lying one," retorted the Romanist.

"No," said Leybourn.

"Pray do you call yourself infallible?"

"Then if you are not an infallible priest, you are a lying priest," said Crowther.

Rude as this was, it turned the laugh against Leybourn, who walked off indignant, and the next day sent a challenge to Crowther, as if they had been laymen, for which he was still more laughed at. The argument was suited to the occasion, though Crowther might have claimed the thorn for the English Church. However, he appears not to have credited the flowering of the thorn, which is certainly true, whether or not it belonged to St. Joseph of Arimathæa.

Paris was one nucleus of the exiled Cavaliers, chiefly of the gayer ones, and of those who held any office about the Queen, and thus could share in the allowance made to her by the French Court. Another refuge was at the Hague, where the Princess of Orange was their hearty friend to the best of her ability, and a third was at Cologne, where the young King held his Court. In cases where the head of the family was actually proscribed as a rebel, the wife often went to and fro to collect money from tenants or friends. Many estates, whose owners had been specially prominent, were sequestrated; but this was not universally the case. Some were granted to heirs in more favour with Parliament, other owners had heavy fines to pay, but were allowed to live on, in an impoverished state, on their estates. The expelled clergy took refuge with these as chaplains or tutors, and kept up the ordinances of the Church in secret, some even ministering in the churches, repeating the prayers from memory. Bishop Juxon lived on his private property at Richmond, and his house was the gathering place of the clergy and place of consultation. Nowhere, however, save at Sir Richard Browne's house at Paris, and at the Courts at the Hague and Cologne, could the English Liturgy be openly performed.

CAMEO XV.

THE SECOND FRONDE.

(1650—1653.)

France.
1643. Louis XIV.
Germany.
1647. Ferdinand III.
Spain.
1631. Philip IV.
Pope.
1644. Innocent X.

CAMEO XV.

Offences of Condé. 1650.

IT was through the support of the Prince of Condé that Queen Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin had triumphed, and in consequence the Prince assumed intolerable airs of dominion. It was said of him that he preferred gaining battles to gaining hearts, and he really seemed to take pleasure in gratuitously insulting every one, from the Queen and Cardinal downwards. The young nobles, who had served under him and idolised him as a victorious general, imitated his arrogance, and the stiff refined elegance that the Queen had cultivated was broken in upon by studied rudeness and violence.

The Prince's sister, the beautiful Madame de Longueville, put on sarcastic manners that were almost equally provoking, and the family had alienated half the Court.

The Queen and Mazarin thought they might venture to intimidate the whole party by a sudden swoop, in which Condé, his brother the Prince of Conti, his brother-in-law of Longueville, the Duke of Bouillon, and his brother Turenne, and the Prince of Marsillac, the lover of Madame de Longueville, should all be arrested. The Queen hoped to buy the support of the former Frondeurs by promising to grant more influence to the companies in the Parliament.

The day was fixed for the 18th of January, 1650. The Queen, as soon as she learnt that Condé, Conti, and Longueville had all arrived at the Palais Royal to pay their Court, shut herself into her Oratory with the King, then eleven years old, and bade him pray for success. Meantime the Captain of the Guards, Guitant, entered the grand gallery where the Princes were waiting, and told Condé in his ear of the orders for arrest. The Prince in amazement repeated them aloud.

CAMEO XV.
—
Arrest of the Princes.
1650.

The Chancellor exclaimed that it must be a jest.

"Go and find the Queen, and inform her of the jest. For my part, I consider that I am arrested," said Condé.

He demanded to see the Queen, but was refused, and the three were forced to set out. The Duke of Longueville almost fainted, and the Prince of Conti was so frightened, that he could hardly move as Guitant conducted them down a back stair and dark passage.

"This savours of the States of Blois," said Condé, referring to the assassination of the Duke of Guise.

"No, no, Monseigneur!" exclaimed Guitant. "Were it so, I should have nothing to do with it."

Coming out into the gardens, the Princes saw a lane of gendarmes, through which they were hurried to a door, where a carriage and a guard of six horsemen awaited them. Some of these had fought under Condé, and as he passed, he said, "This is not the battle of Lens;" but none of them stirred or spoke.

As soon as the carriage door was shut, the horses set off at full speed for Vincennes. Night had come on, and in a bad place in the road the carriage broke down, the prisoners had to get out, and Condé began to look about for means of escape; but Guitant whispered that though he was his Highness's humble servant, any such attempt would be the signal for instant death.

After two hours the carriage was in a state to proceed, and at ten o'clock at night it reached Vincennes. No preparations had been made for fear of exciting suspicion, and there was neither bed nor supper. The poor Duke of Longueville, who was ill, and the petted, sickly young Conti were very miserable; but Condé, like an old campaigner, swallowed a couple of raw eggs, threw himself on a bundle of straw, and fell fast asleep.

The Duke of Orleans uttered a witticism on the occasion. "This is a good haul of the net. We have caught a lion, a fox, and an ape all at once."

There was a festival at the Palais Royal, and the streets of Paris were illuminated with bonfires; while the two Princesses, mother and wife, were in utter despair on receiving the tidings, coupled with orders to retire to Chantilly, the estate of the elder Princess, as heiress of Montmorency. Mazarin had considered the advisability of imprisoning them with the little seven-year-old Duke of Enghien; but he thought this would be too cruel a measure, and useless, as the Dowager Princess was very old, and the younger one was considered dull and helpless, and had no reason to be attached to her neglectful and unkind husband. Madame de Longueville was reckoned a much more dangerous person, and had been summoned to the palace with intent to arrest her; but she was warned in time, hid herself in the house of her friend, the Princess Palatine, and thence escaped, escorted by the Prince de Marsillac, with forty horsemen, to Normandy, hoping to raise that province against the Government.

CAMEO XV.

Madame de Longueville's escape. 1650.

She travelled all night, and reached Rouen; but the Governor refused to assist her against the Crown. Then she tried to gain admission to Havre, but in vain, and next to Dieppe, where she thought herself sufficiently secure to be able to send Marsillac to the Angoumois to stir up the people in her cause.

The Queen set forth with the young King to overawe Normandy. The Governor of Dieppe sent a warning to the Duchess. After confession and absolution, she escaped with a few maids by a postern door, and reached the shore, where a little coasting vessel awaited her, to which she was carried in a sailor's arms; but the weather was terrible, and she was driven back and brought ashore unconscious. With undaunted courage she tried to embark again, but she found this impossible, and rode on a pillion to the house of a gentleman, where she took shelter. Again she was going to embark when she learnt that she had been betrayed, and that as soon as she went on board, she would be given up to Mazarin. After a fortnight's wandering, she was able to get on board an English ship at Havre, disguised as a gentleman fleeing after a duel, and thus reached Holland, where Mary, Princess of Orange, received her with great kindness.

The Bouillon family likewise had warning, and the Duke hurried away to the Low Countries, but the Duchess was in no condition to accompany him. She had only time to send off her little boys under the charge of different servants, before another child was born to her. Guards were placed at the house doors; but as soon as she could move she evaded them, and was on her way to join her husband, when she heard that one of her daughters had the small-pox, and returning to become nurse, she was captured at the bedside. She was a good woman, an excellent wife and mother, and only led into these intrigues to serve her husband. One of the little boys, about five years old, Emmanuel Theophile by name, was hidden with a man-servant in a cavern in the park, where their amusement was reading the *Lives of the Saints*. The man went out at night to obtain provisions, and on his return found the poor little fellow dreadfully frightened by the sight of a glow-worm. Afterwards the faithful servant took the child in girl's clothing to a place of safety.

The Vicomte de Turenne had reached Stenay, a fortress belonging to his brother the Duke of Bouillon, where he was soon joined by the Duke himself, and by the Duchess of Longueville, who thought it needful to silence his scruples about drawing his sword against his country by using all the blandishments of coquetry of which she was almost as much a mistress as Cleopatra herself. Her other devoted lover, Marsillac, had just lost his father, and become Duke of La Rochefoucauld, and making the funeral a pretext, collected two thousand gentlemen with whom he hoped to surprise Saumur, but found it already guarded.

The most efficient aid to the captive Princes came from the least

CAMEO XV.
—
The Princess of Condé.
1650.

expected quarter, the despised and neglected Claire, Princess of Condé, only twenty-two years old!

The two Princesses collected their friends and kept a little court at Chantilly, in which one prominent figure was the young Madame de Châtillon, who had lost her husband in the first Fronde. The Prince's confidential friend, Lenet, joined them, and there were many consultations, all of which gave umbrage to the Court; and a letter was sent in April, ordering them all off to Châteauroux in Berry.

Tidings of what might be expected had, however, reached the ladies. The elder Princess told the messenger, De Vouldy, that she was too old and too ill to move, and that her daughter-in-law was in bed with a bad cold. In fact, De Vouldy found a lady in bed, who made many bitter complaints, and declared that she should not be fit to move for a week; and he also saw a little boy who went out walking every day on the terraces. Little did he guess that this was the gardener's son, and that the lady in bed was Mademoiselle Gerbier, one of the Princess's ladies.

The real Claire and her little son, dressed as a girl, had left the château on foot, found a carriage and escort prepared by Lenet on the borders of the forest, and after three days' travelling, crossed the Loire at Sully, and reached Montrond, a castle belonging to the Princes of Condé, very strong, but ill-provisioned, and garrisoned by men in their own interest, trustworthy but few in number. The gentlemen around came to pay their respects to the Princess, who received them with a grace and courtesy that gained their hearts. All the bridges and all the roads were guarded, money was contributed, even by the small farmers, and she collected arms and troops from all the neighbouring provinces, although the avaricious old Princess, even while sick to death with grief for her son, could not persuade herself to break into her treasures at Chantilly in his cause.

Nothing daunted, though Saumur and Bellegarde had surrendered to the royal troops, while Rochefoucauld had been forced to disguise his gentlemen, and both he and Bouillon were reported to be negotiating with Mazarin, the brave young wife declared that she would never take to flight while a single castle remained to be defended, or a single district to be raised in her husband's cause. When Montrond was to be provisioned, she joined the hunting parties, who went out to bring in roebucks, mounted on a pillion, and with her little boy on a pad before a groom, and neglected nothing to put the place in a state of defence.

Under pretext of one of these chases, she assembled a hundred and twenty gentlemen at the castle, and set out under their escort to meet the two Dukes. She rode on a pillion behind the Count of Coligny, and after four days reached Auvergne, the home of the Bouillon family. The two Dukes, with a large body of cavalry, met her on the 13th of May at the village of Anglar, among the mountains. She received them with much grace and gratitude, and the little Duke of

CAMEO XV.

Insurrection in the South. 1650.

Enghien was instructed to say, "I am not now in truth afraid of Mazarin, since I find you here with so many brave men; and now I hope for my dear papa's liberty from their valour and yours."

Loud were the shouts of delight at this utterance from the child of the imprisoned hero; and as the young mother and her boy, hat in hand, rode along the ranks, every sword was waved, every voice shouted loyalty to the King and Princes, death to Mazarin.

The Princess became Bouillon's guest at his ancestral seat of Turenne, perched on a high rock, the original "Tour d'Auvergne," where she and all her adherents were magnificently entertained. At every meal Condé's health was drunk, bare-headed, kneeling, and with drawn swords; feasts were given to all the neighbourhood, and there were orders and despatches sent out for raising troops from the many who were indignant at their victorious hero being kept captive by the hated foreigner. Everywhere in Auvergne, and in many other places, was to be seen the scarf of "isabella" colour which Condé had adopted. It is said to have been named from the Archduchess Infanta Isabella Clara Eugenia, who made a vow never to change her linen till the siege of Ostend was ended, a matter that lasted three years. The hue her garments had reached may be estimated by the fact that the French call a chestnut horse isabella coloured. At the end of a week, the Princess proceeded towards Bordeaux. The royal troops under the Chevalier de La Valette tried to intercept her, but were defeated by the two Dukes at Bergerac, and lost all their baggage. Still it was doubtful whether Bordeaux would receive the nobles in arms against the King. The populace were greatly excited in favour of the heroine Princess, but the Magistracy of the Parliament hesitated. However, the spirited lady embarked on the Garonne in a fishing boat, with merely her son, a few ladies, and her equerries. Her bravery took all by storm; four hundred ships in the harbour saluted her, and 30,000 persons rushed to the landing-place to strew flowers in her path, crowding so that it was very difficult for her to reach the carriage in which she was conveyed to her lodgings, whither the throng followed her, and after she had shown herself on the terrace, spent the whole night in howling out imprecations against Mazarin and the Duke of Epernon, the General of the royal forces. A messenger was caught bringing orders from the Court to forbid her reception and that of the two Dukes; and such was the rage of the populace that her exertions could hardly save his life.

The next day, the 1st of June, she walked to the Parliament, her son being carried by an attendant. The little fellow did his part well. He besought the Assembly to grant his mother's petition; and this worked much on the feelings of the magistrates. But there were long deliberations, for they could not readily decide on taking a part that would render them guilty of high treason. At last, the Princess, weary of the long suspense, rushed in, leading her son, and made a touching appeal, broken by her sobs. Then the boy, falling on one knee, exclaimed—

"Messieurs, be a father to me! Mazarin has deprived me of mine."

CAMEO XV. — *The Princess at Bordeaux.* 1650.

Such a sight brought the impressionable Frenchmen to tears; but still prudence held out, and it was not till six o'clock in the evening that they accorded to Claire and her son permission to reside in the city under their protection. The next day the two Dukes crossed the river without leave, and took up their abode in a suburb. The people threatened to murder all who kept them out, and two days later the magistrates made up their minds to admit them.

Condé was much diverted at the tidings. He was the only cheerful one of the captives at Vincennes. The Prince of Conti lay in bed, weeping, the Duke of Longueville was silent and melancholy; but Condé amused himself with singing, reading, playing at battledore and shuttlecock, and gardening. "Who would have told me," he said, "that my wife would be making war, while I am watering pinks?"

The Duke of Epernon besieged Bordeaux, but could not inclose it towards the sea. Three Spanish vessels arrived with Don José Osorio, an envoy, authorised to offer assistance from the King of Spain. Again the Parliament was loyal in feeling, and passed a resolution to reject aid from the enemy; but Bouillon secretly stirred up the mob to such fury that they came armed with swords, broke in, and almost butchered the councillors. The Dukes refused to interfere; but the Princess, followed by a lady and one equerry, rushed to the Palais de Justice, and standing between, harangued the people, but could not disperse them. A body of respectable citizens marched to the assistance of the Parliament. Firing began—two men were killed—when this gentle lady hurried between the two parties, into the midst of the fire, made them pause, and finally sent them to their homes. The Parliament had, however, been intimidated, and accepted the Spanish offers.

Mazarin saw no time was to be lost. The Parliament of Paris showed sympathy with that of Guyenne, and there were like symptoms in other places. He decided on carrying the young King and his mother to quell the revolt in person, leaving the Duke of Orleans to restrain Paris, but taking Mademoiselle as a sort of hostage. On the news of his advance the Bordelois Parliament decreed that Mazarin should be excluded from the city, and the King be requested to enter without troops. At the same time the Princess of Condé wrote to the Queen, entreating for her husband's liberty, and offering herself as a hostage in his stead. No attention was paid to this offer, and some fighting took place, with advantage on the royal side. The siege was formed, the citizens within at first confidently reckoning on aid from the Spaniards, or from the Vicomte de Turenne. The ladies carried earth to the fortifications in little beribboned baskets, the Princess leading them, and the little Duke visited the outposts on a white pony, or went with his mother among the ships in a pretty little yacht that had been presented to her.

But no succour arrived, and after a sharp encounter the Faubourg St. Surin was taken. An attack on one of the gates was repulsed, and measures were taken for bombarding the city. This alarmed the people,

CAMEO XV.

Meeting of the Queen and Princess. 1650.

and besides, autumn was setting in, and what would become of their grapes? Deputies from the Parliament of Paris had come down to endeavour to mediate, and the enthusiasm of Boudeaux collapsed! They would do anything for the Princess after the vintage, but not before! So there was a truce of ten days and negotiations commenced.

The city consented to receive the King's whole train, troops and all. Its resistance was overlooked, and the Princess and the two Dukes were to leave it, without suffering in freedom or fortune, but there was no release for the prisoners for whose sake Claire had taken up arms.

The poor lady had been unwell, and had been bled, when on her leaving Bordeaux, she was advised by all her friends to overcome her feelings, and pay her respects to the King and Queen. She left Bordeaux on the 3rd of October, after having spent four months there and was followed by the blessings of the whole population.

The Court was at Bourg, and there every one crowded to see one who so unexpectedly had become a heroine. Those who could feel how nobly she had acted, declared that grief had made the little plain woman beautiful; but Mademoiselle could see nothing but that her scarf that supported her arm was put on so awkwardly that it was difficult to help laughing. With much dignity and sweetness she made her speech of apology to the Queen for her act of rebellion, entreating for the freedom of the captives.

"I am very glad, my cousin," replied the Queen, "that you are conscious of your fault. You now see that you had taken wrong means for obtaining what you ask. Now that you are going to adopt a very opposite method, I will consider how and when I can give you the satisfaction which you request."

The Princess retired to her lodging, and when Mazarin called, treated him with the utmost coldness. When the Cardinal would have kissed the Duke of Enghien's hand, the child withdrew it angrily. The Princess proceeded to settle some business matters on her own estates, and then returned to Montrond, while the Court returned to Paris.

The captives had been moved first to Marcoussy, and then to the citadel of Havre, probably because Vincennes was so near the frontier that Turenne might have made a descent from Stenay and carried them off. He was still there, and there, too, was Madame de Longueville. Her mother, the old Princess, died at Châtillon on the 2nd of December, in a very devout frame of mind. Her last message was: "Tell the poor benighted creature at Stenay the state in which you see me, and let her learn how to die."

The old lady was said to have died of grief for her son's imprisonment, but she had endured it for nearly a year, and refused to sacrifice her treasures for his liberation. Immediately after, the resolute Claire sent an urgent petition to the Parliament of Paris for her husband. Her first attempt seemed to have failed; but it had, in fact, roused a strong sympathy, and the Parliament of Paris began to intercede with the Queen in a most determined manner. La Rochefoucauld came to

CAMEO XV.

Release of Condé. 1651.

Paris, and had secret interviews with the Cardinal, in which much was promised, but nothing ever came of it. A new Fronde was beginning. A secret treaty was formed between Rochefoucauld, the Coadjutor, Madame de Longueville, Madame de Chevreuse, the Princess Palatine, and the rest, for the downfall of the Cardinal. Even the Duke of Orleans was forced to sign their engagement, much against his will.

A few days later, Mazarin, while at Court, likened the party of the Fronde to Cromwell and Fairfax, names of horror in France. Monsieur told the Coadjutor, and the Coadjutor told the Parliament, who felt outraged, brought their indignation to a climax, and carried up a petition for the dismissal of the Cardinal. The old hatred broke out, bonfires were lighted in the streets, and Gaston was carried along by the excitement, and joined the party.

The Cardinal saw that he must yield. He made the Queen give him an order for the Commandant at Havre, desiring him to obey the Cardinal implicitly with regard to the prisoners. Armed with this, Mazarin took leave of her on the 5th of February, 1651, quitted Paris in the disguise of a gentleman, in a hat and feathers, and proceeded with a small escort to Havre.

Meantime, the Queen tried to get an interview with Gaston of Orleans, to win him back to her cause, but he would not come near her, and she decided on carrying the young King out of reach of the Parisians, to prevent his authority from being used against the Cardinal. News of her plan reached the other party, and they tried to get an order from Orleans for her detention; but the Duke, in great terror, went to bed, said he was ill, and would see no one. Then the Coadjutor and the Duke of Beaufort raised the populace, drums beat, guards were placed at the gates, and with one voice the Parisians declared that their King should not leave them to be made the puppet of his mother's minion. Some even forced their way into the Palais Royal late at night, and insisted on seeing the King. Anne of Austria received them with her unfailing stately dignity, and pretended to be very much surprised, and to have no notion of taking away her son, conducting them to see him, either fast asleep or so appearing. They watched him with great admiration, stood there blessing the boy, lying there with his beautiful hair spead on the pillow, and went away pouring blessings on his head.

The next day a formal order for the liberation of the Princes was drawn up, signed, and sealed; and at the same time Mazarin and all his relations were commanded to leave France within a fortnight's time. The good Premier President, Molé, however, said sadly—

"M. le Prince is free; but the King, our master, is a captive."

"He was a captive in the hands of Mazarin," returned Gaston. "He is so no longer."

"He is so no longer!" cried all the counsellors joyfully.

Mazarin had waited near Paris to see how things were going, and only arrived at Havre on the 13th. The Governor did not welcome

CAMEO XV.

Mazarin in exile. 1651.

him, and would not admit any of his escort into the castle, only undertaking to fulfil the Queen's orders respecting the prisoners. Mazarin had meant to bargain with them, and wring concessions from Condé as the price of the liberation, as an act of grace from himself; but the news of the decree signed in Paris disconcerted this plan, and all he could do was to obtain admission as the bearer of the good news.

Condé treated his strange visitor with the most deferential politeness, and listened gravely to his assurances that the imprisonment was none of his doing, and was wholly due to the Duke of Orleans and the Frondeurs, and the release was gained by his intercession. Afterwards the Prince invited the Cardinal to dinner, and was civility itself; but never uttered any reply to the Minister's attempts at reconciliation and union with him. At the last, just as Condé was stepping into the carriage which was to convey him to Paris, the Cardinal actually threw himself in the way and embraced his boot, but obtained only a formal bow and the words, "Adieu, M. le Cardinal."

He retired to the domains of the Elector Archbishop of Cologne at Brühl, whence, however, he directed all the counsels of the Queen, being, as there is every reason to believe, really her husband in secret.

The liberated captives were received with every demonstration of joy by all Paris and the Frondeurs, including the Duke of Orleans. The Queen, melancholy, and perhaps really ill, lay in bed to receive their visit of cold ceremony; but the Duke of Orleans gave them a grand supper, and there was universal joy at being rid of Mazarin. The Duchess of Longueville came from Stenay, and the Princess of Condé from Montrond, to enjoy what was the happiest interval of her sad life, for her husband showed himself grateful, and was really attentive and courteous to her, so that Mademoiselle saw her for the first time bright and lively, and attributed it to pleasure at having so much company in her house. There was a promise to assemble the States General, while Condé thought himself governing the kingdom, and as usual his arrogance gave offence in various quarters. One article in the compact which had gained his liberty was that the Prince of Conti should marry Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, but this alliance offended the pride of the elder brother, and he broke the marriage off hastily and haughtily. Madame de Chevreuse, much offended, repented of the aid she had given, went over to the Queen's party, and took with her the Coadjutor, who was devoted to the rejected daughter, and could always sway the mob of Paris. So many persons had thus come to desert the cause of the Prince that Anne of Austria thought of again arresting him, and it was even proposed to do so in his bed.

Troops were collected at the Palais Royal, and Condé and his friends began to live in a state of continual alarm. On the 6th of July, at two o'clock in the morning, some of these troops, chancing to be sent out to arrest some smugglers who were bringing in wine, were seen by the attendants of Condé, and a gentleman rushed into his bedroom, crying, "Monseigneur, your hotel is invested!"

CAMEO XV.

Disputes in Paris. 1651.

Condé started up, dressed himself in haste, and rode out with only six followers by the Porte St. Michel. He waited outside the city for the Prince of Conti, till, hearing a trampling of hoofs, he supposed that a troop of cavalry was in pursuit; and galloped off headlong to Meudon. There was plenty of joking over the hero of the time having been put to flight by what proved to be only market people with their donkeys. However, Condé would not return, but went to his château of St. Maur, where his family and friends joined him, and he held a kind of court. Queen and Parliament both sent entreaties to him to return, but he disdained them all, and made the condition of his return the dismissal of the secretaries whom Mazarin had left. The Queen, most unwillingly, made them retire, and Condé did return for a short time; but he was haughtier than ever, and openly complained of Mazarin's influence, making every preparation for a civil war.

Strangely violent scenes took place. In the "*Salle de la Justice*," the great hall of the Parliament, on the 19th of August, the Prince accused the Coadjutor of being the author of all the calumnies against him.

"At least," replied the Archbishop, "no one can take from me the honour of never having broken my word."

Condé laid his hand on his sword. The halls and galleries were filled with armed men. In another moment four thousand swords were drawn; but the Prince recollected what it would be to have a massacre in the Parliament itself of an Archbishop and his friends, recovered his self-command, and restrained his adherents.

Two days later, at the next meeting, the Coadjutor took care to have his friends and those of the Queen present in such full force, that the Prince's party could hardly get in, and found themselves hemmed in on all sides by armed men looking down from the galleries of the great hall.

The Prince, sincerely anxious to avoid bloodshed, being probably far better aware what it would be than were the civilians, made a formal complaint of the state of the Palais de Justice, choked with men armed with swords and pistols. "It was a great pity," he said, "that any one in the kingdom should dare dispute precedence (*disputer le pavé*) with him."

"Nobody will dispute *le haut du pavé* with your Highness," replied the Archbishop; "but there are those who by their rank should only yield it to the King."

"I will make you yield it," said Condé.

"It will not be easy," was the answer.

Here the Presidents hurried in, and entreated both the disputants to respect the temple of justice and the safety of the city. The Prince gave way, and turning to la Rochefoucauld, begged him to lead away all their partizans; and the Coadjutor undertook to remove all his own. Presently these two met in the entrance to the waiting-room, "*la Salle des pas perdus*," and as the Coadjutor came between the two folding

CAMEO XV.

Storms in Parliament. 1651.

doors, the Duke closed them on him, letting fall the iron bar that fastened them, so that the unfortunate prelate stood, with his body on one side of the doors, his head on the other, with the iron bar on his spine, the leaves of the door choking him, so that he was black in the face, while the Duke, holding the bar, called out to his friend Chavaignac to stab him. Chavaignac answered that he had no orders, and a gentleman sent by Molé, coming up, released Paul de Gondi from the strangest death that ever threatened a prelate. Stranger still, Rochefoucauld, who tells the story in his memoirs, does not seem in the least ashamed of it but rather to regret the loss of the opportunity! Monsieur was much frightened, as well he might be, but the Queen paid no attention to him, for her secret wish was to drive the Prince to such extremities as might justify the recall of Mazarin. However, the Chancellor, and some of the remaining adherents of her favourite, assured her that had this disturbance been fatal to either the Prince or the Archbishop, there would have been a commotion, endangering royalty itself, out of hatred to the Cardinal; she yielded so far as to forbid the Coadjutor to appear at the Parliament the next day.

He was in fact engaged in conducting a grand procession for Christmastide. It met the Prince, who devoutly alighted from his carriage, knelt down, and received the episcopal benediction, but immediately after, he quitted Paris, went to Chantilly, and decided on war.

Mazarin wrote to the Queen that the most prudent course would be to ally herself with the Parliament to crush the Princes. After they should have been put down the Parliament would be easily dealt with. She acted on this advice. The elections for the States General were beginning, but in order to quash them, and cancel all her promises, the Queen decided on proclaiming the majority of the King, and thus the close of her own regency. It was of course a farce, since he had only just entered his fourteenth year, and his mother still conducted the Government; but it made a new beginning, and was an occasion for stirring up the loyalty of the people.

The Court went in state to the Parliament, and there Louis, seated on his throne, surrounded by his brother, his uncle, the dukes, peers, and marshals, and all the great officers of State except Condé, declared—

"Messieurs, I am come to my Parliament to declare that, according to the law of my State, I take the government on myself; I hope in God's grace that it will be with piety and justice."

The Queen-Mother declared that she rejoiced in resigning her authority to him, and he embraced her, saying, "Next to myself, I desire that you should be the chief of my counsel."

Homage was then tendered by each of the princes, peers, and officers, and two edicts were read by the registrars, one against blasphemy, the other against duels. A declaration was made of confidence in the fidelity and loyalty of the Prince of Condé, and another cast the blame of all grievances on Cardinal Mazarin, forbidding him ever to return to

the kingdom. There was a prodigious festival at the young King's expense, and tuns of wine were drunk in his honour.

Every one knew that these two declarations were merely to please the populace; but Condé was unwilling to begin a civil war, and was only driven into it by his sister's persuasions and those of his friends.

"Remember," he said, "if I once draw the sword, I shall be the last to return it to the scabbard."

On the other side, Anne of Austria said, "Monsieur le Prince shall perish, or I will."

From Montrond, Condé directed his forces to take possession of the cities in Guyenne, and he afterwards proceeded to Bordeaux. On the other hand, Mazarin repaired to Sedan, and contrived to raise an army in the frontier cities, with which he marched to join the King and Queen at Poitiers.

War was raging again still as the Fronde, though there had been a general change of sides, the Parliament being now for the Court, and the Princes against it, the Duke of Orleans in a state of selfish agitation between the two. Learning that the royal army was advancing to his own appanage of Orleans, and fearing that the city might open its gates to them, he sent off his daughter, Mademoiselle, to keep the citizens to what he called their duty to himself. She went with only two ladies and her servants, and received a message by the way that the magistrates would not admit her. However, on she went, and found the gates closed against her. She went to a little inn outside, where she amused herself by opening everybody's letters brought by the courier from Bordeaux, and the Governor of the town sent her out some sweetmeats, though he durst not admit her, more especially as the Garde de Sceaux was thundering at the opposite gate, demanding entrance in the name of the King and Queen.

By and by Mademoiselle grew impatient, and went out walking along the moat. The ramparts were crowded with people, shouting "*Vive le roi! Vivent les Princes! Point de Mazarin!*" She answered with, "Let me in! Fetch the keys! Call the magistrates!" But nobody stirred. Coming to another gate, the guard presented arms, and she called to the officer to open the gate. He bowed and said he had no keys, and to all her threats he responded by low bows, though they became more and more violent. Presently she came to the Loire, where the boatmen surrounded her with shouts of "*Vive Monsieur! Vive Mademoiselle!*" declaring that it was a shame to lock her out of her father's own city. She told them to row her to the water-gate; but they said there was an old gate close by, which they could easily break down. Two boats were laid across the ditch as a bridge, and a ladder raised to the door, in which a hole was cut, and she squeezed through it under the iron bar. As soon as her head appeared, drums beat, and cries of applause greeted her. A wooden chair was brought on which she was enthroned, and carried towards the Hôtel de Ville, where she took the command of the embarrassed magistrates, and

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Battle of the Port St. Antoine. 1652.

effectually kept out the Garde de Sceaux ; though, on the other hand, she admitted no soldiers of the Prince's party, although she was much inclined to them.

She went out to a little inn to hold a council with the Dukes of Beaufort and Nemours, and had to mediate between them in a violent quarrel, when they drew their swords against one another. Indeed, Condé's party were ill agreed ; he had even quarrelled with his sister, and she had broken with De la Rochefoucauld !

The Duke de Bouillon and his brother Turenne were now on the Queen's side, and the command of the royal army was conferred on the Viscount.

Condé, with only eight persons, dashed across France, to take the command of the army over which Beaufort and Nemours were disputing. The very morning after he arrived, Turenne saw by the disposition of the troops who must be opposed to him. "M. le Prince is come," he said.

They were the two greatest captains of the age, and they fought almost in sight of the King and Queen at Bleneau. But though there were skirmishes, no decisive engagement took place. It was a struggle of manœuvres, and in this Condé had the disadvantage. His wife meanwhile gave birth to another son at Bordeaux, and was for some time in such extreme danger that Mademoiselle again began to entertain hopes of being able to marry her hero ! She passed through his camp on her way back to Paris, and bridled at his courtesy in making her name of Anne the watchword of the night.

She was able to render him an important service. Week after week the two armies had watched one another, till at last Condé was driven up to the walls of Paris, and there the gates were closed against both armies.

Condé was at St. Cloud, whence, on the 2nd of July, he endeavoured to lead his army round to Charenton at the confluence of the Seine and the Loire ; but when he came in front of the Porte St. Antoine, he found that a battle was inevitable, and that he was caught in a trap, where, unless he could escape through the city, his destruction was inevitable. He barricaded the three streets that met there, heaping up his baggage as a protection, and his friends within, many of them wives of gentlemen in his army, saw the situation with despair ; but no one knew how to act.

Mademoiselle rushed to her father, who—as usual when in perplexity —stood whistling and tapping on the window, saying he was not well enough to leave the house. She gave him no peace till she had extracted from him a letter to the magistrates, saying that she would inform them of his intentions. Armed with this, she proceeded to the Hôtel de Ville, where she found all the officials in great anxiety. She would not sit down, but gave them her father's letter, and as the town guard had been called out, she bade them send 2,000 men to the Prince, and to put 400 under her orders.

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Mademoiselle at the Bastille. 1652.

They did this, but demurred when she demanded a passage for the Prince's troops through the city, lest they should bring on it the horrors of war. She represented that if they let the Prince's army be massacred at their gates, Turenne's would burst in on them; then she threatened them with an appeal to the people, and after raving at them for some minutes, she prevailed, and went off to the Porte St. Antoine, at every step of the way meeting gentlemen badly wounded being carried in on mattresses, doors, boards, or ladders.

At last she was close to the spot near the Bastille. She went into a house, and having secured passage at the gates for her people, she sent a message to the Prince, who came to her all over dust and blood, his cuirass dinted all over with blows, and his sword in his hand. He dropped into a chair panting for breath before he could speak. "You see a man in despair," he said; "Nemours, Rochefoucauld, Clinchamp are all mortally wounded. I have lost all my friends!"

She took his hand and comforted him, being able to assure him that one at least of these was doing well; and after thanking her vehemently and swallowing some wine, he rushed off again to try to save the rest and secure their entrance into the city. So eagerly did he fight, that Turenne declared it was as if not one, but twelve Princes of Condé were in the field.

Mademoiselle now repaired to the top of the great square tower of the Bastille, whence she could see the terrible conflict carried on in the three suburban streets which converged at the Porte St. Antoine, and beyond, on the heights of Charente at a distance, were more royal troops, the young King riding among them. The main body of his army was in the hollow beneath, and Mademoiselle from her elevation descried a number of them being detached to coast along the moat, and thus cut off the Prince's troops from the refuge in the city. She instantly despatched a page to the Prince with the intelligence, and with equal promptitude caused the cannon on the Bastille to fire on the advancing columns. It was the saving of the Prince's army. Turenne was obliged to draw back, and at last Condé brought his army into the city, where they encamped in the open space of the Pré des Clercs, and Mademoiselle sent them wine and refreshments.

Condé unworthily requited the hospitality wrung from the city. He was resolved to overcome the neutrality of the Parliament, and in concert with Beaufort, instigated the mob to violence. Many soldiers were disguised as artizans, and mingled with the rabble, when, on the 4th of July, he went to the Hôtel de Ville ostensibly to thank the magistrates, but really to demand their support against the Crown.

These loyal men however by a majority of votes, decided on a petition to the King to return without Mazarin. On this Condé exclaimed publicly, "These gentlemen will do nothing for us. They are Mazarinists. Treat them as you please."

Then he retired to the Luxembourg with Gaston, while Beaufort let loose the mob. The Hôtel de Ville was stormed, the rabble poured in

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Attack on the Hôtel de Ville. 1652.

at doors and windows, while the disguised soldiers fired from the opposite houses, and the magistrates were threatened and pursued on all sides. They had one advantage, that they knew their way through the intricate passages and the mob did not. The first who got out rushed to the Luxembourg to entreat the Duke and Prince to stop the massacre ; but Monsieur only whistled and beat his tattoo, and Condé said he knew nothing about sedition. Nor would Beaufort interfere till the disturbance had lasted many hours ; but after all many more of the rabble were killed than of the magistrates.

It was the last remarkable scene in the strange drama of the Fronde. The Parliament suspended its sittings, and the King transferred it to Pontoise, whither Molé and all the other Presidents proceeded, leaving Paris in disguise. This last ferocious proceeding of Condé's, though he tried to disavow it, had shocked and alienated every one, and he soon after fell sick of a violent fever. Meanwhile, his castle of Montrond was taken after a year's siege, Nemours was killed in a duel by the Duke of Beaufort, and the party was falling to pieces.

On the other hand, the Duke of Bouillon died, and Monsieur's heart was so entirely broken by the death of his only son, that he never again appeared in public life. Mazarin saw the opportunity, and again left the Court for the German frontier. This was all that was wanting to bring back the malcontents. Condé offered to make terms, but was haughtily answered that it was no time for negotiation, but for submission.

Upon this, he proceeded to the Low Countries, and offered his sword to the Spaniards. The King entered Paris in State and held a bed of justice, in which he proclaimed an amnesty, excepting from it Condé and Conti, and some others of their party, and forbidding the Parliament to interfere in State affairs. The Coadjutor, who had become a Cardinal, was arrested, and imprisoned until he made his escape, dislocating his shoulder in his fall from the window, but finally reaching Rome, where he lived till the Fronde was forgotten, but never becoming Archbishop of Paris.

Madame de Longueville, after sighing that she could not enjoy innocent pleasures, went to her aunt, the widowed Duchess de Montmorency. There the pious feelings of her girlhood returned, she repented deeply of her wild course, and spent the remaining twenty-seven years of her life as an exemplary wife and mother most devout, and a protection to the Port Royal nuns.

When all was quiet, Mazarin returned, in February, 1653, without the slightest opposition, and thus ended the Fronde, in the entire triumph of the Crown. The Parliament had been noble and patriotic, but the factions of the nobles were only out of ambition and jealousy. The misery, distress, and disease caused by these wars of the Fronde were unspeakable. There was nothing to eat in the provinces where they had raged but roots, rotten fruit, and bread made of bran. In Picardy the carcases of dogs and horses were eaten. A man near Guise

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End of the Fronde. 1653.

unearthed a dog that had been dead three days and devoured it. Others ate slugs and snails, and such furniture as they had was seized by soldiers sent to collect the *gabelle*, or salt-tax. The hospitals swarmed with dying wretches, and the cruelties of the soldiers were worse than all. A man and his wife were scourged to death with thorns, while their tormentors betted which would die first; and this was but a single instance of the horrors that went on.

The courtyard of Port Royal aux Champs was filled with peasants supported by the bounty of Mère Angélique; and St- Vincent de Paul, the parish clergy, the Capuchins, Jesuits and Sisters of Charity toiled incessantly. They found the country between Etampes and Pontoise strewn with corpses of those slain by hunger and disease. Etampes itself was a fearful spectacle, houses destroyed, streets impassable, dead and dying everywhere.

Five of the brethren who accompanied Vincent died of the infection, besides several Sisters; and this was only one out of many places where agonies worse than death had been suffered by hundreds. And through no worthy cause—merely the selfish ambition and intrigue of the nobility! *Le misère de la Fronde* was long a proverbial expression in France.

CAMEO XVI.

VAN TROMP'S BROOM.

(1649-1654.)

France.
1643. Louis XIV.

Spain.
1631. Philip IV.

Germany.
1647. Ferdinand III.

Pope.
1644. Innocent X.

CAMEO XVI.

Death of William II. of Orange.

THERE had been great dislike of the Dutch Republic among a large section of the English ever since the great massacre of Amboyna ; and among the Parliamentary faction, this was increased by the close connection of the Royal Family with the House of Orange. Money and ships had been supplied from the large estates of the Stadtholder, Prince William II., and a refuge for the distressed Princes and the Cavaliers had always been ready at the Hague, where the Prince with his wife, the Princess Royal, kept his Court, and where lived Elizabeth Stuart, the Queen of Bohemia.

There was however a considerable party in the States who watched the power of the House of Orange with deep distrust ; and with them the English Republicans were very anxious to form an alliance. Indeed, they had a dream of absolute union with them as one mighty Protestant State.

William II. died of small-pox on the 6th of November, 1650, in his twenty-fifth year. Only a week later his widow gave birth to her first child, in a chamber completely hung with black, even his cradle being of the same colour, with mourning curtains. He was a small, delicate child, and was not publicly baptized till the 16th of January. He was robed in ermine, and had the whole States General of Holland and Zeeland for his godfathers, when he received the name of William, which he was to make so famous.

Mary continued to reside at the Hague, her brother James, Duke of York, being generally with her. There, too, still lived Elizabeth, once called the Queen of Hearts, still light-hearted and witty, though severely tried by poverty and losses among her many children. The office of Stadtholder was abolished, and the Parliament sent over Oliver St.

John to treat with the Dutch for a grand alliance; but there were delays, for the States were quite undecided, and wished perhaps to see how the expedition of Charles II. to Oxford turned out. St. John was affronted, and went home in displeasure.

At the same time the Parliament had enacted that no goods from Asia, Africa, or America should be imported, except in English vessels. Their object was to encourage their own merchant navy; but it was a great blow to the Dutch, who had prosperous colonies in all these regions, and were at that time the chief merchants in existence.

The States, finding the cause of the Stewarts apparently hopeless, sent ambassadors to London to attempt an alliance, and to remonstrate against the exclusion of their vessels; but they did so in such a haughty tone as could not fail to give offence, and the English Council, who were every whit as proud, demanded satisfaction for the massacre of Amboyna in 1623, and for two millions of money besides—in compensation for other injuries suffered from the Dutch privateers in all parts of the world—justice upon the murderers, and likewise an apology for the intercourse of the States with the late King and his family. They also demanded that, in the narrow seas, every foreign flag should be lowered before the English Red Cross, and enjoined their captains to be firm in demanding this homage, and likewise to exact the accustomed tribute of one herring in every forty netted by Dutch fishermen in English waters.

The Dutch held themselves to be undisputed masters of the seas. They were not yet aware that a mighty genius had arisen in naval matters in that Oxford scholar, who had so unwillingly submitted to Fiennes' surrender of Bristol. Seamanship seems to have been supposed to come by nature, and certainly it did so in the case of Robert Blake. He was fifty years old when for the first time he took the command of a vessel in April, 1649, for the purpose of encountering Prince Rupert in the Irish seas.

Rupert was another mariner by nature, but not equal to Blake, who chased him to the Tagus, and watched him there, and though the Portuguese took part with the Prince, and threatened to attack Blake, they never could drive the English from their station, nor force them to a battle. Blake only seized their merchant ships, and finally went off in search of the fleet coming from the Brazils, on which Rupert and his brother Maurice with their vessels sailed for Andalusia.

There meeting the Malaga fleet under cover of night, he captured two ships, but made off in the morning. The men of Veley Malaga, seeing his vessels in the offing, sent to ask the Government of Madrid what was to be done, and receiving no answer, actually let him plunder and burn six English merchant ships in their harbour. Blake pursued the Princes, and watched the Spanish coast for them.

Just at this time the Court of Spain, under Philip IV., had two rival English Embassies, Hyde and Cottington, from the young King, Anthony Ascham, from the Commonwealth. Six of the desperate

CAMEO XVI.

Murder of Ascham. 1649.

Cavaliers in the suite of the former, rushed in upon Ascham and his interpreter, and murdered them, as Dorislaus had been killed in Holland. Probably these crimes were a horrible protest against these rebels being supposed to have ambassadors.

This outrage disinclined the Spaniards to the Royalists, and Blake was not prevented from falling on the Prince's fleet at Carthagena, taking it by surprise, and destroying all the ships but three, those in which the brothers sailed. Maurice reached Toulon, Rupert was driven by stress of weather to Sicily. They began making prizes of Spanish vessels in the Mediterranean ; but Blake announced to the French that if they were allowed to sell their prizes in these ports, he should make reprisals. Driven out of the Mediterranean they repaired to the West Indies, and lived a buccaneering life till Maurice's ship, with all on board, was lost near the Virgin Isles. The two brothers had always been devoted to each other, and Rupert, returning to Nantes with a damaged ship, broken fortune, and a sad heart, had a severe illness. He spent his time at Paris, Mentz, or the Hague, busying himself with art and chemistry. Remembering the marks left on paper by cleaning the lock of a rusty gun, he invented mezzotint engraving ; he improved gunpowder ; made useful additions to the naval quadrant, and his name is still borne by the composition called Prince's metal, and by the curious glass bulbs called Rupert's drops.

He must have been a man of rare ability, but it was his misfortune that command came to him before he had outgrown his impetuosity and gained experience. He was no match for Blake, who cleared the seas of the Cavalier-privateers, and broke up their fort in Sicily, there taking captive Sir John Grenville, son of Sir Bevil ; and in the ensuing winter he mastered the Cavalier strongholds in Jersey and Guernsey. Thus had he gained experience enough to cope with the great admirals of Holland. The Dutch on their side had a sort of constellation of some of the greatest sailors that the world had ever produced.

Foremost was Marten Harpert Van Tromp, son of a captain ; he was only nine years old when he saw his father killed on his own deck in a battle with the Spaniards, and flying up to one of the officers, cried, "Will you not avenge his death?" He had spent most of his life at sea, and had done much to reform the administration of the Dutch navy ; and it had been he who had defeated Aguendo and the Spanish fleet on the English coast in 1639, after which he had been knighted by Charles I.

No less famous was Michiel Adrianzoon de Ruyter. He was the son of a brewer's man at Flushing, and when only ten years old had horrified the townspeople by making his appearance astride on the ball on the topmost pinnacle of the church steeple, shouting and gesticulating. He had got up by the help of the ladders employed by some workmen repairing the roof; but these had been removed, and before they were brought back, he had kicked in some of the tiles, climbed down on the wooden bars on which they rested, and having reached an

opening to a stair, was chased by the beadle all over the galleries, and was presently heard making wild work with the organ!

After another year of such escapades, young Michiel was sent to sea, and gradually rose, by his remarkable dexterity and boldness, showing none of the disobedience at sea which had made him intolerable ashore. He preferred however the merchant service to that of the State, and often met with strange adventures, in which his great dexterity saved him. Once, when returning from Ireland with a cargo of salt butter, he was encountered by a privateer, for which his vessel was no match. But during the chase, he caused a cask of the butter to be opened, and deck, spars, ropes, and all, to be plentifully greased. The enemy no sooner boarded him than each man slipped and fell hither and thither, till they thought the ship bewitched, or the actual *Flying Dutchman* itself, and fled in dismay to their own vessel.

But he had signalised himself by other exploits than this, and so had Cornelius de Witt, a runaway from the peaceful Mennonites, or Baptists, of Holland. In fact, the Dutch held themselves the masters of the seas, and despised the English navy, divided as it had been by the civil war. Its very flag showed the change, for the Commonwealth had dropped the Union Jack with the ensigns of Scotland and Ireland, and only bore the English red cross of St. George.

So when a Dutch fleet of nine traders and three ships of war, off the Start Point, was called upon by Captain Young to lower their flags to his three men-of-war, one of the convoy refused. Young replied with the unmistakable language of a broadside, there was a sharp action, lasting three hours, and in the meantime the traders retreated with half a million of pure gold on board.

Tromp meanwhile was lying off the Flemish coast with forty-two sail, intending to keep away from the English coast, but stress of weather forced him to run across to Dover. The English fleet with Blake was at Rye, and came up, but neither commander wished to begin an action which might lead to a war, and Tromp was sailing away to the eastward, when the captain of one of the three ships beaten by Young came to him with the story of the combat, and begged his protection for the nine vessels of the convoy with their valuable freight.

Tromp put back to guard them, and as he neared the English fleet he sent two sailors aloft in his own ship, the *Brederode*, to lower the flags; but Blake and the English were so persuaded that he meant to give battle, that they did not wait to see whether the flag was lowered, but fired upon the *Brederode*. After the third shot, one sailor having been wounded, Van Tromp fired a broadside, which broke the cabin-windows, and Blake, curling his black moustache with his fingers, as he always did when angry, gave orders to prepare for action, and on either side the blood-red flag was hung out.

Tromp had forty ships, Blake thirteen; but Major Bourne, with eight, was striving to come up with him. All through that 29th of May the cannon thundered at one another, and when darkness separated the

CAMEO XVI.
—
The Start Point.
1652.

fleets, Blake's flagship, the *James*, was greatly shattered, and many of his other ships were much injured; but on the other hand, he had taken one Dutch ship and sunk another.

After watching each other till midday on the 30th, each fleet drew off to its own country. There was great indignation in both. The Londoners were scarcely restrained from burning the houses of the Dutch ambassadors, and these in vain explained that the Admiral had been driven into the Downs by the weather, and had only been prevented from lowering his flag by Blake's impatience, adding that, with such a superior force, it was only his forbearance that had prevented him from destroying the English fleet. This news did not improve the English temper, and though offers were made of disowning and degrading Tromp, the demands of the Parliament only became more exacting.

Meanwhile Blake cruised about in the Channel, capturing Dutch merchantmen on their return from the Indies. In less than a month he had sent home forty prizes, and whereas "nothing succeeds so well as success," the Council of State voted him forty fresh ships, raised the sailors' wages, and licensed the impressing of mariners between the ages of fifteen and twenty. Soon he had 105 ships, and 3,961 guns; but men were more difficult to find, though two regiments were sent on board, and became the commencement of the corps of marines.

The Dutch were working away at the building and equipment of sixty new men-of-war, and, ere many weeks had elapsed, Tromp's squadron amounted to one hundred and five ships. Both lay near home; but the Dutch had all the advantage of experience, alike in seamanship and in naval warfare.

The two fleets ran out to sea in the same week; Blake went to the north, to attack the convoy of the great Dutch herring fishery. He fought them for three hours, and gained an entire victory.

All the six hundred herring-boats, loaded with fish, fell into his power; but he would not bring utter ruin on the poor men who owned them. He merely took from each a tithe of the fish, bound them over not to fish in English waters without permission from the Government, and sent them safely home. Men were actually found to blame his humanity, and to say that he ought to have kept the boats, and thrown the fish into the sea; but he answered that the herrings were human food, and thousands of persons would have been made to suffer for benefit to no one. Thus our second battle of the Herrings was a noble one.

But while Blake was pursuing the remains of the Dutch herring-boats to the Sound, he was urgently needed at home. Tromp and his mighty fleet were threatening the coast of Kent, and Sir George Ascue had only fifteen men-of-war with which to oppose him. All Kent rose up in arms, and erected a long platform between Deal and Sandown Castle, armed with batteries, to attack any Dutch ship that should attempt to land its men.

A strong wind blowing off shore kept Tromp from approaching the

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The North Foreland. 1652.

coast, and he resolved to go in quest of Blake. On the 5th of August the two fleets met far to the north, between the Orkney and Zetland Isles; and they were on the point of engaging when Blake perceived symptoms of a storm, and signalled to the rest of the fleet to prepare for that worse foe than the Dutch. Perhaps having begun his career at sea so late in life, he was the more cautious. At any rate, he saved his whole sixty-three ships and his prizes, though not without much damage, by running to the leeward of the largest of the Zetland Isles, while the terrible summer tempest raged. The Dutch suffered far more than he, several frigates being wrecked on the rocks with the loss of every soul on board; and Tromp, after collecting the shattered remnant of his once grand armament, ran into Scheveling with only forty-two sail, while Blake hung on his rear, and proceeded to sweep the coasts from Wadden to Zeeland, so as to appear at Yarmouth with a whole train of prizes and nine hundred prisoners.

At the same time Ascue and De Ruyter had met further south. They fought, but neither could claim the victory, and De Ruyter brought off safely all the merchantmen in his charge.

The Dutch States were extremely angry at the ruin of their fine fleet. All the blame was laid on the High Admiral, and there was a strict enquiry into his conduct, which lasted all the autumn, so much to his pain and indignation, that he resigned the command. It was transferred to De Ruyter, with whom was joined the great statesman John de Witt. Off the North Foreland they encountered Admirals Blake and Penn. Ruyter advised De Witt not to give battle, as the men were extremely discontented at Tromp's absence, and, indeed, the men of the *Brederode* would not even let De Witt come on board. He did not however choose to retreat, and there was a sharp engagement, lasting till night put an end to it. The loss had been greatest on the Dutch side, though the battle could hardly be called decisive. The English Admiral expected to renew it in the morning, but during the night twenty disaffected Dutch ships had sailed away to Zeeland, and though De Witt would have fought, his more experienced compeers overruled him, and induced him to make for his own coasts, whither he was chased by the English as far as the shallows would allow.

Well might the English be proud of the Oxford scholar, who, after being only three years at sea, had outgeneralled the most famous Admirals of the chief naval Power in Europe. The Dutch feeling again veered round in favour of Tromp; indeed, the crews were so mutinous, that De Witt had to punish them severely. He was mobbed at Flushing and fell sick; Tromp was entreated to resume the command, and on the 1st of December, 1652, he was greeted tumultuously as "Father" by the crews of ninety-eight men-of-war and five hundred merchant ships in the Meuse.

The English fleet had dispersed for their winter stations, and the weather was so rough that Blake had no expectation of an enemy appearing, and had only thirty-seven vessels with him, when suddenly

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—
The Downs.
1652.

the Dutch fleet was descried off the Goodwin Sands, covering the sea with a hundred sail. Tromp intended to close up the Thames, prevent reinforcements from being sent, and either to crush Blake's squadron, or drive it away down the Channel.

Blake called a council on board his flagship, the *Triumph*. He was determined to fight, rather than be cooped up as Aguendo had been, or to be driven down the Channel and leave the Eastern counties exposed to the enemy.

On the 9th of December he ran out from the Downs, hoping to reach Rye Bay, where he might receive some succour. Tromp pursued, hoping to cut him off. The chase lasted till dark, and was renewed the next day, a violent wind favouring the strange hunt, when the ships could be watched from the coast like flocks of white birds.

By one o'clock the slowest of the English vessels were reached by the fastest of the Dutch, and the battle began.

Tromp in the *Brederode* tried to engage Blake in the *Triumph*, but the wind carried him past; and he fell on the *Garland*, which had only forty-eight guns. A gallant little merchant ship, with only thirty guns, came up however to the other side of the *Brederode*, and had placed the Admiral between two fires, when the Vice-Admiral, Everts, came up, and the four ships battled furiously in the cloud of smoke for a full hour before the two little English ships were overwhelmed. Blake, meantime, with two other ships, had borne the brunt of the fight, engaging twenty of the enemy at once, and being so fully occupied that only at dusk did he hear of the distress of the *Garland* and *Bonaventure*. Battered as his vessel was, he tried to go to their rescue; but he was hemmed in by Dutch ships, and three times boarded, yet each time he succeeded in driving the enemy back. Two other ships, the *Vanguard* and the *Sapphire*, a trader with thirty guns, stood by him valiantly, so that when darkness and fog ended the strife, the gallant *Triumph* was still free, though riddled with shot and her canvas hanging in strings; and, still covering the rear of his fleet, he put into the Dover roads, having lost two vessels, besides one burnt, and three sunk. He wrote that if all his ships had fought like the five best, even with his inferior numbers, he might have gained the victory; but many of the ships were under manned, and there had been much "baseness of spirit" among some of the captains.

On their side, the Dutch had lost one vessel, and those of Tromp and De Ruyter were completely disabled; but there was of course immense elation at the victory. Tromp wished to sail at once into the Thames, and fall on the rest of the English ships; and he is said to have hoisted a broom at his masthead wherewith to sweep them from the seas. Pilots, however, could not be had, and the scheme was dropped. Tromp's biographer doubts the broom story, because of the great Admiral's usual modesty; but he may have been unwilling to repress the delight of his sailors. One of them in the heat of the battle, while hurrying along with a bag of powder, finding some one standing, as he

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The Isle of Ré. 1652.

thought, idle, gave him a sharp blow, with an order to get out of the way. When all was over, the man was sent for to the quarterdeck, and to his consternation found that his buffet had been bestowed on the Admiral. "You need not be afraid, my son," said Tromp, "you did your duty; only next time don't hit so hard." And therewith the sailor was promoted.

Tromp tried in vain to persuade the Dutch that one victory with far superior numbers did not prove that the English were like the Spaniards, and that improvements must be made if the States were to retain the supremacy. Privateers were dashing out from all the ports and bringing in English fishing and coasting vessels as prizes; while Blake was refitting, and at his desire Commissioners were inquiring into the causes of his defeat, and giving full and hearty aid, not only in supplying it, but in rooting out all the abuses that he complained of.

Thus, while Tromp received not one new vessel, not a grain of powder, nor round of ammunition, but was ordered off, in February, 1653, with his fleet to escort 150 merchantmen to the isle of Ré in the Bay of Biscay, and bring back the like number, Blake's fleet had been raised to eighty, and he had Generals Monk and Deane, with 1,200 men on board. With these he went to intercept the Dutch convoy on its return, and when Tromp had rounded Cape Hogue, he beheld the Channel covered with English ships.

"They want fighting," said Tromp, "and they shall have plenty of it."

It was the 18th of February, and they fought off Portland. All day long the roar of the cannon was heard, even at Boulogne. The two enemies fought as only men can fight who inherit the stern resolute Saxon or Low Dutch blood; but by night, after terrrible damage done on either side, a move of Tromp to protect his convoy was taken by his ships for flight, and this put an end to the battle for the day. He had lost eight men-of-war, the English had had several captured, but had recovered them all; only one of them, the *Samson*, had lost nearly her whole crew, and was in such a shattered state that Blake took out the survivors and abandoned her. He was himself wounded, but would not go on shore, though he sent all the other wounded to hospitals, which the spectators at Weymouth had been preparing all day and night. What was possible was done to put the ships in fighting gear for the next day. Tromp, on the other hand, withstood the captains, who wanted to leave the merchantmen to their fate, and formed his ships into a great crescent in their rear, De Ruyter at one end, Floriez at the other, and himself in the middle, all crowding on sail, and keeping as near as possible to the French coast. Blake followed like a hunter on his prey, and the terrible fight lasted again all day. Five Dutch ships were taken or sunk, and De Ruyter had very nearly shared their fate, while other captains growing fainthearted or disaffected, sent word that they had used up their ammunition, and were sent off in the night.

The third morning showed Blake that the enemy was much reduced

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Dover. 1653.

in numbers. Again he fell upon them, and Tromp sent all the traders word to make sail as fast as they could for the first friendly port, while he did his best for them. But his ships of war had suffered terribly; some were so disabled as to be unmanageable, and could scarcely be kept from sinking; others had spent all their ammunition; others had crews fearfully reduced, and, what was worse, some captains were disheartened, and others disaffected. Moreover a strong wind was blowing from the French coast, and in the condition of the ships, it was impossible to get them near enough to be out of danger. For two hours, however, Tromp fought; but at eleven o'clock he saw a large part of his fleet flying. Instantly he placed himself across their path, and fired a broadside on them, sending to demand of the captains whether they would act as villains and be shot as cowards, or return to their stations and take their chance. They sullenly obeyed, and the half-moon was reformed, though only thirty ships could return fire. At three o'clock in the afternoon Blake made another attack, and the struggle lasted till night, when Tromp ran in about four miles from Calais, with scarcely another shot in his lockers.

Blake expected to capture him on his way round Artois, but when morning came, he proved to have slipped off in the night, having saved three-fourths of his convoy.

About fifty of these traders had been taken by the English, and eighteen ships of war, with the loss only of the *Samson*. Many more Dutch ships had been sunk, and the loss of life was tremendous on both sides. Blake himself was severely wounded, and so were many of his best officers. He returned to the Isle of Wight, and there superintended the preparation of the fleet for a fresh cruise.

The Dutch fitted out a fresh fleet of one hundred and twenty ships, and while Blake had been sent to the Scotch coast, they took two or three präams and fired upon Dover. Down came the English Admiral with a favourable wind to meet them. Before he could arrive, the battle had begun. Monk, Deane, and Penn, with ninety-eight ships, had encountered Tromp and De Ruyter with an equal number. Deane had been killed by one of the first shots; but the damage had been equal on either side, although Tromp had stimulated his crews by an extra ration of liquor. The fight had been renewed in the morning, but neither side had gained any advantage till Blake arrived with his fresh ships early in the afternoon. His son Robert was the first to come up and burst through the Dutch line, amid enthusiastic cheers from the English. Tromp saw that hope of victory was over, but he was determined to fight to the last with dogged determination.

He actually boarded Penn's ship, the *James*, and carried the quarter-deck; but thirteen men of-war dashed up to the rescue, and Tromp, in his turn, was boarded. Foot by foot his men were forced to retire below; but in the midst, he dragged two small barrels of powder to the middle deck and set fire to them. Strange to say, he was unhurt, but the explosion destroyed a number of the English, and set the quarter-

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The Texel. 1653.

deck on fire. De Ruyter and De Witt came up, and the *Brederode* was saved. Thirty ships lay closely wedged together in volumes of dense smoke, and it was almost impossible to distinguish friend from foe ; but during this terrible encounter some of the captains beyond the pack on the Dutch side fled in utter confusion. Tromp made the signal of retreat towards Flushing. He was closely pursued by the English, seizing each ship that was overtaken, and not relaxing the chase till one o'clock in the morning, when the enemy had got into shoals that they durst not venture into.

Blake and Monk returned with 1,350 prisoners, and fourteen captured vessels. Six Dutch ships had been sunk, and two blown up. The English went about singing—

"The moody Dutch are tame and cool,
They pray and wish for peace ;
Our gallant navy in the pool
Hath melted all their grease.

"While they are drunk, awhile they fight,
But after run, swear, mutter ;
Their buns are all too cold and light
To melt our English butter."

"Dutch courage" for the daring inspired by liquor became a proverb ; rather unjustly, for the Hollanders were as brave and resolute as the English. Their losses were in great part owing to the state of their navy, since as Tromp had repeatedly told their High Mightinesses, the English had fifty ships better than his best.

Desperately did the States, now awakened, work to retrieve their cause. Ship-building went on vigorously, numbers of volunteers came forward, all the able-bodied beggars were pressed for a year's service. On the other hand, Blake was blockading the coast of Holland from the Zwein to the Texel ; but he was ill-supplied with provisions and ammunition, and the food caused much sickness. He himself had to return to England exceedingly ill, leaving Penn and Monk to supply his place.

In the first week in August, Tromp, in the good old *Brederode*, was at sea again, having taken leave of his aged mother on board. It was her last sight of him. On the 10th of August, 1653, there was another tremendous battle off the Texel, opposite to the villages of Scheveningen and Ter Heide. Blake's absence gave the Dutch hope, but in vain. Tromp himself fell by a musket shot ; but the fight still raged with great fury till night. Then a gale drove Monk away, but De Witt, with fifteen ships, retained his station, and therefore claimed the victory. However, this last engagement had so entirely ruined the Dutch fleet, that there was no alternative but to make peace. Honours to the English flag were conceded, the refuge in the States was denied to Charles II. and his brothers, a pension was granted to the heirs of the victims of Amboyna, and all other demands of the English Commonwealth were granted.

CAMEO XVII.

THE PROTECTORATE ABROAD.

(1652—1657.)

France.	*Spain.*
1643. Louis XIV.	1631. Philip IV.
Germany.	*Pope.*
1647. Ferdinand III.	1644. Innocent X.

CAMEO XVII.

The Interregnum.

On the execution of the King, what sad custom has taught us to call a provisional government, had been appointed by the Rump, to remain in office twelve months. It consisted of forty-one members, among whom were the judges, the chief officers in the army, Ludlow, Harrison, Blake, and Monk, and five peers, Denbigh, Mulgrave, Pembroke, Salisbury, and Grey of Werke, and these were to be the executive body, ruling "by way of a Republic," without King or House of Peers. The new Great Seal represented—instead of the enthroned monarch—the House of Commons.

War had brought distress. The taxes were far heavier than any exactions of Charles. Numbers of people were starved to death in Lancashire and Westmoreland, and in Cumberland the magistrates certified that thirty thousand families had neither seed, nor bread corn, nor the means of procuring any. This was in 1649, when two more years of warfare were yet to come, and the army had to be supported. The pay was, indeed, always in arrears, and was partly supplied by sales of forfeited property; but it was a heavy burthen, and there were continual promises that the army should be reduced; yet the Irish and Scotch wars and the threatened Royalist risings made this impossible. It had also been enacted that the Long Parliament should dissolve at the end of the year 1649; but the time passed and nothing was done. In fact, it did not know how to dissolve itself. After Pride's purges one member after another had quietly drifted back to his old place; but there were no elections to fill seats left vacant by death, defection, or incapacity, and the Commons were still a Rump.

Every Wednesday they went into Grand Committee, and consulted how to put an end to themselves as a Parliament; but after eleven

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Conference of Grandees. 1651.

months this farce was dropped, and when Cromwell came back from his victories in Ireland, Scotland, and Worcester, he found them just where he had left them.

In fact, he really seems to have been the only man in the three kingdoms really capable of getting anything carried out. He returned to his Council of officers at Whitehall, and his place in Parliament, and there prevailed to get a resolution made that the Commons should break up in three years' time, in November, 1654, that is to say, and likewise that an amnesty should be proclaimed, securing the persons and properties of the Royalists, so long as they lived peaceably. In the winter of 1651, at Speaker Lenthall's house in Chancery Lane, was held what was called the Conference of Grandees, to decide on the future government of the country. Cromwell himself was of course there, with Whalley, Fleetwood, Desborough, and Harrison; and of civilians, the Lord Keeper Whitlock, Oliver St. John, and Sir Thomas Widdrington. Cromwell held his peace, while all the soldiers were in favour of a Republic, all the lawyers of a limited Monarchy; but then came the question who the King should be. Charles and James had both borne arms against the Commonwealth, and little Henry's name was brought forward; but the conference broke up, and had probably been only an attempt of the Lord-General's to ascertain men's opinions.

Matters lingered on. The war was over, and in October, 1652, a bill was brought in for disbanding a portion of the army, and reducing the taxes to support it. This was carried, and a fourth of the soldiers were dismissed; but six months later, when a further reduction was proposed, Cromwell prevented its discussion by a letter to the Speaker.

On the 19th of April there was a meeting at Whitehall of about twenty members of Parliament, with the principal officers of the army. The former were utterly averse to a dissolution, the latter in favour of it; and after long argument the civilians went home, "weary and troubled." There was an endeavour going on in Parliament to so arrange matters that a moderate, or Presbyterian body, should be elected, under the title of Neutrals, and this would create a majority which would be certain to divide on restoring the Monarchy. Consultations were going on at Whitehall between the officers on the morning of the 20th, Cromwell presiding in a black suit with grey worsted stockings. The Parliament men were expected to meet them, but they came not. Colonel Ingoldsby hurried in with the news that the Bill for the admission of these Neutrals was being hurried on, so as to be passed without warning to the army.

The military men were exceedingly indignant at such independent action on the part of their subservient slaves, and the want of warning was felt as dishonesty. Oliver Cromwell started up, commanding a company of musketeers of his own regiment to follow him, and hurried to Westminster, where he found fifty-three members sitting in debate on the Bill for the election of the Neutrals. He sat down in his usual place as a member, and beckoned to Harrison to come to his side. Thus he

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Expulsion of the Parliament. 1652.

waited for a quarter of an hour, till the question was put, "That this Bill do pass." He said to Harrison, "This is the time I must do it!" rose up, put on his hat, and spoke, at first in his ordinary style, but gradually blaming the House for injustice, selfishness, ambition, profanity, growing so abusive that Sir Harry Vane exclaimed that this was unparliamentary language.

"I know it," exclaimed Cromwell.

"Strange language," cried Sir Peter Wentworth. "From a trusted servant, too, and one whom we have so highly honoured, and one——"

Fired by reproaches to which he had become an utter stranger, Oliver broke forth—

"Come, come, we have had enough of this! I will put an end to your prating."

He dashed forth into the midst of the floor, pacing up and down, and occasionally stamping with his foot, he thundered forth his reproaches:

"It is not fit that you should sit here any longer! You have sat here too long for any good you have been doing lately! You shall now give place to better men. Call them in!" he added to Harrison, as a word of command, and in marched twenty or thirty musketeers, with weapons ready for action. "You call yourselves a Parliament!" he proceeded. "You are no Parliament. I say you are no Parliament. Some of you are drunkards!"—and he glared on a Mr. Chaloner. "Some of you"—and he indicated Harry Marten and Sir Peter Wentworth—"live in open contempt of God's commandments; following your own greedy appetites and the devil's commandments! Corrupt, unjust persons!"—halting before some of the lawyers—"scandalous to the profession of the Gospel! How can you be a Parliament for God's people? Depart, I say, and let us have done with you. In the name of God, go!"

Every one had risen in dismay, except the Speaker Lenthall, who sat fast in his chair, as he had done for seventeen years past, and Algernon Sidney by his side. Coming to the table the Lord-General seized the mace, saying, "What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!" and handed it to a soldier. Then pointing to the Speaker, he said, "Fetch him down."

Lenthall refused to stir.

"I will lend you a hand," said Harrison, and pulled his gown, on which he yielded.

Neither would Sidney move, in spite of "Put him out!" from Cromwell, until Harrison and Worsley laid their hands on his shoulders, when he too came down. The members began going out, while Cromwell exclaimed, "It is you that have forced me to this. I have sought the Lord night and day that He would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work;" and as Vane passed him he said, "You might have prevented this, but you are a juggler without common honesty. Sir Harry Vane! Oh, Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane."

Then having watched them all out, he locked the door and put the key in his pocket, and returning to the officers at Whitehall he said, "When I went to the House I did not think I could have done this; but perceiving the Spirit of God so strong on me, I could no longer consult flesh and blood."

Probably he believed what he said; but surely the moving impetus was the passion excited by the unwonted sound of reproach in the ears of a man who had for seven years been admired and implicitly obeyed. The rage in his whole demeanour was unlike any true inspiration, save that which brought about the judicial punishment well merited by the Rump of that Long Parliament which had begun in such high aspiration.

Cromwell then went to Derby House, where sat the executive Government, and said, "Gentlemen, if you sit here as private persons you shall not be disturbed; but if as a Council of State, this is no place for you; and since you cannot but know what was done at the House this morning, take notice that the Parliament is dissolved."

"Sir," said Bradshaw, "we have heard what you have done in the House this morning, and before many hours all England will hear it. But, sir, you are mistaken to think that the Parliament is dissolved, for no power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves."

The like protest was made by Sir Arthur Haslerigg and two others; but Cromwell had material force on his side, and all were obliged to withdraw, and leave him master of the field.

On the ensuing Friday, a declaration of his reasons was put forth by him and his Council of officers; and in June there followed summonses to a fresh Parliament. There was no popular election, nor any shadow of one. The members were summoned simply by the Captain-General and Council of officers to serve for certain places, which were never even asked whether they would have such representatives. Was this what the people had fought for?

These new members, 139 in number, were mostly gentlemen. There were two peers, many squires and officers, and an admixture of tradesfolk, among them a leather seller named Praise-God Barebone, who was elected Speaker, and after whom this assembly is commonly called Barebone's Parliament, though it is more decorously designated as "the Little Parliament."

It met on the 4th of July, but in Carlyle's words, "Their history is gone all dark; and no man for the present has in his head or in his heart the faintest intimation of what they did or what they aimed to do."

This is rather a figure of speech, for they began to aim at a great deal, namely, that marriages might take place before a justice of the peace instead of a minister of religion; that the Court of Chancery should be abolished; tithes no longer paid, and all scandalous and incompetent ministers ejected by a travelling committee. The more rational men saw that they were going too fast. Sunday the 10th of December was spent in secret consultations, and on Monday the 11th,

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Barebone's Parliament dissolved. 1652.

before the extreme party had arrived at the House or taken alarm, Francis Rous, a member of the old Parliament, moved that the sitting of this present one was no longer for the need of the Commonwealth, and that therefore it is requisite to deliver up unto the Lord-General Cromwell the powers which we received from him.

No objection seems to have been made. A writing was drawn up, and signed on bits of paper hastily wafered together, and after five months Barebone's Parliament was no more.

Of course the Lord-General appeared to be much surprised. He convened his Council of officers, and it was decided that the Commonwealth should be vested in one Lord Protector, assisted by a Council not exceeding twenty-one in number. No one doubted who that Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland was to be!

On the 16th of December, 1652, His Highness, now fifty-four years of age, appeared in a black velvet suit and cloak, and a broad band of gold about his hat, in the Chancery Court at Westminster Hall, attended by the Judges in their scarlet robes, the Lord Mayor and aldermen also in full array, and the chief military men in uniform. There a parchment was read, defining the powers of the Protector and the obedience due to him. He signed the parchment on which he made much such engagements as to the laws and liberties of the nation as were usually demanded of the sovereign, giving free liberty to all forms of religion, excepting the Church, whether Anglican or Roman, and he swore to observe these conditions.

Then, with his hat on, he sat down in the chair of state, where the Lord Chancellor delivered to him the Great Seal, and the Lord Mayor the sword and cap of maintenance. These were immediately returned, and then Cromwell went back in procession to Whitehall, to sound of trumpet, beat of drum, and roar of cannon. Proclamation of the Protector was made in public places, and the Corporation of London invited him to a great feast in the Guildhall.

On these tidings the young King issued a proclamation that, "Whereas a certain base mechanic fellow, by name Oliver Cromwell, has usurped our throne," a price of a pension of £500 a year was set upon his head, to be bestowed on whomsoever should take his life. To the Cavaliers, many of them men made reckless by camp-life and destitution, this seemed an entire justification of any attempt upon the life of one whom they regarded as a traitor and murderer beyond the pale of humanity, and when they found that his high and resolute tone with foreign Courts was causing treaties to be made with him, and expelling their princes from their refuge in France, their indignation knew no bounds.

One Colonel Gerrard had formed a plot with some other Royalists, for attacking the Protector on his way to Hampton Court. In the meantime, however, Gerrard could not refrain from insulting, in the streets of London, the Portuguese ambassador's brother, Don Pantaleon Sa.

The next evening there was a sally headed by Don Pantaleon, to revenge the insult with sword, pistol, and dagger. Beside the Royal Exchange there was a regular fight, the Englishmen rallying round Gerrard, but they had only their rapiers, whereas the Portuguese had pistols and daggers. One Englishman was killed, another dangerously wounded; but Gerrard's spirit prevailed, and he chased the foreigners back to the envoy's house.

The persons of ambassadors and their suites were held sacred, and Don Pantaleon pleaded his rights, but Cromwell had no notion of having Englishmen murdered in the streets. He forced de Sa to be delivered up had him tried by a jury half-foreign and half-English, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, though the sentence was commuted to beheading. His brother signed the treaty in haste, and made all speed to get away from England. However, the very next day Gerrard was beheaded on the same spot for his conspiracy against the Lord Protector!

Yet the Levellers were not much more delighted than the Royalists. An Anabaptist, named Feak, preached at Blackfriars: "Tell your Protector that he has deceived the Lord's people, that he is a perjured villain, and will end worse than the last Protector did." And General Harrison, who was of the same persuasion, flatly refused obedience to the Protector and retired into Staffordshire. Vane and all the Republicans endured, but most unwillingly. The state of the Continent was such as to invite action on the English side, if she had a head able to direct. Mazarin returning to avowed power in France, thought at first that in the Protector he should find only a rough soldier, but was soon amazed at the ability of the despatches that came from him and his secretary Milton.

Spain likewise was anxious for the aid of England, which was thought the friend of the enemies of the Dutch. A very numerous fleet was being fitted out at Portsmouth, and there was great anxiety as to its destination; but no one, even in England, had full information—certainly not the sailors. Mazarin sent troops to Dieppe to guard against a descent there, but possibly he knew better, and this was a blind. When at last thirty-seven vessels sailed westward with Admiral Penn in the flagship *Swiftsure*, and carrying an army under George Venables, and twenty-five to the south with Blake, in the *St. George*, it was even said that Blake, displeased at the Protectorate, was going over to the service of Spain!

Indeed, the Spaniards were very civil to him when he anchored in Cadiz Bay, and very much obliged to him also for preventing a French squadron from coming to the aid of the Duke of Guise; that strange pseudo knight-errant who had been making an attempt on the kingdom of Naples, in right of his descent through Lorraine from old King Réné.

Cromwell was wont to say that there was no embassy like a ship of the line, and Blake's appearance in the Mediterranean created as great

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Blake in the Mediterranean. 1654.

a panic as if he had been an ancient Viking, instead of an Oxfordshire scholar. The Pope, Alexander VII., ordered a solemn procession as in times of the utmost danger, rich people fled from Rome, and a sack, like that of the troops of Bourbon, was apprehended. However, all that these terrible English did was to sail on to Leghorn, and there demand compensation for the owners of all the vessels that had there been sold by the Princes Rupert and Maurice, fixing the sum at £60,000. Some had been sold in the Papal dominions, and Grand Duke and Pope together raised the sum, feeling no doubt much as when ransom was required to prevent the ravages of the Northmen. Not that Blake had the least intention of ravaging, all he further requested was liberty of worship for the Protestants of England and Germany in the Tuscan towns.

His next undertaking was to chastise the Moorish pirates, who made the whole Mediterranean utterly unsafe, and even marauded up to the English coast. Sailing to Tunis, he sent a letter to the Dey of Algiers, demanding restitution for the English ships that had been seized, and release of all captives of his nation. In reply, the Dey was willing to make promises for the future, but refused to give up ships or prisoners.

Blake left five vessels under Captain Stayner to watch the harbour, while he sent the others to the friendly ports for provisions ; but on the 8th of March, 1655, he was again off Goletta, sending messages to the den of pirates.

All his demands were refused, even for a little fresh water. He drew off his ships, however, till he could collect his whole fleet in full strength ; but on the 9th of April he drew out his ships before the harbour and began firing on the forts of Goletta and Porto Farino, and the whole corsair fleet in harbour between them. The Moorish batteries did comparatively little harm to the English ships, and under cover of the smoke, the Admiral sent out long boats with picked men, to throw brands and torches into the great pirate galley. The device succeeded. Nine vessels were soon towers of flame, and burnt to the very keel, and their explosion did great mischief to their forts. Blake, however, sailed away to Tripoli, and there all his demands were acceded to. Such a lesson the pirates had not had since Lepanto. It was a wonderful achievement, and for years to come the English were unmolested in the Mediterranean. Then Blake paid a friendly visit to Venice, and returning to Tunis, asked if the Dey was ready for peace. No doubt he was, and he even consented to the residence of a consular agent for England.

Then he paid a visit to Malta, where the knights had captured some English ships as those of rebels ; but were too much in awe of the terrible Admiral not to give the compensation he demanded. Lastly, Algiers was to have a lesson ; but there the Dey was on his guard, and began by propitiating the English captains by a welcome present of fresh meat. He negotiated with Blake, representing that he could not violently take away all the English slaves from their masters without

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Blake at Algiers. 1655.

a despotic exertion of power; but he was willing that they should be redeemed at a moderate cost, and he engaged to respect the English flag in future. Blake agreed, and the English prisoners were collected and ransomed at a fixed rate. While this was going on some men came swimming towards the ships, pursued by a boat full of Moors. As soon as they were near enough to be heard, the poor fellows entreated in Dutch to be taken on board, and rescued from slavery. The English sailors forgot all their late enmity to Holland, and hastened to throw ropes to them; and when they were loudly claimed by their Moorish masters, the crews agreed to redeem them, and every mariner subscribed his pay for one day to pay their ransom.

Such a cruise as this was in the interest of Christianity, and it made the Continental powers the more anxious for England's alliance. The Spaniards had esteemed England as their ally since the Stuart reigns had begun; but Cromwell, taking up the old Protestant policy of Queen Elizabeth's latter years, informed the Spaniards that though the English had beaten the Dutch foes of Spain, they would be no allies of Spain, save on a pledge that no Englishman should be subjected to the Inquisition, and that British ships should have full right to trade in all the ports of Spanish America.

He was answered that this was like asking for the King of Spain's two eyes. Whatever the first demand may have been to Philip IV., the second would have involved a great loss of revenue, for the unfortunate colonists could purchase nothing but what came from Spain or Flanders, and at an exorbitant price. Even papal licences and grants were purchased wholesale by the King, and retailed to the settlers, and it was the fixed idea of the century that the use of colonies was to provide a market for home produce.

But the astute Cardinal who governed France was determined to propitiate the mighty man who governed England, alien as was his whole sentiment to that of France. One condition of alliance was that a stop should be put to the persecution of the Vaudois or Waldenses. These people apparently were disciples of Peter Waldo, and a brotherhood called the Poor Brethren, who existed in the thirteenth century. Their original tenets are not very clear, though later enthusiasm identified them with those of the Reformed. Three valleys in Piedmont had been assigned to them, and there they had dwelt peacefully and industriously; but their numbers had increased, so as to spread beyond these limits; and the Duke of Savoy, in an access of zeal, insisted on these outsiders all conforming to the Roman Church or going back to their valleys.

The decree was put in execution in the depth of winter, when the Alps were almost impassable, and terrible sufferings were inflicted by the soldiery, who drove whole families from their comfortable homesteads—old people, women, little children, and all through snow, ice, and precipices, so that they perished in numbers. Any attempt at resistance was the signal for absolutely indiscriminate massacre by the brutal

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The Waldenses. 1655.

soldiery. The English were filled with horror. Milton's feeling broke forth in the grand sonnet—

> "Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;"

and he further—with his foreign scholarship—wrote the strong letters of remonstrance that made Mazarin interfere to stay the hand of the Duke of Savoy, and procure a cessation of these cruelties.

Another less generous item in the treaty was the expulsion of the Stewart princes from Paris. Holland had likewise been closed against them, and Charles repaired to Cologne; while James and Henry sought the Spanish army in Flanders, where they met the French exiles of the Fronde.

Nobody could perhaps have devised a better punishment for the proud Prince of Condé than he had found for himself when he took service under Spain. Partly, no doubt, he was distrusted; but his greatest vexations were from the tardiness and incapacity of the Spanish and Flemish generals with whom he had to act, and that in the face of his only rival in strategy, Turenne.

Don Juan of Austria, an illegitimate son of Philip III., was in command, a very different person from his namesake, the hero of Lepanto, fat, sluggish, and intensely proud and tenacious of his authority. He was barely civil to them, but on the request of Condé, the King of Spain gave them commissions.

The Spanish army was besieging St. Venaux, when one afternoon James beheld a convoy on its way to the town. He rode off to tell the Prince de Ligne, who could easily have intercepted it.

"I shall take care not to move," said de Ligne; "it is as much as my head is worth to act without orders from Don Juan."

They went in search of Don Juan, but he was taking his siesta, and no one might disturb him on any account; nor did he show the least vexation when he learned the opportunity that had been missed. When the young Duke of York, who had seen a very different spirit in England, expressed his wonder to Condé, the answer was, "If you wish to see mistakes in war, you must come among the Spaniards."

No wonder vexation threw Condé into one of those violent fevers to which he was subject. No wonder the star of Spain was on the wane.

Cromwell sent orders to Blake to leave the Mediterranean and cruise in the Atlantic. As there was no war proclaimed with Spain, the Admiral put into the harbour of Malaga for fresh water. Some of the sailors, rambling in the streets, encountered a procession carrying the host to a dying man, and thought it incumbent on themselves to assert their Protestantism by laughing aloud at the inhabitants who reverently knelt. The Priest in charge called on the people to avenge the insult; there was a fray, when the sailors got the worst, and were chased back to their boats.

Blake was resolved to clear up the matter, and sent a trumpeter to

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Taking of Jamaica. 1655.

demand that the Priest should be sent on board the *St. George*. The Corregidor replied that he had no power over the clergy. "I do not ask," said Blake, "who has power to send him; but if he be not sent within three hours, your city shall be burnt to the ground."

No doubt the Priest thought he was going to martyrdom; but he soon found that he was only wanted that the Admiral might hear both sides of the question, and understand who was to blame.

Finally, he declared that the sailors had been in the wrong to insult the religion of the country, and that he should have punished them if the people had not taken the law into their own hands; but as it was so, they could only be reprimanded, and then after civil entertainment, he sent the Priest honourably home again.

At Cadiz the Governor sent presents of fresh food, and it was expected that the fleet were about to attack Salee on the coast of Morocco; but Blake was in fact waiting for tidings from the other fleet, under Admiral Penn and General Venables.

This was far less well affected to the Protectorate than was his own; indeed, Penn had sent a secret offer to Charles II. to come over to him with all his fleet; but as Charles had no harbour to receive it, no means of maintaining it, and no inclination to go and conquer new worlds on his own account, he refused, and the Admiral sailed for Barbadoes, the largest island in the West Indies held by the English.

Thence, according to the orders, they were sent out—as soon as the expedition was out of reach of the Stuarts and likely to feel only that the war was for the interest of England—to make an attempt on the great island of Hispaniola or San Domingo, the chief settlement of the Spaniards, although some French buccaneers had a station in it. There had been no declaration of war, and the expedition, though according to the Elizabethan traditions, did not deserve to succeed, yet, in the interest of the unhappy island and of humanity, it seems unfortunate that it did not; since though English rule has been far from blameless in the West Indies, countless horrors might have been prevented if Haiti had been a British possession. However, when Venables was landed with his troops, he was incapable, he wasted his opportunities, was beaten off by the Spaniards, and would have been lost if Admiral Goodson had not gone to his rescue with a body of seamen.

The fleet and army were grieved and ashamed, and could not bear to go home repulsed. Jamaica was in a bad condition. The cruel treatment of the Spanish settlers had exterminated the natives, and the settlers, under the colonial *régime*, were too poor to buy negroes. There was a feeble garrison, and no spirit to resist, and thus Jamaica was added to the English dominions. Cromwell sent out all the disaffected Scots and Irish on whom he could lay his hands, settlers migrated from Barbadoes, and unfortunately had no scruples as to negroes. Sugar, with other West Indian produce, was cultivated, and the island was soon prosperous.

Of course, such an act brought an open declaration of war from Spain.

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Blake at Cadiz. 1655.

Blake on this made for Cape St. Vincent, whence his ships scattered to watch for the great fleet of vessels laden with silver coming home from Peru. In Cadiz were ten large galleons being fitted out to escort them, and Blake hoped to provoke these to come out and become his prey; but nothing would tempt the royal navy of Spain to risk themselves against the terrible Admiral. Cromwell wished part of the fleet to be sent home to reduce the expense, and indeed, refitting was much needed, for the ships were leaky and unwholesome, and even the *St. George* herself had an unsound mainmast, and Blake himself was very ill from want of fresh air. However, Blake learning that the merchants of Cadiz were fitting out a convoy, waited three weeks longer, but in vain; he then returned to England.

There was however no rest for him, for Holland and Portugal both showed signs of breaking their treaty with England, and ill as he was with scurvy and dropsy, no one but Blake could be trusted to take the command. The point was to secure English subjects from the Inquisition, and the Portuguese clergy persuaded King Joas that it was sinful to extend toleration to any heretics, even of other nations. Moreover, his former envoy, Don Pantaleon de Sa, was believed to have attempted to murder a Mr. Meadows, the English envoy to Lisbon, in revenge for the death of his brother who had been hanged in England. Mr. Meadows, however, recovered from his wound, and no search was made for the assassins. Still, Blake came to exact reparation, and sailed into the Tagus, so alarming the citizens of Lisbon that they rose upon the King, and insisted that he should come to terms with this terrible enemy. Finally the treaty was fully accepted. English residents in the Portuguese domains were not to be interfered with by the Holy Office, and all the money demanded as compensation for ships sold by Rupert was paid.

Then Blake lay off Cadiz watching for the silver fleet, whose return had all this time been deferred, and at last Captain Stayner, in the *Speaker*, with six more ships, caught four splendid galleons and four lesser ships, in one of which was the Viceroy of Lima and his family. There was a sharp fight for six hours. One galleon was taken full of gold and silver, two were burnt, one sunk, two traders were taken, and only two escaped. The Viceroy and two of his children perished in the burning ship. The father might have been saved, but his wife had been scorched to death, and throwing his arms round her body, he refused to leave her. Two sons and two daughters were rescued by the English, brought on board the *Speaker*, kindly treated, and finally sent ashore.

Blake, in spite of constant sickness, of tempests, of unsound ships, and even of discouragement from home, resolved on remaining on the coasts of Spain and Portugal all the winter, watching the Spaniards, and keeping the Moors in order. At last, in the spring of 1657, he learnt that another silver fleet had set forth from America, consisting of six great galleons, and sixteen smaller vessels, but that it had put into the Canary Isles for shelter, in the bay of Santa Cruz, a horse-shoe

CAMEO XVII. — *Death of Blake.* 1657.

shaped harbour, strongly fortified, and guarded by Don Diego Diaguez, a Spanish Admiral, with numerous ships of war, and musketeers in all the forts.

Never was there a more desperate undertaking, made, too, by an old man under a mortal disease. Blake could not hope to carry off the vessels, but to destroy them. On the 19th of April prayer was offered on board all the English ships. Then Stayner, with the best equipped vessels, dashed into the harbour, through the thunders of the war-ship and batteries, and laid himself alongside of the galleons; Blake followed and cannonaded the castle. For six hours the tremendous battle lasted; but soon after noon the flames had done their work. Not a ship was left of the silver fleet. All were burnt, their cargoes lost. And at night, having completed the destruction, the English fleet safely left the bay, having lost only 50 men killed, and 150 wounded. No prizes had been gained, but England had won her rank as mistress of the seas.

The wonderful Admiral was, however, dying. Yet even then he sailed to Salee, in order to obtain the restoration of Christian captives by the terror of his name. Having done this effectually, he sailed to England; but he was rapidly sinking, and even as the *St. George* came in sight of Plymouth Bay, he drew his last breath, the noblest warrior of the Parliamentary side; never cruel, always just, and able to set country above party. He was in his fifty-ninth year, and had been a scholar till necessity made him first a soldier, and then a marvellous sea-general, and to the last he was the calm and thoughtful civilian in his ways and manners; only, when perplexed or angered, twirling his moustaches. He was buried in great state in Westminster Abbey.

CAMEO XVIII.

THE PROTECTORATE AT HOME.

(1653—1658.)

France.
1643. Louis XIV.
Germany.
1637. Ferdinand III.

Spain.
1621. Philip IV.
Pope.
1655. Alexander VII.

CAMEO XVIII.
—
Oliver Cromwell.
1653.

THERE can be no doubt that it was an astonishing character who had climbed to the chief power in England, rather by force of circumstances than by definite ambitious design, so that it was not without some cause that he always ascribed his elevation to the Hand of Providence, though there is no doubt that his personal ascendency, his unfailing plausibility, and unscrupulous use of opportunities, gave a certain justification to those who viewed him as an ambitious, hypocritical despot. But the will of Providence was often the will of the army forcing him onwards.

The world has known three great military despots, and it is natural to compare them. They were alike in those qualities without which their position would never have been gained, warlike genius, and power of fascinating the affections of the soldiery, united with a statesman's policy, and ability to decide and dare at the critical moment without scruple as to what was overthrown or trampled upon, but likewise without being sanguinary or savage without necessity. Such qualities were requisites of success, and made each of them a great man.

It is hard to say which was the most able of the three. Napoleon strikes us most by his achievements, but that is partly because he is nearer to our eye; and Julius Cæsar's conquests with his means, were perhaps more wonderful, and they were without reverse; while Cromwell may be judged as a wiser man in not extending his ambition beyond the pacification of his own country. His genius, indeed, formed his troops, but he never had to contend with any leader worthy of the name of general except David Leslie; whereas Cæsar almost met his

CAMEO XVIII.
—
Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte

But both Cæsar and Cromwell stand high above Bonaparte in magnanimity, generosity, and absence of all pettiness of spite. Both of them were gentlemen, and it is in the comparison here that we see how entirely the Corsican fails in comparison with the Roman and Englishman.

Probably in manners there was not much to choose between Cromwell and Napoleon. Both were fond of rough, vulgar, practical jokes with those with whom they were on familiar terms; and the stately grace and politeness of the high-bred Roman noble would have made either of them appear mere rude clowns or troopers; but there was a dark background of dissipation in Cæsar's life, such as was held disgraceful even in heathen Rome. Had he been bred up to Christian morality he would have stood the highest of all, as he does in the qualities of noble clemency, and even of forgiveness of enemies, and in loveableness of character.

Napoleon stands first in intellect, force of will, and grasp of understanding, but—Christian though he was—his is a fiendish greatness. He was ruthless, though not wanton in cruelty, utterly false and mendacious when he chose, and was often as little as he was great.

The comparatively ugly and almost coarse figure of Cromwell contrasts unfavourably with the refined powerful head of Cæsar, and the classic beauty of Bonaparte. But he had more of the nobleness of Cæsar than of the meanness of Napoleon, and he was a man unstained by vice, who *thought* he lived up to the Christian standard. His greatest defect was want of truth; but the first person he deceived was always himself. Did this make the case better?

As Protector, Cromwell issued writs for a fresh Parliament, four hundred members in number, who were elected after the usual fashion, and heard him open Parliament in regal manner, his son Henry and son-in-law Lambert, who went with him in his coach, being bare-headed, and he sat on a chair of state under a canopy. He made a long speech, explaining the necessity of his taking the protectorship, and calling on them to sign an indenture which lay on the table in the lobby, binding them to be faithful to the Lord Protector.

About a hundred and twenty signed directly, others hesitated; but before that month of September was over it had been signed by three hundred, only the staunch Republicans, such as Bradshaw and Haslerigg, refusing.

To the honour of Cromwell, such refusals could be made without peril to life or liberty. But that he was constantly on his guard against plots was betrayed by an accident, when his carriage was upset, and a pistol went off in his pocket. In November, 1654, his mother died at ninety-four years of age, giving him a solemn blessing, and ending with, "My dear son, I leave my heart with thee." That Cromwell was a good son, husband, and father, there is no doubt, and his letters to his children are affectionate; but he was a man coarse in manners, even for a squire of the seventeenth century, and it is chiefly by

CAMEO XVIII.

Pretended Royalist Plot. 1655.

comparing him with the later military despot, Napoleon, that we are convinced that he was a gentleman ingrain, generous and forgiving, who never struck when he could avoid doing so.

But he had no scruples when policy required him to strike. The army, by which he had raised himself, was striving for dominion, and must be conciliated, and the people were clamouring to have the troops disbanded. The only thing to be done was to persuade the country that there was no security without the army, so as to be ready to submit to the new regulations that were to satisfy the army, which was to a certain degree his taskmaster. Accordingly secret agents were set to work to induce the Royalists to believe the time had come to make a rising in conjunction with their opposites the Anabaptists.

The King was too clear-sighted to trust the invitations; but Hyde was deceived, and he was persuaded to move to Middelburg, in case of a summons to England. "Hyde is cocksure," wrote Manning, one of the chief agents of the treacherous plot.

The Cavaliers residing in different parts of England were told that they were expected to rise, and the Anabaptists were supposed to be in league with them. Major Wildman, one of these latter, was captured in the act of penning a declaration against Cromwell, and was shut up in Chepstow Castle. So was General Harrison, who had accesses of fanatic insanity, and several more, but none of these were ever brought to trial.

Lord Wilmot, now created Earl of Rochester, came into Yorkshire, and a few gentlemen met him, but things looked hopeless. He escaped, and they were imprisoned at Salisbury. Things were more in earnest. It was assize week, and two Wilts gentlemen, Sir Ralph Wagstaffe and Colonel Penruddock, with about two hundred men, met there at night, seized the judges in their beds, and tried to make the high sheriff proclaim King Charles II.; but he refused, though they threatened to hang him.

Hearing that troops were coming, the insurgents marched westward, hoping to pick up recruits on their way—but in vain; and at South Moulton, in Devonshire, they were surrounded, and made prisoners. Wagstaffe escaped, but Penruddock and the rest were tried at Exeter. The judges refused to try them for high treason, so they were accused of stealing the horses they had requisitioned for the King, found guilty, and hanged. Penruddock was a gallant gentleman, much regretted, and on his side, Charles caused the traitor Manning to be shot.

These unfortunate men had been deluded into giving the excuse that was wanted for dividing England into thirteen districts under thirteen of his most imperious major-generals, who had authority over the militia as well as the regulars. Cromwell himself had a guard of halberdiers in grey, welted with black velvet. By some it is alleged that Cromwell had decided views of toleration, and some of his doings show an unwillingness to persecute personally, and a perception that

the arm of the State could not properly be used to extirpate opinions. There is no doubt that his hand was heavy on the English Church; but there is no knowing how far this was caused by the necessity of gratifying his fanatical army, and by the political attitude of Churchmen, or whether he would have relaxed his severity had he lived long enough to see his power more fully established.

Bishop Juxon had retired to his private property of Little Compton, in Gloucestershire, and thence every Sunday went to the house of a gentleman named Jones, at Chastelton, where he performed divine service according to the Prayer-Book, with a congregation of the family and neighbours, without molestation. Otherwise he lived like a country gentleman, and even kept a pack of hounds, which were esteemed the best in the neighbourhood. One day a complaint was brought to the Protector that the Puritan congregation had been disturbed in listening to a week-day lecture by the Bishop's hounds killing a hare in the churchyard.

"Pray," said Cromwell, "did the Bishop prevail on the hare to run through your churchyard at that time?"

"No, we did not *directly* say he did; but, please your Highness, through the churchyard the hare did go."

"Get you gone," replied the Protector, "and let me have no more such frivolous complaints."

Probably he was willing to let others alone, but there really was a state of anarchy in religious matters throughout the kingdom; and in March, 1654, a commission was appointed of thirty-five men called Triers, among whom was Hugh Peters, to examine into the religious opinions and spiritual state of all who held benefices in England.

It was well known that this was in the hope of ousting all the Churchmen still remaining in their livings. The examinations were very strange. One clergyman named Sadler wrote a book called *Inquisitio Anglicana*, in which he recorded the questions put to him—"What is the breath of the soul?" "What is the heat of the soul?"

After seven weeks' attendance he was dismissed and ejected, as well as many more of the clergy; and in November, 1655, an ordinance followed, forbidding the employment of any of these ejected ministers as chaplains, tutors, or schoolmasters, and prohibiting their praying publicly, preaching, or administering any ordinance, under heavy penalties to be administered by the major-generals.

Even repeating from memory portions of the Prayer Book was penal. Dr. Pocock, the great Eastern scholar, was prosecuted on that account; but even the Independent scholars at Oxford interfered on his behalf.

Brian Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury, drew up a formula, containing the essentials of ancient Catholic worship, and giving equivalents for the customary English words. This the clergy could learn by heart

CAMEO XVIII. — *Sects.*

and repeat; and even in London there were often brave and faithful congregations who met in danger. At one of these, on Christmas Day, 1657, John Evelyn was present, when the soldiery surprised them, not preventing the conclusion of the service, but presenting their muskets at the worshippers as they went up to receive the Holy Communion, and afterwards taking them into custody. Dr. Hammond, and other clergy of private fortune, did their best to maintain their ruined brethren. Those were brave and faithful who did not despair of their Church, but waited patiently. Fresh ordinations were made by Dr. Duppa, Dr. Skinner, Bishop of Oxford, and Bishop Cosin at Paris. But the great anxiety was how to keep up the Episcopal succession, since there was an utter break up of the chapters who legally elected bishops to dioceses, and the prelates demurred to consecrate without such election. No doubt such a scruple would have given way, if there had been deaths enough to make it doubtful whether the number needful for a consecration could be kept up "till this tyranny were overpast."

The Jews had been expelled from England under Edward I., though a few had crept back, chiefly as physicians. In 1655, Manasseh ben Israel, a very learned scholar, born in Holland, but of a Spanish Jew family, petitioned Cromwell for the re-admission of his people on usual terms. Cromwell was interested, as a man conversant with the Bible was likely to be. He did all in his power for the Jews, so that in their gratitude they tried to make him out one of themselves; but the merchants feared their competition in business, and the Presbyterian ministers were furious against them on religious grounds, so that though their presence was no longer forbidden, it was only on a sort of sufferance.

The upgrowth of sects was something amazing and unexampled. The Presbyterians numbered many of the gentlemen of property who had formed the old Puritan party, and having had the chief influence in Parliament, regarded themselves as the Established Church. Their ministry had, to some degree, supplied the place of the clergy who had been ejected from their livings, and for the most part they were men who accepted the doctrine of the Church, according to their own interpretation of them, but disapproved of her discipline and ceremonies, and held ordination by presbyters to be sufficient. Their greatest light was Richard Baxter, born in 1616; episcopally ordained, but disliking Catholic doctrine and discipline. He had been a chaplain to the Parliamentary army, and was intruded into the vicarage of Kidderminster, where he laboured assiduously and with much power and piety.

Edmund Calamy likewise, and Philip Henry, were able and excellent men; but there had been others hastily ordained, without sufficient learning or examination, and who did no credit to their appointment, nor were even these sufficiently numerous to fill all the parishes left vacant.

Moreover, the Independents, to whom Cromwell himself and most of his officers belonged, did not recognise the right of any man to be set apart for the ministry by any call but that which he conceived to be that of grace within himself. Among the Independents, many more made common cause against the Presbyterians, whom they hated almost as much as Roman or English Catholics. There were the Anabaptists, or Baptists who objected to Infant Baptism, and believed themselves to possess the power of prophecy. A certain Anise Evans, a Welshman, had earned credit by foretelling the King's death, and he afterwards had long conversations with Cromwell, but finally he had a vision which brought him back to the Church. One Matthew Coker was held to work miracles of healing, and really seems to have effected wonderful cures. Women prophesied among them, and they all lavished counsels and predictions upon Oliver Cromwell. General Harrison was the most distinguished of these, but his fanaticism did not hinder him from being a good officer and a gentleman.

Thomas Edwards, a Presbyterian minister in London, published a book called *Gangræna*, in which he gave a list of sixteen of these sects, all of which he abhorred. There is no need to go through them all; they included Anti-Scripturists and Sceptics, besides the more noted, such as the Brownists or Fifth Monarchy men, so called because they thought they had attained to the Fifth Monarchy mentioned by the Prophet Daniel.

The Muggletonians, or Ranters, took their name from Ludovick Müggleton, of German birth, who, together with John Reeve, believed themselves to be the two witnesses in the eleventh chapter of Revelation, and another of their sect thought himself Melchisedek. They would have no form of worship whatever, and the Antinomians, as their name implies, held that the elect were above law.

But by far the most famous and permanent of these sects was that originated by George Fox, son of a Presbyterian weaver of Drayton, and born in 1624. His longing was for simplicity, and he wandered about, Bible in hand, trying all the sects but adhering to none, and thinking the Presbyterians as eager for preferment and self-seeking as the ministry they had ousted. Finally, he devised the idea of a society unbound by any forms, under immediate inspiration, unworldly, abstaining from pleasures, set against war. He won numerous disciples, though he was greatly persecuted by the Presbyterians. His people at first called themselves Children of Light, by and by Friends, and the outer world dubbed them Quakers, because they trembled under inspiration.

Cromwell heard of all and tolerated all. His favourite abode was Hampton Court. There every Monday he gave a dinner to all officers not below the rank of captain, and there was a table every day for persons coming to him on business.

He was fond of music, and kept good performers about him, and he

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The New Constitution. 1657.

cared enough for art to prevent the late King's collection of pictures from being dispersed. In especial, he saved those seven cartoons, the only remnants of Raffaelle's designs for the tapestry of the Sistine Chapel, which King Charles had purchased. He enjoyed the conversation of superior men, such as Milton, whose sight was fast failing, Andrew Marvell, his secretary, and even Archbishop Usher and Sir Kenelm Digby. In fact, he does not appear to have had any small or petty jealousies or fears, and had his rule been longer, he might really have established toleration, unless he had deteriorated, after the usual effect of unlawful power.

He dissolved his first Parliament after five months, and a fresh one was elected in 1656; but more than ninety Republicans and Presbyterians were prevented from taking their seats, and the House, on inquiring the cause, was told that "the council have not refused to approve any who have appeared to them to be persons of integrity, fearing God, and of good conversation; and those who are not approved, his Highness hath given order to some persons to take care they approach not the House."

Certainly the Parliament endured a good deal more from "his Highness" than ever it had protested against from King Charles.

But the successful foreign wars had done much to make Cromwell popular, and nothing was more feared than fresh battles at home. The Republicans were just now more infuriated than the dejected Royalists, and one Syndercombe was detected in plotting to assassinate the Protector on one of his journeys between Whitehall and Hampton Court. The man was seized in his bed, and found guilty of high treason, but escaped execution by committing suicide.

This led to the question as to whether all would not again be confusion in case of Cromwell's death, and it was accordingly decided to present a "Humble Petition and Advice" to the Protector to take upon him Government according to the ancient constitution of England, placing the succession in his hands, and restoring the House of Peers.

There was a sharp debate on what he should be called, but finally he was requested to take the title of King.

He made a long misty speech about it, had a cold, and shut himself up for a day or two, made another speech, but finally refused to be called King, though he accepted all the rest.

The Fifth Monarchy men were extremely wrathful, and Harrison and others were found to be plotting, and were sent to the Tower.

On the 26th of June, 1657, the new constitution was inaugurated in Westminster Abbey. His Highness was proclaimed by the heralds as Lord Protector, and the new constitution was sworn to by all the great officials. Lambert however refused all adherence to this new constitution, and indeed was even thought to aim at succeeding to the Protectorate. He was deprived of his command. The new Lords were summoned by writ, sixty of them. Only six of these were really

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—
Cromwell's Last Parliament. 1658.

peers, Manchester, Warrington, Mulgrave, Eure, Saye, and Wharton, and of these no one but Eure chose to take his seat, with Skippon, Desborough, and Hewson, who had been a shoemaker.

They met on the 20th of January, 1658, but there was a great deal of jealousy of them in the Lower House, and hot debates, till Cromwell came down, and gave a sharp rebuke, ending with, "And if this be your carriage, I think it high time that an end be put to your sitting, and I do dissolve this Parliament. And let God judge between you and me."

This was his last Parliament. It was dissolved on the 4th of February.

Victory still continued with England though Blake was dead. A treaty was made with Mazarin by which the English were to assist the French in taking the Flemish seaports, Mardyke, Dunkirk, and Gravelines, on condition of retaining possession of the first two, so as to become a fresh Calais to England. Lord Falconbridge, who had married one of Cromwell's daughters, was sent as ambassador, was treated by Louis XIV. with honours beyond those of the representatives of royalty, and received from him a diamond-hilted sword, to be presented to the Protector.

In 1657, 6,000 men, under General Reynolds, joined Turenne's army in Flanders, while on the other side were the young English Princes and numerous Cavaliers, as well as the Prince of Condé and other exiles of the Fronde. The incapacity of Don Juan however made his side a losing one, and Condé adopted as his device a flame crackling in light wood, with the motto, "*Splendescam. Da Materiam*"—"I should shine. Give the means."

He did however ably prevent Turenne from surprising Cambray; but to encourage the French, Mazarin brought the King to make his first campaign, in great state, surrounded by young nobles, and to besiege Montmédy; and it was on this journey that Louis received Mademoiselle once more into favour, and likewise the Duke of Beaufort.

This spring, 1657, had died the Emperor Ferdinand III.; and his brother Leopold, aged eighteen, was elected in his stead. He engaged to observe the clauses of the Treaty of Westphalia and stand neutral between France and Spain. Cromwell, knowing the importance of his alliance, urged Mazarin to begin the campaign of 1658 by taking Dunkirk for the English, threatening that otherwise he should send an expedition to recover Calais.

Such a threat was not to be neglected, but Turenne diverted the attention of the Spaniards by again threatening Cambray, where it was said that Mazarin wished to be archbishop, so as to become a prince of the Empire. However on the 25th of May, 1658, the town of Dunkirk, so called from the Dunes or Downs, low sandy hills, with channels of water between them, was invested by Turenne and his army by land, and Admiral Lockhart by sea.

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Siege of Dunkirk. 1658.

Don Juan and Condé hurried to the scene of action, and with them the young Dukes of York and Gloucester. A council of war was held. Condé wished to encamp between the canals of Furnes and Hundscotte, where Turenne could not attack them, and there await their artillery and heavy troops, while they cut off the French foraging parties. Don Juan on the contrary insisted on advancing between the Dunes, as near as possible to the French lines.

"The enemy will attack us between those sand banks," said Condé, "and the ground is only fit for infantry, the strongest arm with the French."

"But I," said Don Juan haughtily, "am convinced that they will not even look at the troops of his Catholic Majesty."

"Ah!" said Condé, "you do not know M. de Turenne. Errors are not committed with impunity before him!"

However Don Juan was only the more obstinate; he advanced along the coast, and Turenne came forth to meet him. As soon as Condé saw the French in motion he galloped up with the information to Don Juan, who however would only believe that they intended to skirmish with the advanced guard.

"Did you ever see a battle?" said Condé, turning round to the Duke of Gloucester.

"No, monsieur."

"Then you will soon see one lost in half-an-hour's time."

The French army came forward, the English ships cannonaded the Spanish flank, and their soldiers landing climbed the sand hills, and made such an attack that Don Juan exclaimed that the French fought like men, but the English like devils. In battle Don Juan was brave enough, and the Duke of York, with the Irish, broke one battalion; but the position was bad, his cavalry could not act, his infantry were routed, and Condé, in trying to cut his way through to Dunkirk, was almost taken prisoner.

This battle of the Dunes was fought on the 14th of June, and cost the Spaniards 4,000 men, while the French loss was very slight.

The siege continued; the Governor was killed on the 23rd of June, and the place surrendered on the 25th. Young King Louis arrived at the camp so as to see the garrison march out; but the place was immediately given up to the English, who hastened to repair the fortifications, intending to make it an outpost whence to overawe France, Flanders, and Holland.

It was an unhealthy summer, and the young King of France had a dangerous fever at Calais; while in England, Cromwell's favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, was in declining health at Hampton Court. It was said, with what truth is not known, that from her deathbed she spoke to her father of her doubts and misgivings as to his life and position, and that he seemed struck to the heart. At any rate, during her last days, when she suffered from terrible convulsions, he could attend to no business, and his grief was great when she died on the 6th

of August. A few days after he showed one of his friends the passage in the Epistle to the Philippians ending with, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," saying, "This Scripture did once save my life, when my eldest son, poor Robert, died, which went as a dagger to my heart; indeed it did."

Strange to say, no one quite knows how Robert died, but it is believed to have been in a chance skirmish near Knaresborough, just before the battle of Marston Moor, in which Oliver Walton, a nephew of Cromwell, was killed.

Cromwell was already unwell, but he had an interview with George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, shortly after, and "sat down on a table," and "spake lightly," apparently deriding some of the Quaker peculiarities. Afterwards, George Fox met him riding with his Guards in the park at Hampton Court, and recorded that "I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him."

It was the last time Oliver so rode forth. An ague or intermitting fever was upon him, and his physicians recommended his removal to Whitehall. He was taken thither in his coach on a Tuesday, never to leave the house again.

It is said that the efficacy of quinine had just become known, but as it was called Jesuits' Bark, his attendants distrusted it, and would not give it to him. As with James I., the illness that seemed slight rapidly increased, and he found himself dying.

"Is there none that can deliver me from this peril?" once he moaned, but answered himself, "Man can do nothing. God can do what He will."

But in general his sighs breathed a confident hope. "I am a conqueror, and more than a conqueror through Christ that strengtheneth me."

As he lay thus sinking, on the last day of August, there howled and roared without a terrible storm of wind and rain, and the council and statesmen were in perplexity for the future. It was understood that the successor to the Protectorate was named in a sealed paper laid up at Hampton Court. Search was made, but it could never be found, and the dying man was vexed with questions as to whom he had named. He is said to have answered, "Yes, yes," when his son Richard was mentioned; but this seems uncertain. He once uttered aloud a brief and beautiful prayer "for the foolish people," as he said, "who prayed for his life," and often repeated, "God is good."

It was not the deathbed of a conscious hypocrite. The night before the 3rd of September, the anniversary of his victories of Dunbar and Worcester, he was very restless, and when offered drink, he said, "It is not my desire to drink or sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone."

Soon after he became speechless, and died between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, in his sixtieth year.

Richard was immediately accepted as Protector, and Oliver, after

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Funeral of Cromwell. 1658.

lying in state till the 23rd of November, had a grand funeral in Westminster Abbey. There was however a strange report that this was only in appearance, and that his corpse was really buried at midnight on Naseby field, perhaps by some one who foresaw the days when even the presence of his bones would not be permitted among those of Kings.

CAMEO XIX.

THE PEACE OF THE PYRENEES.

(1656—1661.)

France.
1643. Louis XIV.
Germany.
1658. Leopold I.

Spain.
1621. Philip IV.
Pope.
1655. Alexander VI.

THE affairs of Europe were greatly modified by the death of the Protector. Cardinal Mazarin, who had, to gratify him, expelled Charles, knew that he could no longer expect an alliance with England to assist him to crush Spain, and as soon as he saw which way affairs were tending, he decided on negotiating, and gratifying the Queen-mother by marrying her son to the only European princess she thought of sufficiently high rank, her niece of Spain.

Louis was twenty years old, and had shown himself very susceptible to the charms of the young Court ladies. The decorous mistress of the maids of honour, the Duchess de Noailles, had had to shut him out from her charges; but his principal flirtations were with the nieces of the Cardinal. Eight of these Italian damsels had been brought to Paris to be enriched by his eminence's influence. Two of these the young King greatly admired, first, Olympe Mancini, who was married to the Count of Soissons; and afterwards her sister Marie, who, though less beautiful, was far more witty, and entirely eclipsed the English princess, Henrietta Anne Stuart, who was beginning to be raised into the category of royal matches, but who was at fifteen a lean, pale girl, scorned by her cousin's taste.

Mazarin is said to have at first encouraged the King's attachment; but he saw that such an alliance would be too much for the pride of Anne of Austria, and he sent his niece off to be the wife of the Prince Colonna, Constable of Naples. There was a piteous parting with Louis, ending by her turning round on him, indignantly crying, "*Vous pleurez, vous êtes maître, et je pars!*"

The young King was an attractive person; he had the dignified presence which was the inheritance from two royal lines, enhanced by

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Port Royal.

having acted king from babyhood, and by absolute belief in himself. His features were handsome, his eyes bright blue, and his long, light hair very beautiful, in a mass of curls on his shoulders. He well became the dress of the period, which may be described as the cavalier costume, beginning to become a little too florid and decorated. Though not tall, he was extremely well made, with the utmost dignity of demeanour, and that peculiar grace and charm which both he and his cousin, Charles of England, inherited from Henri IV., which inspired the strongest attachment and devotion, entirely turning the heads of the ladies to whom he paid attention.

It was a period of great mental activity and brilliancy in every department, as if the ploughing and harrowing the country had undergone was resulting in the blossom of the seeds then sown. First in the direction of religion: St. Vincent de Paul was still living, and his influence had by no means passed away. He had, in the first place, so worked on Anne of Austria while Regent as to render the Crown patronage far more conscientious; and whenever there were no political or family considerations in the way, excellent appointments were made to the numerous bishoprics and abbeys. The training of the clergy was also immensely improved. Beginning from a little college at St. Lazare in Paris, there had spread over France a number of institutions for preparing young priests for mission work, and giving them the opportunity of retreats for instruction and deepening of spiritual life.

The Oratory was a congregation, or in fact a brotherhood, to which many clergy were affiliated, and which had for its aim—in the words of the founder, Cardinal de Berulle—to promote the perfection of the priesthood, helping the clergy to live at once a more devout, zealous, and active life.

Jean Jacques Olier at the same time founded the Seminary of St. Sulpice, not only training theological scholars, but assisting candidates for ordination in earnest spiritual exercises, and aiding them with counsels and stimulus throughout life.

All this had produced its effect, and though there were still political, careless prelates, idle, foppish, dissipated young abbés, and careless, ignorant curés, still the tone of the clergy as a mass was greatly improved, and there were noble, fearless, devout men among them. Bossuet, who had preached the sermon that thrilled the Hôtel Rambouillet, was known as one of the most learned and fervent of preachers, and an eloquent sermon was much esteemed at Court, by people who spent their time in a strange mixture of devotion and dissipation.

There was a considerable section attached to Port Royal, where Mère Angélique had carried out the reforms which brought back strict Benedictine discipline. In the fields around the convent many gentlemen of high and deep learning lived as recluses, and undertook great works; but a heavy storm had come on them, chiefly because Jean du Verger de Hauranne, Abbé de St. Cyran, the spiritual guide of the nuns, was closely connected with the Flemish ecclesiastic, Cornelius

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Jansenism.

Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, who had written a book entitled *The Doctrine of St. Augustine*, in which the questions of Grace and Free-will were discussed. It was published after his death, and was reprinted at Paris with the approbation of the Theological College of the Sorbonne : *i.e.* the college founded by a man named Sorbonne for the study of Divinity at the University of Paris in the time of St. Louis.

The Jesuits were strongly against the doctrine as there set forth. The difficulties are indeed such that the Holy See had prohibited their discussion, and the book was condemned by Pope Urban VIII., not as heretical, but for entering on the subject at all. However, as there was an ambiguity about the date of the bull, it was held as invalid, and Jansenism flourished in France. It suited those whose tone of thought would have been Puritan in England. Strict, severe, and uncompromising, the Jansenists dreaded all that could detach the soul from deep devotion. Mère Angélique never rested till almost all her family were cloistered, thinking there was no safety beyond. Secular recreations and pleasures were dreaded. Jacqueline Pascal had a turn for poetry, but she was told that Heaven would not demand an account of that talent from her ; and in like manner the aspirations of the young poet Racine were checked. Ornament even in Divine Service was dreaded. Indeed, Mère Angélique once found a child standing on the high Altar, where his mother had lifted him to look at the diamonds on the monstrance. She took them out, and sold them for the poor.

Many earnest minds were attracted by these Port-Royalists, among the most notable being the Duchess de Longueville in her deep and true repentance. Just as Arminians and Calvinists had taken opposite sides as to predestination, the free-will of man, and the foreknowledge of God, so the question of how far this foreknowledge affected the free choice of man between good and evil was disputed between the Jesuits and Jansenists.

Antoine Arnauld, brother of Mère Angélique, wrote a book on frequent Communion, which took the line of inculcating careful preparation of the heart and great conscious awe in approaching the Holy Mysteries. It was heartily approved by sixteen bishops and twenty doctors of divinity ; but the Jesuits were furious, partly because it controverted a book put forth by one of their own order, and partly because their system of dealing with the laity had been to preserve adhesion to the means of grace at all costs, making the terms of Communion easy in the belief that the whole body of the Church being sacred, grace might be vouchsafed to those who externally kept up union with it, which might finally bring the sinner to repentance ; and though in their own order, and under their influence there were great and holy saints, yet rather than lose the worldly and indevout altogether, they permitted a mechanical religion with a wide margin of toleration ; while the Jansenists insisted on thoroughness of heart and life.

Arnauld's work was denounced in the most violent language, and

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The Five Propositions. 1653.

Cardinal Mazarin caused the King to order him to Rome, where he would probably have been seized by the Inquisition; but the Bishops' the Sorbonne, and the Parliament all interfered on his behalf. However he was forced to spend twenty years in concealment; and though the Jesuits tried hard to obtain a sentence of condemnation against the book, first from Urban VIII., and on that pope's death, from Innocent X., they only succeeded in extracting strong approval of it from the Inquisition, all except a sentence in the preface not written by Arnauld at all, speaking of SS. Peter and Paul as heads of the Church, and virtually one.

The conflict raged in pulpits and in pamphlets. Five propositions were picked out of Jansen's book on St. Augustine, deductions rather than quotations, which the pope was requested to condemn. Eighty-five French bishops petitioned to the contrary, and a commission examined into them at Rome, and the final decision in 1653 was that the propositions as stated were not fairly deduced from St. Augustine, and were not according to the Catholic faith.

There was immediately an attack on the Jansenists. All the French clergy were called upon to subscribe the papal bull of condemnation of the five propositions; but the Jansenists declared that though these propositions were heretical, they did not represent Jansen's doctrine.

However the Jesuits were resolved on persecution. The Duke de Liancourt, a noble who had become very devout in his old age, was denied absolution by M. Picoté, one of the fathers of St. Sulpice, unless he would renounce all connection with the Port Royalists, and remove his granddaughter from being educated in the convent. He was very indignant, and appealed to St. Vincent de Paul. A hot controversy took place on the right of a priest to make such a denial to one under no censure. Arnauld published fresh letters; new objections were taken to them; the case was tried by the theologians of the Sorbonne, and by very unfair means a censure on his writings was obtained. He was degraded from his degree of doctor of divinity, sixty doctors who had supported him shared the same fate, and no one henceforth was allowed to take a degree without subscribing the censure.

Just after this, a set of letters began to appear, written at first anonymously, then under an assumed name, entitled *Lettres écrites à un Provincial par un de ses amis*, discussing the Jesuit doctrine and practices with the most powerful logic and scathing irony. They were —as was afterwards known—written by Blaise Pascal, one of the ablest of men, and devoted to Port Royal, and they were printed in secret, and handed about everywhere. Some of the most celebrated were those directed against the casuists, namely persons who wrote books intended to direct priests in the confessional, and giving a scale of the penance on which absolution might be granted, and a sort of comparison of the heinousness of sins. These manuals were not intended for outsiders, and were often written with most pious intentions; but some of them

did really give great occasion for reprobation ; as, for instance, where the assassin was pronounced sometimes to incur a lesser degree of guilt than the duellist, because the latter must kill his adversary in a state of the mortal sin of intending a murder. Some likewise made ultimate salvation to be secured by saying the Ave Maria, repeating constantly the *Petit Chapelet des dix Plaisirs de la Vierge Marie*, saying to her *bon jour* and *bon soir*, and even *desiring* to build more churches in her honour than kings and emperors ever had built. The letters pointed out how the discipline of the confessional was toned down to suit popular irreligion, and that it did little or nothing to restrain even vice. The wit of these letters recommended them to every one, they were universally read, and there was a strong feeling against the Jesuits and in favour of the Jansenists.

But the persecution went on. The hermit gentlemen were expelled from the neighbourhood of Port Royal, the sending fresh novices or boarders was prohibited, and the convent was about to be visited so as to have the nuns proceeded against for Jansenism, when a strange thing happened. A young girl of eleven, named Marguerite Perier, niece to Pascal, had had for three years a terrible complaint in one eye, and was about to have an operation performed on it. A priest named La Poterie, who had received as a gift from Queen Marie de Medicis two thorns from the Sacred Crown, for which St. Louis had built the Sainte Chapelle, lent them in their reliquary to Mère Angélique as her comfort in her trouble. As the relic was carried in procession to the altar, each inmate was allowed to kiss it. Marguerite, by the advice of the governess, Sœur Flavie, touched her diseased eye with it, and there was instantaneous relief. When the surgeon came to see her, he did not know her again, so complete was the cure. She was examined by surgeons from the Court, and the recovery was found to be entire. Mère Angélique was certainly no party to any fraud, and though both Sœur Flavie and the girl herself proved in after life not to be above suspicion, the one being artful, the other hysterical, still it is difficult to see how they could have carried out such a deceit, and it has been suggested that the pressure of the relic may really have removed some obstacle, and thus effected a cure. At any rate, the miracle of the Holy Thorn saved Port Royal for the time. Mazarin, though he did not love either party, disliked the Jesuits even more than the Jansenists, and would not second them.

Many ladies held Jansenist doctrines ; the most noted of these was Marie de Rabutin Chantal, a granddaughter of the saintly Madame de Chantal, the friend of François de Sales. She was early left an orphan, but was excellently educated by her uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, and was married when quite young to the Marquis de Sévigné, a dissipated man, who died and left her with a son and daughter. She was handsome and brilliantly agreeable ; but though she had an offer of marriage from Turenne, she was too much devoted to her children to marry again.

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Richard Cromwell. 1658.

The daughter, Françoise Marguerite, became the second wife of the Count de Grignan, who was Governor of Provence. Madame de Sévigné was passionately fond of this daughter, and for many years wrote to her twice a week letters overflowing with affection, and at the same time describing with wonderful grace and wit her own daily doings, and all the Court gossip, and news of Paris society, where the lady, though religious and good, and the friend of all that was best, was not much shocked at those who were otherwise.

A cousin of the King, Marguerite, daughter of his aunt the Duchess of Savoy, was brought to meet the Court at Lyons for inspection, and Louis seemed pleased with her; but just then Don Antonio Pimentel arrrived from Madrid with proposals for a treaty; and the duchess was politely informed that it was the duty of the King of France to contract a higher alliance. In fact, the death of the Protector in England was changing the face of affairs in Europe.

Strangely however Oliver Cromwell had never given his son Richard the training needful for a statesman or general. While Henry, the younger brother, had been with his father throughout the war, Richard had at first lived at his ease in chambers in the Temple, and afterwards on his wife's estate at Hursley in Hampshire; so that he was hardly known to army or council, and had no experience of public life.

However, the council at once proclaimed him Protector, and he was unanimously accepted by those in power, perhaps because there was nothing so much dreaded as fresh disturbances.

Sermons were preached declaring that the mantle of Elijah had fallen on Elisha, and addresses of congratulation poured in, not merely from the adherents of Oliver, but from foreign powers.

There were soon however tokens of discontent. There were doubts whispered whether Richard had really been nominated by his father, and the army was inclined to resent that the supremacy should be placed in the hands of one who was avowedly no soldier. As was observed, Richard's first foe came out of his own household, namely, his brother-in-law, General Fleetwood, of whom Cromwell had been fond, and who had not been without hopes of the Protectorate.

He was already second in command in the army, and he demanded entire authority over it. Richard answered that he should be commander-in-chief under himself, but Fleetwood got up a petition demanding absolute power over the army, and this Richard answered was contrary to the constitution, as settled by his father in England. Richard Cromwell assembled a fresh Parliament in 1659, and found he could not keep it in hand. Indeed, the government by the major-generals was found fault with, and one of them, Butler, was threatened with impeachment. The army was however still the chief power in the kingdom, and at once intimated that it would brook no control from this Parliament; but on the other hand the army was divided into three parties, Republicans who disapproved of any Protectorate, the friends of Richard, and those who held with General Lambert, that he ought to

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—
Resignation of Richard. 1658.

have been Protector. These were much the strongest, and meeting at Wallingford House, presented a petition, demanding their arrears of pay, and setting forth various grievances. Generals Desborough and Fleetwood, one of whom was husband to Richard's aunt, the other to his sister, were among those who signed the petition; but the Parliament took no notice of it, being engaged in questions about the Upper House. There was nothing but disputing. Sir Arthur Haslerigg and one party wanted to overthrow the whole Cromwellian system and return to a free Commonwealth, while Sir Harry Vane and the connections of the Cromwell family only wanted to reduce the Protector's power, while the Royalists, beginning to hope, began to gather in London to profit by the dissensions of the existing powers.

Richard consulted his friends whether he had not better dissolve the present intractable so-called Parliament, and call together the Rump, the remains of the old Long Parliament, broken up by his father in 1653. While he was deliberating, the officers came in upon him, and declared that he had no choice save to do so, since the army would not endure the present set of members. He complied, and on the 6th of May, 1659, Lambert, Fleetwood, and the rest sent invitations to all the members of the Long Parliament to re-assemble at Westminster, which they did, Mr. Lenthall, Speaker, and all the rest within reach collecting, and Lambert escorting them to the Painted Chamber with a body of troops.

The first thing they did was to abolish the Protectorate, of which nobody was more glad than the poor Protector himself! He retired to Hampton Court and signed his submission in full form, having found his eight months of office the most trying in his lifetime, and he then repaired to his estate at Hursley, where he lived to a good old age. Occasionally he is said to have amused himself by seating himself on a chest in which were all the congratulatory addresses he had received, and there drinking to the health of all the good people of England.

A council of state was appointed, and immediately began to quarrel. The King and Duke of York watched for the moment to come over, and the Royalists in Lancashire, under Sir George Booth, actually began to rise, but were defeated by Lambert.

But Parliament and army instantly began to struggle for the supremacy, and so soon as Haslerigg and the Rump began to take on themselves to make changes, the army did what their late master had taught them; the officers filled the streets about Westminster with their men, and quietly turned back the members on the way to the House, on the 13th of October, 1659.

Each party held councils how to get rid of the other, and each wrote to General Monk, who was in command of the important portion of the army stationed in Scotland, to obtain his support. Monk had always been at heart a Royalist, though he had given his support to the strongest, and he saw clearly that peace and settled government was impossible in such a state of parties without restoring the monarchy, for

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The Letter to the King. 1660.

which, as he well knew, many persons longed besides the avowed Cavaliers. He wrote to Haslerigg and the Rump that he desired to deliver them from the dictation of the army, even declaring that a Commonwealth was the desire of his soul; but to his brother generals he spoke more plainly, so that they announced to Haslerigg that he plainly intended to bring back the King and renew the war.

Lambert was appointed to supersede him in Scotland, and advanced as far as the Tyne, but Monk, with a perfect understanding with the Scots, marched southwards, and by a mutual understanding there was no fighting. There were waverings one way and another; but in December, Parliament was able to meet again, while Monk slowly came southwards. Lord Fairfax came from his retirement to express his concurrence with Monk in recalling the King, and the desire of the country became more and more manifest.

On the 16th of March, 1660, the Long Parliament prepared to dissolve itself, and Lambert was sent to the Tower. There was a question how the writs for a fresh election should be worded, and Prynne, heartily tired of confusion, and a stickler for law, said: "In the name of the King. This Parliament was dissolved by the death of the King his father; Charles II. alone can summon another."

The new Parliament was however summoned by the "guardians of the liberties of the country." The ardent Republicans made a last demonstration. Mr. Scott rose, and demanded that in answering the communications with foreign powers, all intercourse with Charles Stuart should be forbidden. There was an uproar.

"I demand," said the Presbyterian crew, "that before we break up, we should bear testimony that we had no part, by hand or heart, in the abominable murder of the King, which we look on with horror."

But Scott's voice rose: "Although I know not where I shall lay my head, I acknowledge that I took part in it, not only by hand but by heart, and that I desire no greater honour in this world than to have inscribed upon my tomb, 'Here lies one who shared hand and heart in the execution of Charles I., King of England.'"

Shouts of indignation burst forth, and he quitted the House with a few as implacable as himself. The bill of dissolution was passed, and thus the Long Parliament put a final conclusion to its own existence, while the London mob, once so devoted to it, lighted bonfires, and roasted rumps of beef at them in derision.

The next day, Monk ventured to receive Sir John Grenville, the brave Sir Bevil's son, who brought him a letter from Charles II.

"Have you thought of the danger you are incurring by this mission?" asked Monk.

"Yes; but nothing can prevent me from obeying the King."

Monk shook hands with him, and read the letter, saying afterwards: "I hope the King will pardon my past words and deeds, for my heart was always faithful to him, and I am ready, not only to obey his Majesty, but to sacrifice my life and fortune to his service."

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Recall of the King. 1660.

Then he gave his opinion as to the King's best course. Grenville asked him to write it, and he did so in detail, making the emissary read it twice through.

"You are sure that you remember all," said Monk.

Grenville answered "Yes," on which Monk burnt the paper, bidding him continually go over it in his memory, but write nothing, and utter nothing except to the King himself, nor to come back till the King was out of Flanders; for part of the advice was that Charles should repair to Breda. He was at Brussels at the time, and great was the joy of the little Court, as well as their amusement at the many varieties of proposals that came to him from England. The Spanish viceregal court was not willing to let him go out of their hands, meaning to impose conditions on him before letting him go out of their reach; and he had therefore to escape secretly to Breda, in the Dutch territory, whence he had once been expelled, but was now welcomed eagerly. Indeed, he had only been driven thence by necessity; but even Mazarin was courting him, and trying, during this time of doubt, to secure his hand for one of the five nieces who remained unwedded.

Meantime Lambert escaped from the Tower, and tried to raise Warwickshire and Northamptonshire; but the attempt was an utter failure, and Colonel Ingoldsby made him prisoner, and brought him back to the Tower, just before the elections, which almost all sent Royalists to Parliament, either old Cavaliers or Presbyterians; and the House of Lords likewise assembled, but in small numbers.

The first thing they did was to make a vote of thanks to General Monk and Colonel Ingoldsby. On the 27th of April, Sir John Grenville presented himself at the door, asked to see the Lord General Monk, and gave him a packet sealed with the Royal arms. He was brought into the House, and the Speaker asked him from whom he came.

"My master, the King," he said, "gave me this packet with his own hands."

It was decided that the papers should be laid before Parliament, and one member proposed that in the meantime Grenville should be in custody; but Monk answered for him that he would appear when necessary.

He did so appear on the 1st of May, giving the Speaker a letter from Charles, dated "in the 12th year of our reign." Every one took off his hat, and stood to listen, the Speaker rose to receive Grenville, accompanied by forty-one peers, and both Houses gave him their thanks.

Hyde had composed the letters, which were very good, promising in general an amnesty and freedom of conscience, with such exceptions as Parliament might think good. The like assurances were sent to the City, to the army, and to the navy, and were received with delight, Admiral Montague dwelling especially on the fact that the King was trusting to no foreign aid, but solely to the goodwill of his countrymen.

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Proclamation of Charles II. 1660.

On the 5th of May, the Lords voted that the ancient constitution of the country required King, Lords, and Commons; the Lower House followed them, and further voted a gift of £50,000 to the King, £10,000 to the Duke of York, £6,000 to the Duke of Gloucester, and £500 to Sir John Grenville; but as there was not enough money in the Treasury, the City advanced £30,000 in notes and specie. When it arrived at Breda, Charles eagerly called his brothers and his sister Mary to see the unpacking of more money than they had ever beheld in their lives before!

The Princess of Orange with her little son was acting hostess at Breda, whither such swarms of persons from all quarters were flocking, that it was difficult to obtain food for them. The Judge, Sir Matthew Hale, and Prynne, endeavoured to induce the Commons to exact some pledges from the King, and not to trust absolutely to promises; but Monk said that with neither men nor money, nothing could be feared from him, and thus the nation remained satisfied with the Declaration of Breda, that Charles would respect the laws and constitution, and grant an amnesty and liberty of conscience, subject to any exceptions made by Parliament. And now, the joyous Court at Breda received messenger after messenger in those early days of May, with letters of good news. The Parliament itself excepted from the amnesty the actual regicides, and committed to the Tower all who had been concerned in the King's condemnation; to await the measures to be taken on the Restoration.

Charles II. was proclaimed King on the 9th of May, and on the 10th, a vote of the House of Lords restored permission to use the Book of Common Prayer. It had, in fact, been used by thankful congregations for months past. One however who had been the aid and stay of the Church in her adversity, had passed away just as these glad days were beginning. Dr. Hammond had died, after much suffering, on the 25th of April.

"He whose mild persuasive voice
Taught us in trials to rejoice,
Most like the patient dove,
That by some quiet homestead builds,
And pours to the forsaken fields,
Her wonted lay of love.

"Why comes not he to bear his part,
To lift and guide the exulting heart?
A hand that cannot spare
Lies heavy on his gentle breast,
We wish him health, he sighs for rest,
And Heaven accepts the prayer."

Exultation did want guidance! The populace, debarred by grave Puritanism from natural wholesome cheerfulness, was mad with the reaction. Rejoicing did indeed need to be moderated. Bonfires blazed, bells rang, cannon fired, every town echoed with shouts and songs of "the King shall enjoy his own again;" and after the long stern repression of all wholesome mirth and festivity, the populace was

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Peace of Pyrenees. 1660.

flying into the opposite extreme, and giving itself up to license in the absence of restraint.

Abroad, too, the hopes of a permanent peace might well bring joy. The Spanish ambassador, Don Antonio Pimentel, met the French Court at Lyons, and the treaty went on, Philip IV. honourably stipulating for his allies, and making Condé's pardon one of his conditions. Don Luis de Haro met Mazarin at the Isle of Pheasants in the midst of the boundary river Bidassoa, where there was a pavilion for conferences, so arranged that each master could be seated in a chair with his legs on the boundary of his own dominions, and there they finally fixed the terms of the Peace of the Pyrenees, which was signed on the 17th of November, 1659.

Condé on this set out from Brussels with his young son, very properly preventing all rejoicings on the part of the towns through which he passed on his way to Aix, where the Court then was. He arrived on the 26th of January, 1660. The Cardinal met him two leagues off, embraced him, and drove with him to the palace, where the King and Queen awaited him. The Prince threw himself on one knee before the King, asking his forgiveness. Louis, standing very upright, coldly answered—

"Cousin, after the great services you have rendered my crown, I shall never remember the error which has hurt no one but yourself."

Condé dined with the Cardinal, and assured him of his determination never again to be at issue with the Court, a resolution which he kept. After a short visit to his Government in Burgundy, he again saw the King, and presented his son, in whom Mademoiselle was disappointed, thinking he did not look like a Prince of the blood. Moreover M. le Prince went to sleep while she was talking to him, to her extreme amazement.

Just at this time, on the 2nd of February, 1660, Mademoiselle lost her father, Gaston, Duke of Orleans, who died unmissed and unregretted. His three younger daughters were burning to leave their forced seclusion at Blois, and Mademoiselle was amused by the King's pointing out to her the pride of his young brother, the Duke of Anjou, at, for the first time, wearing a trailing mantle by way of mourning.

The Peace of the Pyrenees and the Restoration in England coming together were the real conclusion of the wars excited by the Reformation, which may, roughly speaking, be said to have lasted for a century. That same spring, Louis XIV. visited Avignon, and though he did not then absorb it, he would not permit the papal soldiers to guard the gates. Near it lay Orange, the property of the little Dutch prince, William of Nassau, then ten years old, with a small Parliament and a Hollander Governor of its own. There was a dispute between the boy's mother, Mary of England, and his other guardians, as to the right of appointment, and this was viewed by Louis and Mazarin as an opportunity for getting rid of a refuge for the Huguenots, and owned by a little Power,

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Reconciliation of Condé. 1660.

often hostile, in the middle of the dominions of France. When Provence had belonged to the Empire, Orange had been a gift to a successful Troubadour, and it had descended in the female line to the Dutch house of Nassau, who still take title from it, and who had hitherto profited by a toll paid by vessels passing up and down the Rhône.

On the pretext that there were dissensions among the Prince's guardians, and that the Lord Paramount was bound to interfere, Louis sent to the Governor, Count Doña, to demand the surrender of the place into his hands. Doña replied that his oaths were to the Prince of Orange, not the King of France, but that he would send a courier to ask for orders from Holland. He was told that the King was on his way to Spain for his marriage, that 20,000 men were with him, and that he would not wait. Doña said that even if he were at the gates, no other answer could be given. However finding that no aid was sent to him, and that all that was done was to write futile letters to Louis Doña took a bribe of 200,000 francs, and gave up the place on the 25th of March, 1660, when Louis showed that he had no intention of returning it, by immediately beginning to pull down the fortifications. He was to pay dearly for this spoliation of the fatherless.

The Spanish Court could not be hurried, and on the 3rd of June the Infanta was married to Don Luis de Haro as proxy for the King of France at Fontarabia, probably to make it etiquette for her to move out of her father's kingdom.

The next day, Queen Anne met her brother in the Isle of Pheasants. They had not seen one another for forty-five years; and she, used to French eagerness and warmth, ran up to him with open arms, and her eyes full of tears; but his Spanish dignity was impenetrable, and he stood straight up, neither bending nor kissing her, merely laying his hands lightly on her arms, looking, the French thought, more like a statue than a man. However the brother and sister sat down together and conversed for two hours. The King of Spain had his queen, his daughter, and Don Luis de Haro with him; Anne of Austria, brought her younger son, and Mazarin. Louis remained mingled with the throng of French gentlemen, in order to get his first view of his bride, Maria Teresa, who was a fair, golden-haired young girl, kind and honest faced, but uneducated and insipid.

When, after a kind of presentation of Queen Anne's retinue, all the gold-laced coats, the splendid collars, jingling swords and plumed hats had left the hall, one fair-haired youth remained, leaning with his back to the door. Turning to the Infanta, Queen Anne significantly asked her what she thought of that young gentleman.

The bride only blushed, and her father answered for her that she would express her opinion when she had passed on.

Afterwards, when the Courts had parted and the two Kings saw one another on the opposite sides of the river, Philip lifted his hat, for what was believed to be the first time in his life.

The next day they met in their own persons, sat together, conversed

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Marriage of Louis XIV. 1660.

and swore to the treaty on the Gospels, still each on his own ground; and on the 7th Maria Teresa was given to her husband. All her Spanish training could not check the poor girl's tears. She knelt three times to ask her father's blessing, and even he was affected. One part of the ceremony was her solemn renunciation of any possible rights to the crown of Spain. The same was also made by her sister Margerita Teresa, on wedding the Emperor Leopold. They had then a brother, and their father smiled at the ceremony, though it was required by the laws of Spain, and called it "*una paterata*," mere babble, and so it proved. It was a sad parting to poor Philip IV., impassive as he looked. He sorely missed his daughter, and catching cold on the journey, never entirely recovered, but only languished during the few remaining years of his life.

On the 9th of June the pair were married in the cathedral of St. Jean de Luz, the bride glittering with jewels, the King in plain black velvet, but looking, it was declared, the handsomest man in his dominions. When Mazarin was asked what he thought of the King's abilities, he replied, *Il y a de quoi faire quatre rois et un honnête homme.* And now at twenty-three Louis was to be left without the Minister on whom he had depended.

The peace of the Pyrenees was the last great work of Mazarin's life. He was only fifty-eight, but he came back very ill with gout, and dropsy soon set in. He partially recovered, and continued to toil at business all the morning, and to try to forget his sufferings by gambling far into the night.

He had always been a man of great taste and cultivation. He had collected a noble library, and had a magnificent gallery of pictures, statues, tapestry, gems, and all kinds of precious articles which had been his delight. It is said that he wandered for the last time through the galleries saying, "I must leave all these! After all my trouble in collecting them, I shall see them no more where I am going."

He devoted his energies to instructing the young King in the affairs about to be left to his own management, treating the youth with great freedom, and sometimes reprimanding him like a schoolboy.

The Queen-mother, who is believed to have been secretly his wife, came daily to see him, but as he grew weaker and more irritable, he murmured at the oppression of her presence, and was heard to mutter, "That woman will kill me! Can I never be let alone?"

He was at Vincennes when the end began to draw on. He sent for a priest, Claude Joly, and said, "You see a man who is suffering much. God only can place me in a state of salvation. Pray for me, and that my pains may avail me."

He received Extreme Unction, and died on the 7th of March, 1661. The two great statesmen Cardinals, alike in policy, though unlike in character, had ruled France for half a century, and had succeeded in their great object of exalting the French crown at the expense of the nation, and France herself, at the expense of other countries,

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Death of Mazarin. 1661.

thus profiting by the last surges of the great storm of Reformation warfare.

The peace of the Pyrenees and the English Restoration mark the close of the wars of religion. Peace did not last long; but the next wars were of ambition on the one hand, of the balance of power on the other.

CAMEO XX.

RESTORATION AND RETRIBUTION.

1660-1662.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1660. Charles II.	1643. Louis XIV.	1660. Charles II.
Germany.	*Pope.*	
1658. Leopold I.	1655. Alexander VII.	

THE Psalm chosen for the Thanksgiving for the Restoration begins, "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Israel, then were we like unto them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with joy." Nothing could better express the feelings of the lovers of Church and Crown who had been faithfully waiting for eleven years of utter depression, and enduring on the one side the scoffs and temptations of the Roman Catholics, and on the other, of the non-episcopal Protestants, who both held that the *Via Media* of the Anglican Church had been proved to be a mere delusion which must ere long die out.

Some had fallen away, and others were unsettled at heart; though the English Church by her endurance had shown her substantial existence, and was about to prove how much she had been purified by her trials. By an Act passed at once, all the surviving clergy who had been ousted from their benefices were permitted at once to resume them. In the cases where the incumbent was dead, the holder of the living was left alone for further consideration.

The fleet, under Admiral Montague, was despatched to the Hague to fetch the King, who travelled from Breda with his two brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, and his sister Mary, Princess of Orange. He entered the city in a beautiful yacht, which he admired so much as to declare that he should have one exactly like it built in England, whereupon the burgomasters of Amsterdam presented him with its fellow, which had just been completed, being glad to do something to efface the memory of their having once banished him.

On landing at Delftshaven, he was met by the deputies of the

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Festivities at the Hague. 1660.

States-General, and by his young nephew, the little Prince of Orange, who sat on the knee of one of his uncles, as they drove through the streets followed by a suite of seventy-two coaches.

Presentations went on all day, while the cannon seemed never tired of firing salutes. There was a State dinner, with tables arranged in a triangle, at the apex of which the King sat, with his sister on one side, and his aunt, the Queen of Bohemia, on the other; and Dutch, English, and German grandees alternated.

There was always on a Sunday the Dutch service first in the chief church, and it was afterwards lent to the English exiles. When Charles went thither, to the dismay of the throngs of English, the Dutch congregation all sat fast, for the sake of looking at his Majesty, and though their minister remounted the pulpit and exhorted them to give way, nothing would move them! The Princess Royal was obliged to invite the English who were elbowed out and to carry off as many as she could to hear the service in her own house. Afterwards there were a whole throng of persons, some from distant parts of Germany, waiting to be touched for the King's Evil, for the sake of the healing power supposed to be inherent in the sovereigns of England and of France.

The States-General sought out, bought and presented to Charles all the Crown jewels which had been pawned in Holland, and they also gave him a magnificent bed worth 20,000 livres, and furniture therewith, including a choice collection of pictures by the great Dutch artists.

Thus his time passed agreeably during the week he was detained at the Hague by the weather; and when at last he set forth to meet the fleet in Scheveling Bay, the whole country seemed to have sent its inhabitants to throng windows, roofs, walls and dykes along the whole distance. The smoke of the salutes made the fleet invisible; and a splendid barge was sent to convey the King and Royal Family on board the flag-ship.

No sooner was the King's foot on a British plank, than the sailors set up deafening cheers, guns were fired, and the welcome was overwhelming; while the moment he had reached the deck of the flag-ship, the *Royal Charles*, the admiral knelt to receive him, and the royal standard was unfurled from the masthead.

There was a tearful parting with the faithful Mary, and then the vessel set sail. They arrived at Dover amid the most fervent acclamations; and Lady Fanshaw declarse that all the road to London was so crowded with people that it was like driving through the streets of a city.

In consequence of the delay at the Hague, the King's arrival was so timed that he could enter London on his birthday, the 29th of May; and the story of his adventure in the oak having spread, the boughs and oak-apples, in all their early summer glory, were adopted as the badge of loyalty. The arrival at Blackheath is best described in Dr. J. M. Neale's spirited verses:

"Look to the dust on Shooter's Hill,
And hearken to the drum,
And see the pursuivant-at-arms—
The royal exiles come!

"Right goodly are the trained bands,
That glitter in their gold;
The Mayor and all the Aldermen
Are goodly to behold.

"The plumes are fluttering on the heath,
The standard waving high;
The craft upon the river
Have each their flag mast-high.

"Hark to the murmur on the heath,
That loud and louder runs—
Hark to the deep-toned city bells,
And the distant Tower guns!

"The barge is up from Westminster,
To wait the turn of tide;
The Lions and the Fleurs-de-Lys
Are trailing o'er the side.

"And Greenwich streets and Greenwich Hill
Are thronged as thronged can be:
One sea of heads from Charlton Church,
As far as Deptford Quay.

"The cavalcade is on Blackheath—
Hark to the cheer and cry!
Strike drums! Down knees, up caps and hats,
The King is going by!

"How gallantly he checks his steed,
That chafes and foams the while;
How gallantly he bows to thank
Bright eye or brighter smile.

"Muskets and cannons royally
Times one-and-twenty roar,
And kettledrums and trumpets bray
Around, behind, before.

"They strew the way with flowers and silk;
The Mayor is on his knees;
The Sheriffs and the Aldermen
Are giving up the keys.

"God bless the King! Old England
Shall be merry England yet!
God bless the Duke of Albemarle!
The nation's in his debt.

"Mark how he takes the Bible now,
And clasps it to his breast,
And promiseth to make it still
His hope, his stay, his rest.

"'And by our royal word,' he saith,
'The fault hath lain on us,
Who came no sooner to a land
That gives its welcome thus.'"

All this was literally true. No one understood better than Charles II. the art of winning affection and pleasing all who came in

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Charles II.
1660.

contact with him. In fact, he had more in common with his grandfather, Henry IV., than with any one else, though he was utterly lacking in the energy, public spirit and genuine patriotism which were the redeeming points in the character of the Béarnese. He was now thirty years old, with very dark complexion, and features of that grotesque ugliness that lends itself to animation, and were lighted by merry eyes and an arch smile, and his form and figure were perfect both for dignity and for activity, so that he could outwalk any man in his court, ride and leap. His brother James, Duke of York, was not more handsome, and more heavy looking; and Henry, Duke of Gloucester, more resembled his father. He was said to be wittier than even Charles; but the only saying of his that is preserved was that Lord Clarendon's daughter, Lady Anne Hyde, with whom his brother James was known to be deeply in love, always put him in mind of her father's green bag.

The Queen mother was not yet come, being busy in arranging a marriage between her youngest daughter, Henrietta, and the brother of Louis XIV., now Duke of Orleans, and termed universally "Monsieur."

Charles brought with him as his council, the faithful friend of the Crown, Edward Hyde, created Earl of Clarendon and appointed Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Ormond, Lord Culpepper, and Secretary Nicholas, all adherents in his exile, and to these he necessarily added Monk, who was still Lord-General; and with these were joined the survivors of his father's former councils. There was practically an inner council, or committee for foreign affairs, consisting of Clarendon, Ormond, Southampton, Albemarle, his friend Morice, and Nicholas. The Parliament was passionately royalist. Nothing seemed at that moment too much to evince their loyalty to Church and King, and their hatred for what had passed during the last twenty years; but things were in a condition in which the most conscientious of men would have found absolute justice almost impossible. How were the faithful to be rewarded without injury to many innocent persons? How were the dangerous elements to be repressed without terrible offence? Were the well-meaning, but mistaken, to be punished, or would their pardon be a future peril?

And if Charles II. was no conscientious sovereign, he was no cruel tyrant; he was simply an easy-going, kindly-tempered man, unscrupulous as to right or wrong, but chiefly determined, as he said, never to have to go on his travels again. As to rewards, it was quite true, as he said, that if he had ennobled every gentleman who deserved it, the House of Lords would have had to meet on Salisbury Plain.

There could not but be disappointment in those who thought they had merited at least compensation for their losses, and found their petition against rebels in possession of their lands treated with a carelessness that had something diplomatic in it; and for the most part these matters of sequestration were left to settle themselves, often to the advantage of the Puritan in possession.

At Breda, Charles had promised an amnesty, with such exceptions as the Parliament might make. It was not he, but the two Houses of Parliament who were determined to except from that general pardon the fifty-one persons implicated in the King's execution, also Sir Harry Vane, General Lambert, Oliver St. John, Colonel Hutchinson, and Speaker Lenthall.

Nineteen of the regicides were already in custody. Five-and-twenty were dead, and others had escaped to Holland or to America. The Dutch surrendered three of these; but others reached Switzerland in safety. Altogether twenty-nine were arrested, or already in custody, among them John Milton. Prynne wished to include among them Richard Cromwell; but no one would hear of this; and about twenty more persons were declared incapable of holding any office, civil or military; but no one was to suffer death without a special Act of Parliament.

There were at that time only four judges on the bench, and to these were added thirty more commissioners, including that staunch Presbyterian, the Earl of Manchester, with Lord Say and Denzil Holles, men who certainly had not shown any preference for royalty. The prisoners were to be tried by gaol delivery from Newgate; they were made over to the Sheriffs of London by the Lieutenant of the Tower, and all arraigned at once in Westminster Hall, where, eleven years before, they had refused to hear their King challenge their proceedings.

Sir Geoffrey Palmer and Sir Heneage Finch, as the King's Attorney and Solicitor-General, conducted the prosecution.

The first on the list, Sir Hardress Waller, pleaded guilty, and expressed his sorrow, thus obtaining mercy; but when General Harrison, the Baptist, who stood second on the list appeared, there was no quailing about him. He was a sincere fanatic, but he spoke with calmness and dignity: "Maybe I was a little mistaken," he said, "but I did it all after the best of my understanding, desiring to take the revealed Will of God in Holy Scripture as a guide to me." He further pleaded, that all was done in the name of the Commons of England and by their authority; but this, of course, could not be admitted, and he received the sentence of death, taking it with the utmost calmness, and as he walked away declaring that he was not ashamed of his cause.

Colonel Carew took the same line, and argued for the validity of the Court that had sentenced the King; and he, too, was condemned.

Henry Marten, the man who had so often insulted the Cavaliers with his buffoonery, pleaded the Act of Indemnity, but was told he was excepted from it by name. Demanding to see it, he declared that his name was not Henry, but Harry; a plea that was not allowed. He pleaded "not guilty," and defended himself with much spirit. When his unseemly merriment at the King's trial was mentioned in evidence, he declared that it proved that he did not act in malice; and again, that Charles was no king when sentenced, but, no longer in office, a mere prisoner.

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—
Execution of the Regicides.
1660.

He was sentenced, and so were Axtell and Hacker, who had commanded the guard; also Garland, who was accused (but denied it) of insulting the King; John Coke, the prosecuting lawyer, and Hugh Peters, the fanatic, scurrilous preacher, who had done as much mischief as any one in England. It was declared on his trial that he had specially denounced the L. L. L., or, as he called them, the one hundred and fifty lords, Levites, and lawyers, and had declared the office of a king to be dangerous, useless, and expensive. His plea was that he had not begun the war, that he had acted according to his conscience, and had interfered in the cause of mercy to the Royalists; which was true, for he showed a letter from the Marchioness of Worcester, and a token from the Earl of Norwich (Goring), as acknowledgments of his kindness, and he had interceded for Charles being permitted to be attended by Juxon. However, he was condemned. Altogether ten were selected as victims —Harrison, Scot, Carew, Jones, Clements, and Scroop; among those who had signed the warrant, Coke as the prosecutor, Axtell and Hacker as the commanders of the soldiery, and Peters for having stirred up the people. A vindictive spirit would not have been contented with ten out of fifty-one, and the most serious and merciful of the Royalists viewed their execution as necessary, not only for example's sake, but for that of expiation, that the innocent blood of their King should not cry out without blood being shed for it. Whether this was or was not a right spirit, the execution of the King's murderers was universally held as a duty owed by justice; nor was there any breach of promise, as Charles had always made his amnesty subject to the consent of Parliament, and, in fact, the two Houses were far more bent on the condemnation than he was.

The 13th of October, 1660, was the day of execution. Harrison was the first. He bore himself gallantly as a soldier, and, in his own eyes, a martyr. "Where is your good old cause?" cried some base fellow in the crowd. "Here it is," said Harrison, laying his hand on his heart, "I am going to seal it with my blood."

The others followed on the subsequent days. Peters, on his way seeing a man he knew in the crowd, bent up a coin of gold, and bade him carry it to his daughter with a message that he was full of comfort. It was the horrible old form of execution for high treason, and the spectators became so horrified and disgusted that, as had happened before in the time of Elizabeth, it was felt to be imprudent to display any more such sights. Nor were there further executions. Henry Marten was pardoned on the intercession of the Lords, and the other attainted persons were released, though they still had to endure much from suspicion, and from fines whenever any flaw could be detected in their conduct. As a supposed act of justice, horrible to our feelings, but less repugnant to those of the day, the bodies of Cromwell, Bradshaw and Ireton were taken from their graves in Westminster Abbey, hung up at Tyburn, and in the evening the skulls were set up on poles before Westminster Hall, the bodies flung into a pit. The corpses of Oliver's mother, of his

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Death of the Duke of Glocester. 1660.

daughter, Mrs. Claypole, and of Admiral Blake, were also removed from the Abbey to the churchyard. Blake was one who, if he had served under the English flag at any other time of her history, would never have been thought an intruder among the tombs of the great ; and these outrages are much to be regretted. Already the joy of the royal family in their restoration had been damped by the death of young Henry, Duke of Gloucester, from the small-pox. It was the first thing that his sister Mary, Princess of Orange, heard when she set foot on board the ship in which Admiral Montague had come to convey her to share the general triumph, and she spent the whole voyage in such bitter weeping that she never seemed to notice how rough and bad her passage was, though the pilot himself was alarmed, and the vessel ran aground six times on the coast of Kent. At last, on the 23rd of September, she landed at Margate, where the Duke of York was waiting for her ; and the King hurried to her as soon as he learnt her arrival.

The Duke of York was in trouble. He had secretly married Anne Hyde, and the expected birth of a child brought all to light, the lady asseverating that he was the father, and her lawful husband. The certificate was produced before the Privy Council, and there was great anger on all sides, especially on the part of the Princess Mary and her mother, Queen Henrietta, who no doubt were doubly angry with the King for being more placable than they were, and after about six weeks' delay, consenting to acknowledge the lady as Duchess of York. She was not very handsome, but was witty and lively. Charles was a man of expediency, and always avoided the entanglements of his more straightforward brother, giving no such hold to Lucy Waters, the mother of his son, but casting her off on his higher fortunes. The anger of the family was not lessened by the royal state at once assumed by the young Duchess, and ugly reports were current against her and others, and were believed by Mary of Orange ; and when the Duke, as Lord High Admiral, went with a splendid escort of ships of the line to meet his mother and young sister at Calais, he was received with sharp reproaches, but obtained a sort of pardon by talking of having been displeased.

Père Gamache, Henrietta's confessor, was greatly astonished at the English fleet. "The masts," he says, "were like a forest, the flags hung as thick as leaves on the trees, and as each ship saluted in turn the thunder of the cannon lasted half-an-hour. The sea was so absolutely calm that all these great ships had to wait a day and night before it was possible to reach Dover." Fortunately, there was plenty of food on board ; but it was the vigil of All Saints, a fast-day, and a little sturgeon was the only fish provided, for which the Duke politely apologised to the Father.

King Charles and his sister Mary received the travellers at Dover, amid great acclamations ; and the whole Royal family, together with Prince Rupert, supped in public, the citizens of Dover being admitted to behold them.

CAMEO XX.

Death of Mary of Orange. 1661.

The royal chaplain said grace in English ; but Père Gamache thought it necessary to follow this up with a Latin benediction and great sign of the cross, rejoicing in the discomfiture he thought he saw in the faces of the Protestants of Dover, including what he called *Trembleurs*, i.e. Quakers. He said High Mass the next morning in the chapel of the Castle of Dover. No doubt he felt it right bravely to put forward what he viewed as the only true faith ; but it renewed all the old suspicion and dislike to the Queen ; and when she arrived in London, on the 2nd of November, there were only three bonfires lighted in her honour, and the mourning for the Duke of Gloucester prevented there being much gaiety at Whitehall.

Indeed, there was much sorrow and perplexity at court. Henrietta was overcome by the old associations of the Palace, and shut herself up in her rooms, calling herself *la reine malheureuse*. Anne Hyde gave birth to a son ; but her husband, listening to slanders against her, did not come near her, and fell sick himself with perplexity, while she lay between life and death ; and in the midst the Princess of Orange was smitten with the small-pox.

Her mother, anxious to save her darling Henrietta from death or disfigurement, hurried from Whitehall to St. James's. Mary was profusely bled, and sank rapidly, though in full possession of her understanding, and she is said to have professed her sorrow for having made mischief between her brother James and his wife. She died on Christmas Eve 1660, and was extremely lamented by her brothers and all the Cavaliers, whose mainstay she had been.

Her message however brought James back to his wife, and Charles strove hard to obtain their forgiveness from his mother. Henrietta's first answer was, "If that woman enters Whitehall by one door, I shall leave it by the other."

However between the Abbé Montague and the report of poor Mary's remorse, the Queen yielded at last ; and on New Year's Day consented to let her son bring his wife to her, kissed her, and admitted her to the royal table. In fact, a *mèsalliance* publicly acknowledged was far more alien to the French mind than to the English. The English royal family had often married commoners, who had been raised to the same rank ; but in France, when such marriages took place, they were kept secret to the last.

As soon as the Queen had obtained from Parliament a marriage portion for her daughter Henrietta, she hurried away, lest the fatal small-pox should attack this favourite child, the betrothed of the Duke of Orleans, with whom the marriage took place immediately after Easter, 1661.

The Convention Parliament, as was called the old fragment of the Long one, recruited by fresh elections, was finally and legally dissolved on the 29th of December, 1661, and a new one, almost entirely Royalist, was elected.

The army, amounting to 60,000 men, was also disbanded, excepting

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The Church restored. 1660.

Monk's own regiment, the Coldstream Guards, and one regiment of Dragoons. The desire of the country was to return to the old custom of keeping no force in arms, merely a militia ready to be called out, and these two regiments were looked on with dislike and suspicion as the nucleus of a standing army, a possible implement of tyranny and aggression, and a certain expense; but it remained to be proved whether in the state of Europe, where all other nations had regular troops, it would be safe to exist without them. Meanwhile the arrears of pay were promised; but the debts of the Crown were immense, its resources crippled, and though grants were made by Parliament they were insufficient, and lack of money was the great difficulty, and often the great snare, of Charles II.

The Church was restored with the throne. The Presbyterians hoped to make terms for themselves; but they found that they had not strength enough in England to enforce their claims to consideration. The King however had promised liberty of conscience, and that a conference should be held to endeavour to reconcile the Nonconformists with the Church; but liberty of conscience in those days merely meant freedom from persecution, not equality of power, and before the Convention Parliament broke up, it had passed the Corporation Act, requiring all municipal officers in towns to renounce the Covenant and communicate according to the rites of the English Church. Little objection was made, for the country was weary of the vagaries of the Sectarians, and, besides, an accommodation was expected from the promised conferences.

The dispossessed clergy had been restored to their livings by an Act passed at the time of the Restoration. There could be no doubt about their rights; but only some thousand of these had survived these seventeen years of expulsion, poverty and persecution.

What was to be done with those benefices where a Presbyterian or Sectarian minister had been presented by the patron? This question was left to stand over till the conferences should have taken place, and there should be some terms of possible reconciliation agreed upon.

Meantime the surviving Bishops were reinstated in their sees, and the vacant dioceses were filled up. Never yet had the bench of Bishops been of so fine a character as were these who had come through the fire of persecution.

To Canterbury was appointed William Juxon, aged and feeble now, but felt to have the first claim, on account of his attendance on the King at the scaffold. Matthew Wren, of Ely, who had been twenty years in the Tower, returned to his see; Pierce, who had also been imprisoned, was also restored; Frewen was promoted to York, and five more had lived to be restored.

Of the new Bishops, Morley was a friend of Hyde's, a good man, who did his best to restore his Cathedral at Worcester out of its ruins; Sanderson, a distinguished scholar; Cosin, deeply learned in liturgies, and the stay of the exiles in Paris. Bryan Walton, who had

CAMEO XX. — *Execution of Argyll.* 1661.

spent his time in preparing a polyglot Bible. Sheldon, who with Hammond had watched over the English Churchmen at home, became Bishop of London on Juxon's promotion; and Gauden, who had written some books in defence of the Church, and had edited the *Eikon Basilike*, went to Chichester. He allowed it to be reported that the *Eikon* was his own composition, and Charles II., who had been out of reach at the time, laughed instead of contradicting him; but no one believed him except those who wished to throw discredit on the Royal Martyr; and in after years his wife averred that on his death-bed he showed repentance for never having disclaimed the authorship.

Besides these, Lord Albemarle's brother received a bishopric; and sees were offered to three distinguished Puritans,—Reynolds, Calamy, and Baxter,—the first of whom accepted, but the other two refused.

In Ireland, Henry Cromwell had quietly resigned at the same time as his brother; and the Marquis of Ormond could not fail to be made Lord-Deputy. The Church was restored, eight bishops being still alive, and of these, the excellent Bramhall was promoted from Derry to the primacy at Armagh. Jeremy Taylor, the special glory of the Irish Church for his holiness and eloquence, who had been labouring among the scattered Church folk in the north, received the see of Down and Connor, and the other dioceses were filled up.

The affairs of the Church of Scotland were left to stand over till the conference. The High Commissioner sent to Scotland was Lord Middleton, once a covenanter, but now a royalist. Politically the old constitution of the kingdom had been restored, and, as in England, an Act of Indemnity passed, with a few marked exceptions, Argyll, Warriston, and Guthrie, as the men who had been most mischievous.

Argyll, who held almost royal power over half the Highlands and Isles, and was confident in his formidable strength, came to London to congratulate the King, but was at once imprisoned in the Tower. Charles refused to see him, and sent him back to Scotland to be tried by his countrymen, with orders however that the indictment should include nothing previous to 1651, when he himself had granted an amnesty for past doings. It was held that Charles should have remembered that Argyll had once crowned him King of Scotland; but he would hardly have been expected to feel much gratitude for the life he had led there, and there was no doubt of Argyll's treason to the Crown. The record of his trial is not extant, and it is only known that he was sentenced to die in two days' time. He begged for ten days respite, that the King's pleasure might be known; but Lord Middleton, the King's Commissioner would not grant this. He was beheaded at the Market Cross at Edinburgh on 27th of May, 1661, ten years from the time when Montrose had so suffered. Though no soldier, he showed on the scaffold piety, firmness, and dignity, and indeed he had been always more a warped and mistaken than a wicked man.

Sir Andrew Johnstone of Warriston, the mainspring of the Covenant, was also excepted. He fled to the Continent, but was

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Execution of Johnstone of Warriston. 1661.

seized in France, brought home and tried. He was broken in health and spirit, and showed himself pitiably deficient in nerve at his trial; but the sentence of death seemed to restore his manhood, and he received it with prayers for the King, the Parliament, and nation, and died bravely.

Guthrie, one of the ministers who had been foremost in resistance, was chosen as an example of retribution. He defended himself at his trial, and went to his execution in the spirit of a martyr; and as such his countrymen viewed him, treasuring every word that fell from his lips on his way to the scaffold, and rushing to dip their kerchiefs in his blood. When reproved for following a Roman Catholic example in thus treasuring relics, they answered that such was not their intention, but they meant to hold up these napkins that the innocent blood might plead before Heaven. These executions were intended as punishment for political offences, not as religious persecution; but the whole rebellion in Scotland had been so entirely on religious grounds, that they produced the effect of persecutions on people's minds.

There still remained some of the regicides in the Tower, and a bill for their execution was read in Parliament; but the King would have no more executions.

"I am weary of hanging," he said to Clarendon, "except for new offences. Let the bill settle in the Parliament, that it may not come to me; for you know I cannot pardon them."

So these persons were released, but degraded from any titles of honour that they had possessed; and on the 30th of January, 1661, Sir Henry Mildmay, Lord Monson, and Robert Wallop, were drawn to the foot of the gallows at Tyburn, with halters round their necks, upon hurdles, and back again, after which they were liberated. It was popularly believed that no regicide would die in his bed, and to contradict this idea, Sir Henry Mildmay arranged that a picture should be taken of himself when dying.

The remaining exceptions to the amnesty were Sir Harry Vane and General Lambert, who had neither of them signed the decree of execution; but Vane had deeply offended by stealing the documents of the Privy Council from his father's desk in order to ruin Strafford: and Lambert had been the last leader who had been in arms against the present King. The Convention Parliament had recommended them to mercy in case of conviction, and the King had by no means objected. They had both been kept in remote prisons,—Vane in the Scilly Islands,—but the Commons insisted on their being brought to trial, and actually sent up three petitions to the King to that effect.

The civilian showed himself bolder before the court of justice than the soldier, and defended himself ably, as having acted against the King under the authority of Parliament. So well did he argue, that Chief Justice Foster is said to have muttered, "Though we know not what to say to him, we know what to do with him," but his argument, that the Long Parliament had by its own act become

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Execution of Vane.
1661.

equal to the sovereign, appeared to Charles so perilous that he wrote to Clarendon: "You have had a true account of all, and if he has given new occasion to be hanged, certainly he is too dangerous a man to be let live."

Both were condemned, and Vane, a sincerely religious man, though fanatical, went to the scaffold with the utmost cheerfulness. He tried to make a speech describing the conduct of the judges; but his voice was drowned by drums and trumpets, while the note-books of those who had tried to record his words were torn up. Charles had interfered to cause his death to be not by hanging but beheading, and he died on the same spot where Strafford had been executed, after nineteen years. He, again, was a man of unspotted life and vehement zeal, but of self-willed, mistaken doctrine.

Lambert was kept a prisoner for the rest of his life, first in Guernsey and then at St. Nicholas Island, in Plymouth Harbour, where he died. Of the other regicides, several lived in Switzerland, where, after some years, Lisle was murdered, probably by some of those fanatical Cavaliers who took private vengeance. Ludlow reproaches the King with instigating the crime; but this is most improbable. Charles had no thirst for vengeance, and the executions were far more owing to the Cavaliers in Parliament than to himself, men who deemed that a stern expiation was due for their years of warfare, the murdered King, and the usurped power.

Where the lines between justice and vengeance should be drawn is a question none can decide. Magnanimous pardon would have been nobler; but Charles was capable of nothing higher than kindly good-nature, and his subjects were firmly persuaded that blood must expiate blood.

CAMEO XXI.

THE AUGUSTAN AGE OF FRANCE.

(1661—1664.)

England.	*France.*	*Spain*
1660. Charles II.	1643. Louis XIV.	1665. Charles II.
Germany.	*Pope.*	
1658. Leopold I.	1655. Alexander VII.	

THE young King Louis XIV. may be said to have begun to reign at the age of twenty-two, on the death of Mazarin.

"Transact your own business yourself, Sire," said the dying Cardinal. "Have no prime minister, such as your goodness has made me. I know by the things I *could* have done, how dangerous it is to raise a subject to such a position."

This, and "The State is myself," were the maxims of Louis XIV. throughout his long life. No sooner had the Cardinal breathed his last, than the young King assembled the members of his Cabinet. "I have summoned you," he said, "in order to let you know that though I have hitherto permitted my affairs to be managed by the late Lord Cardinal, it is time that I should govern myself, and you will aid me with your advice when needful." He added that the Chancellor was to seal nothing without his knowledge, and no passport or protection be granted without reference to himself, and he ended by recommending to Fouquet, the Superintendent of Finance, Jean Baptiste Colbert, who had been Steward of the Household to Mazarin. He was son to a wool merchant of Rheims, a plain, homely-looking man, but perfectly upright and honest, and so able and acute in money matters that the Cardinal had said, "Sire, I owe everything to you; but I repay you by giving you Colbert."

Fouquet, of a good family in Brittany, was over the finances, Séguier was Chancellor, Le Tellier, an old man, was Minister of War, assisted by his son, the Marquis de Louvois; Hughes di Lionne, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was the fourth Minister admitted to the Cabinet Council, for Louis was unwilling to admit more persons than necessary to State secrets, and was ready for any amount of personal toil. He was by nature methodical, and so stately as never to relax his

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Louis's Ministers.

dignity even in private. Mazarin had been accustomed to confer with the Council while dressing, often while being shaved, playing meantime with his monkey or pet red-wing, and sometimes rating his royal master like a school-boy.

Louis had submitted out of habit, but he altered all this, and though the Council still met in his bedroom, he was full dressed, point lace collar, ruffles, sword and all. He was the only person in a chair, though the Chancellor was allowed to lean against the rail of the bed, and Lionne against the mantelpiece, and if writing was required, a stool was permitted to be used at the end of the table.

There could scarcely have been found five such able men in one Council all over Europe. Indeed, France was at this period extraordinarily fertile in persons of capacity. Turenne and Condé, the two greatest generals of the day were in full vigour; Vauban, one of the greatest of engineers, had mastered a system of fortification which rendered cities almost impregnable, and his sieges were almost irresistible.

In peaceful architecture, Jean Hardouin Mansard was held to be unrivalled in stately combinations of symmetrical blocks, colonnades, and magnificent staircases. It is curious that he should have left his name to a garret, for he was the builder of palaces. He embellished the Louvre, but Louis never loved it, being unable to forget the scenes of the Fronde. It was on Versailles that all his care and cost were lavished, through the greater part of his life, and where he chiefly resided, only visiting Paris when it was unavoidable, and making Fontainebleau his hunting-seat.

The gardens of Versailles were laid out by Le Nôtre. They had perfect symmetry in trees, shrubs, terraces, parterres, lawns, and fountains, extending as far as the eye could reach from the palace windows. The fountains were by far the finest ever constructed, and the whole was adorned with a thousand bronze and marble statues and groups of mythological subjects, often portraying the King. The entire cost amounted to sixteen millions of pounds sterling, and though this was spread over many years, the expenditure rendered the King's buildings as burthensome to the people as his wars.

Lebrun was the painter of the day, but was not equally eminent in the eyes of posterity with the above-mentioned, nor with the literary men of the time; La Fontaine, who shares the fame of Æsop and Phædrus as a fable writer in elegant verse, Boileau, the able satirist, and especially the dramatists. Corneille, though still living, had achieved his chief triumphs, under the wing of the Hôtel Rambouillet; and Racine, the greatest of them all, was still repressed by the stern scruples of the Jansenists. There were many lesser lights, all owing much to the Hôtel Rambouillet, where language and taste had been greatly purified. The Duchess had passed away, and had been aped by mere pedantic and affected imitators, who discussed literature in a weak and silly manner, held up to derision by Molière in his *Précieuses Ridicules*.

It was Molière who was in the zenith of his fame. His proper name was Jean Baptiste Poquelin; but as the drama was not held to be respectable he changed his appellation. His comedies not only delighted his own generation, but still remain as classics, and their wit and humour charm and divert all times.

Novel writing had begun. Mademoiselle de Scudéry, who had written interminable romances, was in extreme old age, greatly wounded by the irony of Boileau. But Madame de la Fayette, the friend of Madame de Sévigné, had written *Zaire*, and a more modern story, called *La Princesse de Clèves*, was probably in hand, for these were long compositions, and were greatly polished, and read and discussed amid circles of friends before they appeared in print, with the royal sanction. The Countess D'Aulnoy and M. Perrault had discovered what a mine of interest existed in the old fairy tales, traditions of all nations, and wove some, gracefully told, into a long tale of nobles and princesses. She and her contemporary imitators gave "Beauty and the Beast," the "White Cat," "Cinderella," "Riquet with a Tuft," and others, that special form in which they have become classical. Altogether it was a time of unusual mental activity, and Louis, though ill-taught in his boyhood, privately studied to keep up with the times, and had the royal perfection of never being at a loss. On the birth of his son, he named as his governess the Duchess of Montausier, Julie de Rambouillet, one of the wisest and best women of his Court; and later he nominated as his tutor, Bossuet, the great preacher, most deeply respected throughout France.

Louis had something fine in his disposition, though education had done all that was possible to spoil it. He was far from unkindly or cruel, but self-worship often made him harsh, and his first victim was Fouquet. Mazarin had warned him against this superintendent of his finances, and when Colbert looked into the accounts he found there was ample reason for the caution. Fouquet was immensely rich, but he enjoyed a fair reputation, and there seems reason to believe that he had done no worse than was the custom of financiers, and almost supposed to be their right. He had an excellent and devout mother, who was constantly praying that his worldly prosperity might not be his ruin, and he was a great friend of Madame de Sévigné; but the King was resolved on his fall, and all the more because he had bought and fortified the little Breton rock of Belleisle, an act sure to excite the jealousy of the Crown. He was Procureur-General to the Parliament, and this gave him privileges which rendered it more difficult to take action against him; but one day when Colbert and he were talking over the King's monetary difficulties, he proposed as a convenience to the King to sell the office for a million and a half *livres*.

The offer was eagerly accepted, but was far from softening the King. Nor was Louis touched by a wonderful *fête* given to him and all his Court at Vaux, a magnificent *château*, with gardens laid out by Le Nôtre, filled with everything costly and splendid, and everywhere decorated with squirrels—Fouquet in Angevin *patois* means a squirrel—

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Fouquet's Banquet.

and there was the Minister's "canting" coat of arms, with the motto, "*Quo non ascendam?*" Louis looked at the words as sinister augury, and his compliment, "I never saw anything finer, even in my own houses," had a perilous sound.

The banquet was served by Vatet, the first cook in France, the gold and silver plate were of extraordinary beauty and value; but Louis only whispered to his mother, "We will make him disgorge;" and Anne of Austria, who liked and pitied the doomed man, had to withhold her son by telling him that it would be an odious thing to arrest his host at a festival in his own honour.

A new comedy, *Les Fâcheux*, written by Molière, was now acted in the open air, in front of a piece of ornamental water, through which, when all had taken their seats, an enchanted rock seemed to advance, and presently was transformed into a gigantic shell, whence emerged a goddess, round whom tritons, naiads, nymphs, and cupids, grouped themselves, while she spoke a prologue addressed to the King, and beginning—

> "Jeune, victorieux, sage, vaillant, auguste,
> Aussi doux que sévère, aussi puissant que juste."

The play was arranged so that it ended in time for darkness to permit a grand display of fireworks, in the midst of which Louis drove off, only hardened against the man who had made such a display of wealth, as he considered, at the cost of his own treasury.

Still the blow was deferred. Louis was going to Nantes to preside at the Estates of Brittany, accompanied by his Ministers. Fouquet began to be uneasy, and fell ill when he reached Nantes, where he had a magnificent hotel. He struggled however with his fever, and rose in time to go to the Council at 7 A.M., because the King was going out hunting.

Louis had however given written orders to M. d'Artagnan, the Captain of a troop of Musketeers of the Guard, and the streets were lined with armed men. The Council lasted as usual for some hours, and at 11 o'clock, as Fouquet was going home, he was met by d'Artagnan in the small square before the Cathedral; and the King's orders were held out to him.

"I thought I stood better with the King than any one in the kingdom," sighed Fouquet. "Let us avoid *éclat*, I entreat you, monsieur."

The Musketeer let him go into the house of a connection, the Archdeacon of Nantes, and there he was arrested, and taken away in a carriage to the Castle of Angers, a great fortress of the Plantagenets, his papers were searched, and his agent, the poet Pellisson, also imprisoned at Angers, but not allowed to see him.

When the tidings reached old Madame Fouquet she fell on her knees, crying, "I thank Thee, O my God; I always entreated Thee for his salvation. This is the road thereto."

CAMEO XXI.

Fall of Fouquet.

Fouquet had indeed been a very dissipated man in private life, and greedy and unscrupulous as a public servant; yet there was a reserve of piety in his heart, and his first entreaty was for a confessor; but it was long before this was granted, though his mother, wife, and daughter prayed fervently in the churches, and the old lady piteously addressed the Queens, both mother and daughter-in-law; but the examination of his papers only exasperated the King more against him. Yet he must have had a great charm about him. La Fontaine went and gazed in vain at the outside of his prison, was torn away with difficulty, and described the place in the lines—

"Chambre murée, étroite place,
Quelque peu d'air pour toute grâce,
Jours sans soleil,
Nuits sans sommeil,
Trois portes en six pieds d'espace."

The prisoner was removed to Vincennes, and thence to the Bastille, without being allowed to see any of his family, though they contrived to communicate with him. The trial lasted altogether three years. The accounts of it were constantly sent by Madame de Sévigné to M. de Pomponne, one of the Arnauld family. In the midst, the young Queen had a sharp attack of illness, from which she began to recover after putting on a plaster, compounded, amid many prayers and tears by old Madame Fouquet. "She has saved the Queen. She is a true saint, and works miracles," wrote Madame de Sévigné; but gratitude had no effect on the King, and he insisted on the trial being carried on. It lasted three whole years, for life or death, for it was treason to embezzle the King's treasures, and the Parliament of Paris had Fouquet's fate in their hands. Of the thirty judges, nine were for his death, thirteen for perpetual imprisonment, and confiscation of property.

"Praise God, and thank Him," wrote Madame de Sévigné. "I am so glad, that I am quite beside myself!"

It was an unrelenting King. The prisoner was not allowed one glimpse of his mother, wife, or children, nor even to take his valet or his doctor, and only wore furs lent him by D'Artagnan when he was sent on the long journey to Pignerol, a mountain fortress on the borders of Savoy, where he remained till his death, twenty years later. For the first fourteen he was isolated entirely; but afterwards he was permitted to see his mother and daughter, and the good old lady had the joy of knowing him to be a devout and penitent man before she died, only a year before his long captivity was closed by his death.

The King had here shown all the hardness of a man bred to regard himself as the apex and focus of all duty, and crimes against him as inexpiable; but his gracious moods were fascinating, and there was a real ascendency of character in him that, together with the grandeur and brilliancy of his Court, made him seem a being not to be criticised, but

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The Five Propositions

admired and obeyed, a sort of Jupiter in an Olympus of his own. He thought himself religious, but this was shown in obedience to the Jesuit guidance, and thus his personal rule proved all the worse for the Jansenists. He was naturally averse to their strictness, and their resistance to authority was abhorrent to him. The partizanship of Cardinal de Retz in his exile at Rome only did them harm, and under the Royal influence, the assembly of clergy passed a decree that the formulary condemning Jansen for the Five Propositions must be signed by all clergy and all members of religious orders, and all teachers in schools.

Nobody wished to hold to the Propositions, but the Jansenists declared that they were not in the works of their master, and the nuns of Port Royal said that never having read the books, they did not know what was in them, and could not condemn without knowing. Singlin, their confessor, one of the Arnaulds, had to fly, and all the schools connected with Port Royal were closed.

The nuns in the Paris convent signed, but those in the parent convent held out for a long time. In the opinion of their enemies they were "pious as angels but proud as demons." The saintly Mère Angélique, in the last stage of dropsy, and seventy years old, still thought and acted for them, and dictated so able a letter to the Queen-Mother that it was thought that it must have been composed by Singlin, and search was made for him.

At last they signed, with an explanation that it was entirely out of submission to the Holy See, for they were not qualified to judge. The pain and grief of thus acting proved too much for Jacqueline Pascal, and she died soon after of a broken heart. Mère Angélique was dying already, but cheered and comforted all around her to the last. She expired on the Feast of the Transfiguration, the 6th of August, 1661.

The Jesuits would not accept the explanation, but insisted that the formulary must be signed unconditionally without reservation, but *pur et simple*.

Again the nuns, with Mère Agnes at their head, were in distress and perplexity, but a respite was afforded them for a time. Cardinal de Retz was reconciled to the Court in 1662, on condition of his resigning the Archbishopric of Paris, and the various formalities that took place before Hardouin de Péréfixe could be legally confirmed as his successor, or begin to act, lasted two years.

In the meantime the French Bishops, headed by the saintly Pavillon, Bishop of Allet, made a strong remonstrance, but everything failed, and the new Archbishop finally broke up the two convents, and dispersed the nuns in different convents, where they remained under sentence of excommunication, treated as criminals, pining for the Sacraments they were deprived of, separated from the Sisters with whom they had spent their devout and beneficent lives, understanding little of the points of controversy, but ever staunchly loyal to St. Cyran, Singlin and Sacy, their directors.

Here Louis was hardened by the Jesuits to whom he had surrendered

his conscience, and who, it may be feared, condoned his pride and immorality for the sake of his support of what they took for the true Church. Bossuet sometimes preached strong truths, but with a considerable wrapping of conventional compliment, and in Lent, or before his Communions, his flagrant transgressions were discontinued for a time; but he never heard a real heart-searching reproof. And indeed compliment rose to a science in his time, not only in courtly verse or panegyric, but in ready speech. Walking at his country palace at Marly, it began to rain. Louis commiserated his companion, necessarily bare-headed.

"Ah! Sire," was the answer, "the rain of Marly does not wet!"

Another courtier fell off a scaffolding during the building at Versailles. The King hoped he was not hurt.

"*Tout au contraire, Sire,*" was the answer.

Much better and abler men than himself felt the strange power of this magnificent royal idol.

Even his cousins, Charles II. and James, Duke of York, who, though older men, felt his ascendency of character, and their whole tone of morals and manners were tainted by those prevalent in the Court of France. Religious woman and anxious mother as Anne of Austria was, the unintelligent devotion in which she had bred up her son, did not avail or prevent the lax habits of the nobility from infecting him. The young Queen Marie Thérèse was dull, half educated, and reserved, very little of a companion to him, and his affections had deserted her for Louise de la Vallière, a beautiful blue-eyed girl of high rank, with religious feelings, which made her miserable, even while yielding to the passion she felt for the handsome and charming young King. Her alternations of love and remorse are pitiably despicable to those of true judgment in these days, but they added at the time to Louis's sentiment for her. Charles had already loved and cast aside Lucy Waters, after she had become the mother of a son who was to become a misfortune to himself and to many others, and his present favourite was Barbara Villiers, with whom he spent all his idle moments. She married a Mr. Palmer, who was created Lord Castlemaine to give her rank.

It was held however to be time that he should choose a queen, and the nation hoped it would be a Protestant, but the only such lady abroad whom he had liked, Henrietta of Orange, had a mother who had affronted him in the days of his exile, and as to the German princesses, he said, "They are all dull and foggy; I cannot like any of them for a wife."

Moreover they were poor, and a rich dowry was almost a necessity to the impoverished Crown. Mademoiselle had despised him in his poverty, and was past her first youth. The daughters of Spain were disposed of; but Louis turned the attention of Charles towards Portugal.

The Crowns of the Peninsula had been united by Philp II., but the rule of Spain had been harsh and galling to the Portuguese, and in

CAMEO XVI.

Marriage of Charles II. 1662.

1640, the Duke of Braganza, a descendant of the direct line, who had been set aside, had succeeded in establishing himself on the throne of the little kingdom, receiving support from all those Powers who rejoiced that Spain should not only have a thorn in her side, but be deprived of the splendid harbour of Lisbon, and of the very considerable Colonial possessions of Portugal in America and India. By the treaty of the Pyrenees, Louis had bound himself not to assist the Portuguese against the Spaniards; but this did not hinder him from being glad to secure them a powerful ally, and it was suggested to Charles by his mother, at the desire of Louis, that the young King of Portugal, Alfonso, had a sister, Catalina, of a suitable age, and that he would be willing to give her a splendid dowry to secure a royal connection.

Soon after the offer was formally made by the Portuguese ambassador, Don Francisco de Melho, of the Infanta, with £500,000 in hand, also of the city of Tangier in Africa, and the island of Bombay in the East Indies, and the right of free trade with the Colonial possessions of Portugal. Such an offer was extremely tempting, and though there were some regrets that there was no Protestant princess to the King's taste, his counsellors, Clarendon, Ormond, and Sandwich, were dazzled by the idea of the money, and of Tangier, little thinking how much the most important part of the dowry was that island of Bombay.

Don Francisco was sent home to make further arrangements, and after a few hesitations caused by malicious reports as to the lady's health and beauty, set forth by the Spaniards, the portrait sent decided Charles that "that person cannot be unhandsome," and the treaty was concluded.

Catharine, as she was called in England, was dark-eyed and chestnut-haired, not "unhandsome," but not a striking beauty. Her mother, Queen Louisa, was the leading spirit in the family, a most able woman; but she had always kept her daughter in a convent. For five years the Infanta had not been beyond its walls, and when she knew she was to be Queen of England, her excursions were only to the shrines of saints in Lisbon. What a preparation for such a husband and such a Court!

Sir Richard Fanshawe brought her the King's miniature, and early in the spring of 1662, Lord Sandwich, after taking possession of Tangier, came with the fleet to carry the bride to England. She embarked on the 23rd of April with full a hundred Portuguese gentlemen and ladies in her suite, besides six chaplains. She never came on deck through the voyage; but on arriving off the Isle of Wight, she received the Duke of York, and many civilities passed between them. She was ill for a day or two after landing at Portsmouth, but was nearly recovered by the time the King arrived, and on the 21st of May, they were privately married early in the morning, according to the Romish ritual, and after dinner, in public, in St. Thomas's Church, by the Bishop of London, according to the forms of the Church of England. The bride wore rose colour, with knots of blue ribbon, which were cut

off and distributed as favours by her ladies, all present striving for a scrap. The register still exists at the church.

Charles wrote to Clarendon that he "must be the worst man living if he did not make a good husband," adding that, "we cannot stir from hence till Tuesday, by reason that there are not carts to be had to-morrow to transport all our *guarde infantas*, without which there is no stirring."

These *guarde infantas* were the huge farthingales of the Portuguese ladies who were still wearing Queen Elizabeth's fashions, to the great diversion of the English ladies, with whom a far more free-and-easy style of drapery was beginning to prevail. The olive complexions of these foreign dames were as little admired as their farthingales. King Alfonso had exhorted his sister never to forsake her own country's costume, and to get it adopted in her Court, and she tried hard to do so; but fashion was too strong for her, and before long, she, too, was wearing French fashions.

For six weeks Catharine's simplicity, freshness, and delight in novelty pleased the King; but then came a great struggle between them as to whether she should receive Lady Castelmaine as one of her ladies, as Marie Thérèse did by Mademoiselle de la Vallière.

When Charles himself brought her into his wife's presence, Catharine fell back in a fainting fit, and was only relieved by violent nose bleeding. Even this only provoked Charles. Ormond and Clarendon both declared that such concessions should not be demanded of a wife, nor, indeed, had any English Queen been thus treated; but Charles, impelled by the fierce temper of Lady Castlemaine, declared that if he gave up the point, the country would think him in a state of pupilage, and he even wrote a letter to Clarendon, declaring that he should regard any one who opposed his intentions as his enemy for life.

Clarendon, to his shame, submitted to argue with the poor Queen. She was desperate, and declared that she would go back to Portugal; but Clarendon showed her it was impossible, and Charles told her she had better find out whether her mother would receive her there, also that he should send home all her Portuguese attendants for encouraging her in her "frowardness."

In this conflict of wills, even his ordinary good-nature and courtesy gave way. He avoided coming into the company of the poor forlorn lady, and when obliged to do so, he did not speak to her, but only to those who made it their business to laugh at everything in earth or Heaven.

A visit from Queen Henrietta made things somewhat better for poor Catharine, who went with the King to meet his mother at Greenwich, and was treated by her with the utmost tenderness and affection; but unfortunately they had no language in common, for the one Queen knew no Spanish, and the other no French, nor could she yet speak English freely. Henrietta had never suffered in the same way; but she was accustomed to the French code of manners, and probably in private, persuaded her daughter-in-law to submit, for from this time she made

CAMEO XXI.

no more resistance, but freely admitted Lady Castlemaine. Once when that personage, entering her chamber while she was at her toilet, had the insolence to ask, "How she could have the patience to sit so long a dressing?"

"Madam," replied the Queen gravely, "I have so much reason to use patience, that I can well bear such a trifle."

Most of her Portuguese attendants were sent home, but a few remained, and she braced herself to endurance. When she had a very severe illness, in 1663, and lay for many days at the point of death, the King was touched with remorse, hung over her with unremitting attention, and shed many tears. Poor thing, in her delirium, she fancied that she had borne a son, and was only troubled that it was an ugly child. "Nay, it is a very pretty boy," said the King, to humour her, and in this happy delusion she slept. She was long recovering, and in the attendance on her, Charles's hair turned so grey that he began the fashion of wearing a wig, which by and by spread to a preposterous size.

His tokens of real affection made her position somewhat less wretched for the future, and she could endure his admiration for Frances Theresa Stuart, Lord Blantyre's daughter, a brilliant merry young creature, something of a romp, but well principled, and guarding herself effectually. It was she who sat to Rotier, the medallist, for the figure of Britannia, which we still bear on our copper coinage. Never again had the Queen hopes of a child, and the Duke of York's boy had died in early babyhood, so that the only child in the family besides the young Prince of Orange, was Mary, the newly-born daughter of the Duke of York.

Want of money was sorely pressing Charles. He wanted to send out an armament to take possession of Bombay, and he had further to assist the King of Portugal. Dunkirk was an expensive possession, requiring a garrison, and its capture having been in part a Cromwellian achievement, did not greatly interest the Royal Government. It was therefore decided that the offer of Louis XIV. should be accepted, and that it should be sold to the French for five millions of money. The English had been proud of the possession, and had had part enough in the capture to feel it like a conquest of their own, and an equivalent for Calais; but, on the other hand, the Cavaliers had fought for its defenders, and esteemed it an expensive and useless piece of property. It was the more vexatious to find that Louis was making the fortifications almost impregnable, and forming a harbour capable of containing thirty ships of the line, so that in time of war it became a very dangerous neighbour. The London merchants had offered Charles a sum exceeding the purchase-money if he would keep Dunkirk in his own hands, and probably he would have accepted this, if he had not been engaged in secret negotiations with the French. Clarendon incurred great odium on this account. He was building himself a grand mansion, it was popularly supposed with his share of the price, and the name of Dunkirk House was bestowed on it by the general voice.

CAMEO XXII.

THE ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

(1661—1665.)

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1660. Charles II.	1643. Louis XIV.	1665. Charles II.
Germany.	*Pope.*	
1658. Leopold I.	1655. Alexander VII.	

CAMEO XVII. — *Conference at the Savoy.*

To establish a complete and absolute uniformity of doctrine and worship throughout the kingdom was the dream of the highest souls of the time. It did not seem an unreasonable hope. Before the Reformation there had been external unity, and even yet, each state in Germany was outwardly at least of the same profession as its ruler. The nation at large was weary of schisms, and it was hoped that a conference between the leading men on all sides might bring about a general union.

The Presbyterian leader was Richard Baxter, a man of great piety and ability, and entirely uncompromising in his opinions. He had held the Vicarage of Kidderminster throughout the Commonwealth days, and had been so much loved and followed there that the return of the rightful Vicar was by no means welcome. The fact of his intrusion made his expulsion necessary; but he was in such high esteem that he was offered a Bishopric, which he refused to accept, though he declared that there was no portion of the doctrine of the Prayer-book with which he disagreed, and he remained at Kidderminster as a lecturer.

Scotch and English Presbyterians were willing to accept a moderate episcopacy, provided they were bound by no oaths or subscriptions, and also a Liturgy, if there were liberty to add extemporary prayers; but the Scots wanted to have the surplice prohibited even in the King's own chapel. To this Charles answered sharply, that while he gave them liberty he would not have his own taken from him. James Sharp, the minister sent from Scotland to represent the Kirk, wrote with little expectation that the Presbyterians would prevail. "I see generally the cassock men appearing everywhere boldly, the Liturgy in many places setting up. The service in the Chapel at Whitehall is to be set up with organs and choristers as before."

CAMEO XXII.

Conference at the Savoy. 1661.

He wrote as if grieved, but there is reason to think he had made up his mind as to the part he intended to take.

A declaration was issued by the King offering toleration to all sects; but as the Presbyterians thought this was intended to favour the Roman Catholics, Baxter objected to it, on the ground that "some opinions were tolerable, and others intolerable," and, of course, in his view nobody but Richard Baxter could draw the line between them.

However the Conference was to take place in the spring of 1661, beginning on March 25th, between twelve Bishops and twelve Non-conformist divines.

Archbishop Juxon was too aged for the difficult task of presiding, nor had he ever been noted for learning, so the presidency was allotted to Sheldon, Bishop of London, and the place of meeting was to be the grand old hall of the Savoy Palace in the Strand. Each of the twelve on either side was allowed nine assistants, who might act as deputies in case of incapacitation of the principals, and very wisely, four months were fixed as the term of the deliberations.

The proceedings began by Sheldon's declaring on the part of the Church that all were fully satisfied with the Book of Common Prayer, and that it was the part of their adversaries to state in writing what alterations were desired on the other hand.

By Baxter's influence, the other Puritan ministers agreed to put all their objections together in one paper, while he actually undertook to draw up a Liturgy. He used the Bible, Prayer-book, Directory, and L'Estrange's *Alliance of Divine Office*, and in a single fortnight produced an entire *Reformed Liturgy*, which he did not quite venture to propose as a substitute for the Prayer-book, but as an alternative at the will of the minister. The language was almost wholly Scriptural, but the Church people could not but feel it insulting that one man should claim to have his fortnight's work preferred to the growth of ages, under the hands of fathers, saints, and martyrs.

He had been quicker than the other divines with their paper of objections; so he turned to them likewise, and made the criticism so sharp and violent, that his brethren would not accept them, and gave in their own paper on the 4th of May. Their objections were: to the Responses in prayer, to Lent, to Saints' Days, to the prohibition of extemporary prayer, to the Apocryphal Lessons, to the repairing to the Holy Table for the Communion Service, to the use of the term priest, to some obsolete words, to the assumption that all the congregation are in a state of grace; also to the brevity of the collects and prayers, desiring a long uninterrupted form. Moreover, they demanded that the Catechism should be fuller, and that those old objects of their dislike—the surplice and marriage-ring, together with the signing of the cross after Baptism, and the kneeling at the Holy Communion—should be optional.

This petition was read, and was answered, point by point, after a dignified declaration that the faithful Church people deserved as much consideration as those who had remained outside.

Responses, the answer said, conduced to devotion, and joined the congregation with the minister.

Lent might be used to edification and devotion. As to Saints' Days being human institutions, so was the Feast of Dedication, which our Lord duly observed. Extemporary prayer is dangerous. The Apocrypha is full of instruction. The stronger arguments for the word priest were kept back; it was only pleaded that the distinction from a deacon was needful. The treating the audience as in a state of grace was after the example of St. Paul in the Epistles. The right of the Church to decree ceremonies was maintained; but the Bishops offered fourteen concessions, chiefly changes of words become obsolete.

These did not satisfy them, and Baxter drew up a very long reply, which was only given in ten days before the four months were up.

There followed a *vivâ voce* argument between the two parties. The Bishops held to it that there was no need for altering the Prayer-book, unless some defect in it was proved, and none had been made clear to them.

Eight points were then handed in as objections, but the whole argument resolved itself into the debate whether a command to observe a custom, not in itself unlawful, can be sinful; and this discussion lasted out the allotted term. This dispute was like a circulating decimal, incapable of coming to an end, and thus the four months closed in the midst of it; and all that could be done was to report to the King that, though all were agreed in wishing for union, the parties were divided as to the means.

Parliament meantime was sitting, and a very Cavalier Parliament it was, with not above fifty or sixty Presbyterians in it, and the greater number of the gentlemen who composed it, sore with the remembrance of wrongs and injuries suffered from their adversaries. They were afraid that the Prayer-book should be watered down to please the Presbyterians; and therefore in July, before the Savoy Conference was ended, an order was brought in and passed that, "A Committee be appointed to view the several laws for confirming the Liturgy of the Church of England, and to make search whether the original book of the Liturgy annexed to the Act, passed in the 5th and 6th years of King Edward VI., be still extant, and to provide for an effectual conformity to the Liturgy of the Church for the time to come."

This Committee recommended a few amendments, which were made, and on the 9th of July, the Bill of Uniformity, as it was called, was passed by a large majority and sent up to the Lords; but the Lords wished the matter to wait, knowing that the King intended to have the Book revised by Convocation, so that they deferred the consideration of the Bill until Parliament had been prorogued on the 30th of November.

Convocation had of course been sitting and arranging the thanksgiving service for the anniversary of the King's Restoration on the 29th of May. In October, came the King's letters directing them to revise the Prayer-book, and it was decided that the Convocations of the two

CAMEO XXII.

Revision of the Prayer-Book. 1661.

provinces should both appoint delegates for the purpose to meet at the house of the Bishop of Ely.

The Bishops were eight in number: Wren of Ely, Skinner of Oxford, Warner of Rochester, Henchman of Salisbury, Morley of Worcester, Sanderson of Lincoln, Nicholson of Gloucester, Cosin of Durham, the last not least either in dignity or in liturgical learning, for in both he stood pre-eminent. He had been friend and librarian to the two great Bishops, Andrewes and Overall, and his own chaplain and assistant was William Sancroft, by and by to become greatly noted in the history of the Church. Bishop Cosin had brought a folio copy of the Prayer-book of 1619, as it stood after the revision of James I., and in the margin he had made notes of all the alterations he desired. This was copied out by Sancroft, but the original is still preserved in the library of the cathedral at Durham. Most of his emendations were adopted, but not all, and it is impossible to specify them, since the entire number was nearly 600, generally only single words, directions in a rubric, or the place of a prayer. It was the last touch given to the actual services of prayer, and it was all in the Catholic, not the Puritan direction, though some changes which the Bishops would have wished for were omitted, out of the desire not to put stumbling-blocks in the way of the ignorant or disaffected.

On the 20th December the work was finished, agreed on by the Bishops, and sent to the Lower House. It was in 540 pages, and was attached to the Act of Uniformity. It is still preserved in the library of the House of Lords.

It was then sent to the King, who kept it waiting for several weeks, when Parliament, having again assembled, a message was sent from the Commons to the Lords to beg that the Bill of Uniformity might be considered. The Lords answered that they could not take it in hand without the proposed Prayer-book, and the Earl of Dorset complained, on February 12th, 1661, of the delay, when the Bishop of London promised that it should soon be brought forward. Thus urged, a Privy Council was summoned, at which five of the Bishops were present, and the alterations were inspected, probably in a very different manner from that in which Charles's theological grandfather had studied them, and a recommendation of it was duly signed by him and sent down to the House of Peers sealed with the Great Seal, on the 17th of March, 1662. There was no examination of it in the Lords; but when the Commons received it, they compared it with the former one, though having no debate upon it only, so entirely was the House transformed, that they requested that Convocation would enjoin the use of reverent gestures in the service, and require that the ring, the surplice and baptismal cross should be always used. So complete was the victory for which Laud had died.

It is this bill that binds every consecrated Church to the observance of the Ritual of the Book of Common Prayer, and no other, leaving no opening for individual omissions nor additions, and this has continued

CAMEO XXII.

Objections of the Puritans

to be the rule of the Church ever since, only of late years slightly relaxed by permission to shorten matins and evensong on occasion.

The Puritan party were far from being gratified at the changes, though some had been made in deference to them, such as the insertion of the words "militant here on earth," because they thought that otherwise the prayer might be taken to include the dead; but they objected to the introduction of a few more holy days, such as that of St. Barnabas, which, by some inadvertence, had been omitted from the calendar of 1562, though the collect held its place. They naturally disliked the services of fasting and humiliation on the 30th of January, and of thanksgiving on the 29th of May. Indeed, while the loyal put on mourning, went to church and fasted rigorously on the anniversary of King Charles the Martyr's death, and two new churches were actually dedicated in his name as "Our own, our royal Saint," the Puritans made a point of dining on a calf's head in derision.

Another objection was to the prayer for the High Court of Parliament, because of the terming the King "most religious." In truth this was an older prayer, apparently composed by Archbishop Laud in the time of James I., and the epithet originally meant according to rule, but it had drifted further and further from its old sense, and had so entirely come to be viewed as synonymous with pious that there were unseemly jests on its being applied to Charles II., and it was thought to be from adulation, whereas the fact no doubt was that it could not have been altered without disrespect to the King, and a slur on the words of Laud, whom the Bishops regarded as a martyr.

The Earl of Northumberland presented a petition on behalf of the old Prayer-book, but without effect. The only alterations made in the House of Lords were that the incumbents of all parishes were required to have received Episcopal Ordination, and to abjure the Solemn League and Covenant, though if ejected, a fifth of the tithes were assigned for their maintenance, and the King was given a dispensing power for their retention, but the period at which they must choose between obedience to the Prayer-book, or resignation of their benefices was shortened. The Commons had fixed at Michaelmas day, which would have given the half-year's tithe to the outgoing minister, the Lords advanced it to St. Bartholomew's. When the Bill was sent down again to the Commons, they refused both the allowance of fifths, and likewise the dispensing power, though, in a measure, it was allowed to the Ordinary; but they agreed with the Lords in requiring the Covenant to be denounced as an unlawful oath, and that there should be a declaration that, on no ground whatever, might arms be taken up against the King. Thus, on the 19th of May, 1662, the Act of Uniformity was passed, and received the assent of the King. It was of course the preservation of the Church of England, and the requirements therein were as absolutely necessary and stringent as the purification by Ezra after the restoration of the Jews; but like those it fell very hard upon those who had transgressed.

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Black Bartholomew's. 1662.

The Presbyterian ministers, who occupied livings otherwise vacant, had only three months to consider what was to be done, and from some unavoidable delay in the printing did not see the new Prayer-book till three weeks before the critical day.

Those who had been rightly ordained before the Rebellion were safe, provided they would conform and denounce the Covenant; but those who had only been ordained by Presbyters could only continue on condition of receiving true Orders from the Bishops. Some could not endure the doctrine, others, while accepting the theology, stumbled at the ceremonies, and others held their Presbyterian Orders as a sacred thing, which could not be disregarded without sacrilege. There was much consultation and correspondence; Baxter, the chief leader among them, was for resignation, even of his lectureship, and so was Calamy. Many made up their minds that the sacrifice must be made for conscience' sake.

On the 17th of August these men preached farewell sermons to their flocks, and their pulpits were left vacant on what was known in their party as Black Bartholomew's Day. The number thus ejected is differently stated at 1,800 and 2,000, but these were the most zealous and uncompromising. The Bishops and patrons were not rigid in general. Some had time given them to prepare for full ordination; and in other cases, where the patron was a Puritan, the residence of the minister in the parsonage was permitted, a curate being employed to read prayers. There were bitter partings and much distress, but so far the needful changes, though sad, were wrought with fair consideration for the inevitable suffering they caused. Of course there were extreme cases. Sometimes a devoted Churchman and earnest pastor took the place of a rude, ignorant declaimer, while in the next parish a deeply-learned, pious, and diligent minister might be superseded by a careless priest, a mere boon companion or flatterer of the squire, incapable of preaching, and heedless of the flock. But there were many more middle cases; and in general the clergy of the Restoration were of a higher type than their predecessors, and the general spirit of the country was in their favour, feeling the Liturgy like an anchor after all the tossings of fanaticism. Of the ejected ministers, some became chaplains or tutors to Puritan families, and some kept school. Those who could conscientiously do so attended the Church services; and those who were grieved at neglect, or, as they considered, false doctrine on the part of the clergy, privately instructed and worshipped with such of their people as were attached to them.

The King intended this Act to be accepted in Scotland, for he had no feeling so strong as resentment against the Covenanters, who had begun the war, had turned the scale in England, betrayed his father, and what perhaps he felt most keenly of all, made him spend the most dismally uncomfortable years of his life.

The first step had been the Assembly of the Estates of Parliament on the first day of 1661, when the Regalia, dug up from their hiding-place

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Episcopacy in Scotland. 1662.

in Kinneff Church, were produced and carried in state ; and then, in the spirit of reaction, an Act Recissory was passed, cancelling everything that had been done in the Scottish Parliament since 1640. This had left the field clear, and as soon as the Act of Uniformity had been passed, several nobles, and the two ministers, Sharp and Douglas, were summoned to London to confer with the King.

Whether Sharp was honestly convinced, or whether he yielded out of ambition, none can tell ; but the nobles soon saw how the land lay. A Privy Council was held, in which it was resolved to restore the Episcopacy in Scotland with only one dissentient voice, that of the Earl of Lauderdale, who, with the sagacity of the Maitlands, knew that such a matter was more easily said than done. The English people connected the Bishop's book with "the good old times," before the days of war and confusion ; the Scots only viewed them as a badge of English oppression, and the first step towards Popery.

Lauderdale himself, on coming out from the Council, met Sharp walking with the Earl of Stirling, and thus announced what had passed—"Mr. Sharp, Bishops you are to have in Scotland. You are to be Archbishop of St. Andrews ; but whoever shall be the man, I will smite him under the fifth rib."

Sharp was commissioned to persuade his colleague Douglas to accept preferment, and this acceptance was thought probable, as he listened willingly to the Episcopal ministers, and communicated with them. His answer was however—"Brother, I render his Majesty a thousand thanks ; but I have dipt so far in oaths, and in the concerns of the late troubles, and particularly in my sermon before the King at his coronation ; and being now turned aged and infirm, I want strength to sustain the weight of the office, and the difficulties I should have to encounter. But if you can comply, who are young, and not under the same engagements, I neither can nor will blame you."

All the old Scottish Bishops were dead except Sysderf of Galloway, who was too old to officiate ; so that a mandate was issued by the Bishops of London and Winchester to consecrate four Scottish clergy, Sharp, Fairfowl, Hamilton, and Leighton to the sees of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Galloway, and Dumblane. These were first raised to the priesthood and then duly consecrated by these two, with the assistance of other prelates ; and on their return they filled up the other ten sees, Montrose's chaplain Wishart being placed at Edinburgh, and Sydserf translated to the Orkneys. The incomes of all these dioceses together did not amount to that of Winchester. Nothing as yet was said about the liturgy, and things remained as in the latter days of James, so that there was no surplice, no kneeling at the Holy Communion, no crossing after Baptism, and Calamy exclaimed, "What would our brethren in Scotland be at, or what would they have? Would to Heaven we had had these offers."

No Episcopal Ordination was enforced on the existing ministers as in England, but as they had mostly been elected by the parish, instead of

CAMEO XXII — *The Drunken Parliament* 1662.

being presented by the patrons, it was enacted that they should not remain in possession unless they obtained proper presentation from the patron, backed by the Bishop. To the strict Presbyterian mind "a harmonious call" from the flock was a sacred thing, and to accept the nomination of an authority seemed sacrilege; and a number of parishes disregarded the order.

On this, on the 1st of October, 1662, a Parliament sitting at Glasgow, no doubt chiefly composed of lairds who were patrons, enacted that every minister who did not comply before the 1st of November should be ejected from his manse. This meeting is known by the title of the Drunken Parliament, for the people of Glasgow affirmed that every man in it was intoxicated, excepting Lockhart of Lee, who declared that the Ordinance would lay the country desolate. The accusation was not unlikely to be in the main true, for hard drinking was scarcely accounted a vice.

Archbishop Sharp had been much against this hasty measure, well knowing how cautiously the people needed to be dealt with; and the effect was that, after the example of the English ministers on Black Bartholomew's Day, though for less causes, 200 ministers, at the least computation, 350 at the largest, all quitted their kirks at once; so that by the end of the year 1662 England and Scotland were in the same condition, with an authorised minister in many churches, and an unauthorised minister outside; but with this difference, that in England such cases were comparatively unfrequent, and the minority adhered to the ousted pastor; in Lowland Scotland it was the rule, and the greater number held to their old ministers instead of to the young men fresh from the University and episcopally ordained.

Something of the same kind was going on in England, and there were continual complaints from the clergy, and committals by the magistrates. There were at one time 190 in prison, and Colonel Hutchinson was one of the persons imprisoned under this Act. He was arrested in his own house, while expounding the Epistle to the Romans, and died in confinement. He owes most of his fame to the loving memoir of him written by his wife.

Charles, who hated severity and wanted money, tried to get an Act passed permitting Nonconformists to purchase dispensations for the exercise of their religion. The measure was brought forward in the House of Lords; but the Bishops justly considering it unworthy, procured its defeat, and for this the King never quite forgave them.

A still more severe Act followed in 1665, forbidding any Nonconformist minister to come within five miles of any place where he had been pastor, under pain of being imprisoned for six months, nor might they act as domestic chaplains, tutors, or schoolmasters, unless they took an oath condemning all war against the King, and all alteration in Church or State.

Those who could bring themselves to take this oath were better off

than before; but it fell very hard on those who would not, banishing them from their old homes, and depriving them of their maintenance; and at one time or other, almost all the more distinguished Nonconformists underwent the sentence of imprisonment. It was the measure which had been dealt to the Church, but that did not make it less harsh, or more in the spirit of the Christian faith.

Charles put forth a declaration promising indulgence to tender consciences, and assuring those who lived peaceably, that he would move Parliament to pass some Act that would "enable us to exercise the power of dispensing which we believe to be inherent in us."

This declaration greatly displeased Parliament, who thought that it was intended to be the means of encouraging Popery, and that it would lead to schism and encourage sects. The King was obliged to give up his plan; and at the same time the clergy sent up a petition for several laws against the Anabaptists, and for an increase of the fine for not going to church.

The Commons passed in 1664 the first Conventicle Act, fining and imprisoning every person above sixteen years old who should be present at any act of religion unauthorized by the English Church, if there were five persons present besides the members of the household. If the offence were committed a third time it was visited with banishment to the American plantations, and the execution of the law was placed in the hands of the Justices of the Peace, often rude illiterate squires, quite unfit to deal with matters of conscience, and with ministers far more educated as well as thoughtful than themselves. The Quakers, who would not go to church because they did not consider that only the faithful met there, suffered heavily under this Act.

CAMEO XXIII.

WAR, PESTILENCE, AND FIRE.

(1664-1667.)

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1660. Charles II.	1643. Louis XIV.	1665. Charles II.
Germany.		*Pope.*
1658. Leopold I.		1655. Alexander VII.

CAMEO XXIII. — *The United Provinces.*

IT would have seemed as though the Dutch Republic must have been the natural ally of England, but, on the contrary, in the early and middle parts of the seventeenth century there was the most bitter dislike between the two countries, chiefly from colonial rivalries, and from the recollection of the Amboyna massacre.

The politics of the Seven Provinces were very complicated, and had much effect on the state of Europe at this time. They were Holland, Zeeland, Guelderland, Utrecht, Overyssel, Groningen, and Friesland, each of these a separate republic in itself, and each city with its own municipal government. Each province had its own States, composed of deputies, and the management of the Union was in the hands of the States General, consisting of deputies from each province, with a lesser council of state. The administration was chiefly in the hands of this, as it consisted partly of the permanent officers, such as the Grand Pensionary de Holland, and Treasurer-General. The Stadtholder, as representative of the nobility, had always had much influence, though not an essential part of the Constitution. Ever since the time of William the Silent the Stadtholder had been head of the Orange or Nassau family, but the infancy of the third William had prevented his being appointed, and Cromwell had made it an article of the treaty that no Prince of Orange should ever hold it.

There were always two parties in the State, Holland and Amsterdam being strongly averse to exalt the house of Nassau; Zeeland and the other provinces being generally in its favour. The first was called the Lowestein party, the second the Orange; but Holland was so rich and prosperous as generally to outweigh the other six provinces, and the Grand Pensionary, John de Witt, was an exceedingly able man. His fear was of an Orange tyranny, and to prevent this he was willing to ally himself with France, and to oppose England as connected with the young Prince of Orange, now about fourteen.

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Dispute with Holland. 1661.

The other States were more afraid of French ambition than Orange tyranny; but all were sore at the recent defeat, and anxious to retrieve their honour now that Blake was dead.

The possessions of the States were enormous in all the quarters of the world. They had numerous isles in the Southern Archipelago, as well as factories in India, had begun to settle in Guinea and at the Cape of Good Hope, owned several West Indian isles, and a settlement in Guiana, and had begun a colony in North America, close to that of the Pilgrim Fathers. Their merchant shipping was the finest in the world, and they had no rival on the seas save the English.

Causes of quarrel were by no means lacking. The treaty with Cromwell had not been performed, the island of Poleran in the East Indies had not been yielded, English merchant ships were continually seized and detained on false pretences, and there were constant quarrels and mutual injuries inflicted by the colonists of the two nations on the coast of Guinea, where each was trying to establish factories for trade in palm oil, gold dust, and, far more unfortunately, slaves. There was now an African company, with the Duke of York at its head, as well as the East India Company, established in 1600, and both made loud complaints of the conduct of the Dutch. Sir George Downing was sent to the Hague to complain, and also to demand that the young Prince of Orange should be restored to the honours of his family. The Envoy was a haughty, overbearing man, who gave further offence; and in the meantime the African Company took the matter into their own hands and sent out Sir Robert Holmes with a small fleet to recover the Castle of Corse, which the Dutch had seized. In one of the Dutch vessels there taken papers were discovered showing that the Dutch Governor, Valkenberg, had incited the negro king of Fantine to attack the English fort at Cormantine, and he therefore considered himself justified not only in taking the island Goree, off Cape Verde, but in destroying several more Dutch forts, after which he stretched across the Atlantic to the settlement in America, which had at first been English, but had since been colonised by the Dutch, who called it New Netherlands, and the capital New Amsterdam. Fresh arrivals of English emigrants threw the balance to their side, and in 1664 the inhabitants, on the arrival of Sir Robert Nicolas with a fleet, overcame the resistance of Governor Stuyvesant, commonly called Headstrong Peter, and made him surrender. The province was given to the King's brother, after whom the capital was called New York, but for many generations the Dutch habits and language prevailed in the country around. Here Holmes seems to have thought it well to wait and see whether his daring deed was to be avowed or not.

The Dutch Ambassador loudly complained, and Charles gave orders that Holmes should be arrested and sent to the Tower till he could clear himself. The Admiral surrendered, and showed such papers that the King thought him fully justified, released him, and when the connivance at the negro attack on the African fort was denied, Charles replied that "he had as full evidence of it as that there was such a fort."

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De Witt.

There was great anger in Holland, but the States General were always slow of decision upon a war, and none could be legally undertaken without their formal decision, when of course any public debates must at once become known to Sir George Downing. De Ruyter was in the Mediterranean, where he had been going on with Blake's work of overawing the Moorish corsairs, and the object of the Grand Pensionary was to send him instructions to recover the forts. De Witt therefore concerted his measures with seven devoted friends, and when the States General met, he began with a number of dry formal bills which had to be read and signed as a matter of course, and were likely to be gone through without attention or discussion.

When well embarked in this roll the seven deputies began upon those likely to be in opposition. Some were called outside to be told of a secret, others walked up and down the hall to converse on the subject known to interest them most, some were lured to the windows to see what was going on in the square outside, even the president engaged in conversation, and then, while no one was listening, De Ruyter contrived that the secretary should gabble through the authorisation to make reprisals on the English in the very same dreary voice in which he had been reading the mere forms, so that nobody knew what was going on, nobody objected, and the authorisation was signed and sealed, and sent off by special messenger overland to meet De Ruyter.

The English Admiral Lawson was also in the Mediterranean, closely watching De Ruyter, though polite messages passed between the two Admirals, and the Dutch fleet, to disarm suspicion, sailed up and down for three weeks through the Straits of Gibralter, collecting stores for his expedition from the Spanish ports, but only purchasing a little at a time so as to excite no suspicion. Not one of his captains knew what he intended till, on the 5th of October, 1664, he had passed the English fleet lying in Cadiz Bay, and exchanged a friendly farewell with Lawson, who fully believed that he was going home.

Two days later he hoisted the white flag which summoned the captains on board his ship the *Spiegal*, and told them of his instructions, sailing straight for Goree, where he found nine English merchantmen. All had to surrender, as well as the fort.

On one of these islands the sailors were much surprised at finding a negro able to speak Dutch, having been a slave taken to Flushing. On hearing the Admiral's name, he exclaimed, "Michiel De Ruyter! I remember a cabin boy of that name at Flushing!"

When told that it was the same he was incredulous, but being taken on board the *Spiegal*, there was a delighted recognition on either side, and much laughter over old pranks which the two lads had shared. The black could still repeat the names of all the streets, buildings, and bridges in Flushing, and the names and nicknames of all his old comrades there. He had been baptized, still knew the Lord's Prayer and the Catechism, and said he had tried to instruct his children in the Christian Faith, but they would only laugh in his face. His intelligence

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Ruyter on the African coast. 1664.

had made him chief in his island, and he would not hear of going back to the civilized world, though he was much pleased with a present of some old uniforms, and a salute of honour, which was fired as he returned to his savage home.

De Ruyter then cruised along the African coast, recapturing the forts that had lately been taken by Holmes; but he had a very sharp conflict at Fort Cormantine, where the English were assisted by a negro army under a terrible savage, who had a bitter hatred to the Dutch, and exercised such barbarities that he was so much afraid of falling into their hands as to commit suicide when he found the English cause hopeless. The garrison were all made prisoners, and De Ruyter sailed for America, and appeared before Barbadoes, but met such a fire from the forts as drove him away with great damage. On his way back he heard reports that war had been declared, and not thinking the Channel a safe route, sailed by way of the North Sea.

It had not been long before Admiral Lawson discovered how he had been duped. He sent intelligence to the Duke of York, who immediately sent out two fleets, one under Prince Rupert, and 150 Dutch merchant vessels were captured, and guarded in the English harbours to be sold by way of indemnification to any sufferers by Ruyter's expedition.

Meantime Charles wrote to his ambassador at the Hague to inquire into the matter, and Downing, in his conceit, answered that there could be no such expedition, as if there were he must have heard of it. Charles wrote again, and Sir George was obliged to go to the Grand Pensionary, whom he asked coolly whether the story of De Ruyter's voyage was true. De Witt smiled and assured him the Province of Holland had given the Admiral no orders that need concern his master, and as to the States General, it was useless to say anything about their resolutions, since his Excellency always knew what took place there!

Again Downing wrote that it was a baseless report, and that De Ruyter was in the Mediterranean! However, certain news had come by this time. He was very much enraged, and desired to be recalled to London, where he found himself blamed and laughed at for his conceit!

War was inevitable, and Charles had to raise money for it, to the amount of two millions and a half; but the nation was hot against the Dutch, and on this occasion the old mode of raising money by subsidies was exchanged for a quarterly assessment on the counties—in fact bringing in, in 1664, the system of taxation which has continued ever since in force. The clergy had hitherto voted their own subsidies in Convocation, which was held to be the third estate of the realm, but, apparently for convenience' sake, Archbishop Sheldon, who had just succeeded Juxon, came to an agreement that the clergy should be taxed like the laity for the future, little guessing that he thus gave up a very important element of influence. There was now no necessity to keep Convocation sitting until the grant had been made, and thus much of its strength was lost as a power in the kingdom.

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Battle of Lowestoft. 1665.

The navy was really dear to both Charles and James, and they threw themselves into the preparations with great zeal, so as to fit out the grandest navy England had ever seen. The Duke of York was a thorough sailor, and sought out Blake's old captains; but when the Duke of Buckingham and other courtly friends of Charles offered their services, he replied that they might serve as volunteers, but that he could give no command to the inexperienced. He seems to have been the first person to understand that seamanship did not come by nature, and that all generals were not qualified for admirals; and he divided the fleet into three squadrons, known by their flags; the red under himself, the white under Prince Rupert, the blue under the Earl of Sandwich. His own vessel was the *Royal Charles*, and with ninety-eight sail of the line and four fine ships he sailed up and down the German Ocean, defying the Hollanders.

The Dutch were in the meantime quarrelling as to the command of their fleet. Before the great battle of the Texel, the States General had voted that in case of the death of Van Tromp the command should devolve upon Evertsen; but his retreat in that battle had displeased the States, and besides, he was a Zeelander and an Orangeman. The admiralship was given to Cornelis de With, who, however, was killed during the war with Sweden and Holland. John de Witt appointed as High Admiral Opdam van Wassenaer, a brave cavalry officer, but no sailor, and always sea-sick. All the other provinces, Zeeland at their head, made Evertsen Vice-Admiral; but as a matter of party, Holland appointed three more Lieutenant-Admirals, Cortenaer, De Ruyter, and Meppel, evidently to prevent Evertsen, though senior (being sixty-five years old), from coming to the front. After much squabbling the fleet put out on the 24th of May, 1665, 103 ships, with 4,800 guns and 21,000 men, and on the 11th of June came in sight of the English under the Duke of York, with 109 ships, 4,200 guns, and about the same number of men as their opponents.

The Hollanders were so much resolved that Evertsen should have no opportunity of distinguishing himself, that they gave explicit instructions to their Admiral for the battle, and having some secret doubts of his ability, they continued to urge him on to make the attack, so that he felt himself insulted. He was altogether at a loss, yet he held no council of war, and made the signal for attack suddenly on the 13th of June, just as the wind had turned in favour of the English, and when the Vice-Admirals, instead of being at the head of their squadrons, all had their ships near him, and in a position whence signals could not be seen by a great portion of the fleet. The huge fleets covered the sea for a mile or more off Lowestoft.

The English fleet advanced in excellent order, drawn up half-moon fashion. The two fleets slowly sailed past each other with a tremendous cannonade, but the wind and the weight of the guns enabled the English to inflict more damage than they received. At 5 A.M. next morning the two fleets tacked, and again passed each other firing, and in this

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Battle of Lowestoft. 1665.

encounter the Lieutenant-Admiral Cortenaer was killed. A third time the manœuvre was repeated, but the Dutch ships, for want of efficient command, were so entangled with one another that all could not fire, and there was a gap in the line, into which Lord Sandwich rushed, breaking their fleet in two. In the confusion Wassenaer brought his flagship, the *Eendraght*, close alongside of the *Royal Charles*, and there was a most fearful exchange of broadsides. Three of the noble volunteers, Lords Falmouth and Muskerry, and young Boyle, were killed beside the Duke of York, who was bespattered with their blood. At one moment the *Royal Charles* was almost boarded, but another English ship came up to her relief, and James, watching the confusion on board the *Eendraght*, commanded all his guns to be discharged into her in succession, and at the third shot from the lower tier there was a fearful explosion. The *Eendraght* had been blown up with the Admiral of the Fleet, and 500 men, all of whom were lost. In the horror that followed, the captain of Cortenaer's ship, still bearing the flag of the dead or dying Admiral, turned and fled, and several followed him. Some ships fought desperately till burnt. Evertsen, as senior Admiral, hoisted a flag, and signalled to collect the fleet, and his own ship was terribly damaged. Cornelis, son of the great Van Tromp, also tried to stop the flight, but was not ready to obey Evertsen; and when the Texel was signalled for, he turned towards the Meuse.

The English gave chase, but in the night slackened sail at a signal from the *Royal Charles*. It turned out that a servant of the Duke's, named Bronkhard, who had been in mortal terror all through the fight, actually forged this order to Captain Penn as soon as his master had fallen asleep, to prevent the battle from being renewed! However, eighteen ships had been taken and seven destroyed, 7,000 men killed, and four admirals. Indeed this battle of Lowestoft was one of the greatest of our naval victories, since the Dutch were more equal antagonists by sea to the English than any other nation; but exultation was almost forgotten in dismay at the ravages of the plague.

This horrible malady is apparently an extremely rapid fever, accompanied by a huge carbuncle, or plague-spot, as it was called, and was one of the disorders that thrive upon the foulness and filth of unwholesome cities. The Turkish cities of Asia Minor seemed to be its home, whence it sallied out from time to time—the infection being brought sometimes by persons, but more often in clothes and other goods—and overrunning western cities during the summer and autumn months with such fatal effect, that it came to be known above all other diseases as *the* plague.

Dr. Hodges, who watched throughout the visitation in London, traced the contagion to Holland, whence it had come from Turkey. There is also a narrative by Daniel Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, hung upon a fictitious "London Citizen," but borne out in all its details of fact by other authorities, such as public records, and the diaries of the excellent John Evelyn at Wotton and Says Court, and of

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The Plague. 1665.

Samuel Pepys, one of the clerks at the Admiralty. Before the beginning of the war, when trade was not interrupted, the plague had broken out in Amsterdam, but was hushed up, and in the end of 1664 two men had died in Long Acre. It went smouldering on through the winter, and in the third week in January no less than 474 persons had died of it in the two parishes of St. James's and St. Giles's. Then the disease slackened, but never ceased, though no great alarm was taken till the end of May, when the number of fatal cases became so alarming that every one who could began to remove.

The Court and all the officials retreated to Oxford, leaving only Lord Albemarle behind to conduct the business of Government, and the gentry and wealthy persons fled. Indeed, the whole neighbourhood took alarm, and the Lord Mayor refused to grant certificates of health, without which people could not leave the town. The absence of so many increased the distress; whole streets were deserted, 40,000 servants were thrown out of place, artisans and labourers had no employment, and distress added to the danger.

The King subscribed £1,000 per week for the relief of these sufferers, the City £600; the Queen Dowager, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and others gave largely, nor did the magistrates desert their posts. They did their best, dividing the parishes into districts, and appointing officers over them as searchers, nurses, and watchers. Each infected house was shut up, with a red cross marked on the door, or the words "Lord have mercy on us." Provisions were brought to the inmates and at night a dead cart went round with torches and a bell to bear away corpses to a great common grave without religious rites. Only the lowest and vilest were employed in this fearful office, and their brutality was another element of misery and horror.

Those months were like a nightmare on the devoted city. Strange fancies prevailed. The almanacks were full of portents. One half-crazy man ran about shouting the words of Jonah, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be destroyed." Another wandered, half-naked, with looks of horror, crying, "Oh, the great and dreadful God!" Voices were thought to be heard in the air, flaming swords, hearses and coffins in the sky, and at the same time there were all manner of quack antidotes and charms sold as infallible protections. One was a bit of parchment inscribed thus—

A B R A C A D A B R A
A B R A C A D A B R
A B R A C A D B
A B R A C A D
A B R A C A
A B R A C
A B R A
A B R
A B
A

Medical skill was at fault, indeed, many of the physicians died, and the only conclusion to which they came was that if the boil or carbuncle broke and suppurated, the patient recovered; but this, during the summer months, was the exception.

The clergy too did their utmost. There were daily prayers, and the churches open all day, but with the smitten houses shut up there could be no visiting the sick and dying. Indeed, many of the clergy died of the infection while both they and the ejected Presbyterians strove to comfort and minister as far as they were permitted. People were going in one by one all day to the churches to pray, and there were assemblies, prayers, and exhortation at the meeting-houses, but there were others who gave themselves up recklessly to mirth and revelry, and mocked these devotional exercises. One party, rioting in a tavern just opposite to one of the churches, is specially mentioned as horrifying every one by their profanity for three or four days. Then in a fortnight's time all of them were carried to the great pit beyond the town, where torches burnt around all night, and bodies were shot out of the carts like rubbish.

August and September brought the height of the misery. Those who fell sick in those months never recovered, even though the weather became cooler. The largest number of deaths in one week was about ten thousand, in that ending on the 29th of August. Very large fires of coal in every street were thought to purify the air, but rain did more, and the equinoctial gales began to lessen the infection. Recoveries became frequent, and though cases continued all the winter, the terrible visitation was gradually passing away. The number of deaths are computed at not less than 100,000.

It had not been confined to London. The fugitives carried it to other towns; York, Norwich, Salisbury, Winchester, all had their share, either that year or the next. Narrow streets and tall houses with no sufficient drainage could not but foster it, and there were cases enough to cause the cities to be isolated, and the payment for provisions made outside the gates by placing the money in a pail of water or in vinegar.

Fugitives camping out in the country were proscribed by those around, and often reduced to terrible straits of hunger. The villages about London suffered terribly. Poplar had in every house one sick or dead. Defoe's account tells of a conversation with a poor waterman, who pointed out a house where father, mother, and five children had died. The waterman himself lived by taking provisions and messages to the ships in the river, where the owners had taken refuge with their families. He himself had been shut out from his house, where his wife and one child were sick, the mother recovering, but the child like to die. He brought his earnings daily to the garden, where she received them, and conversed with him from a distance, in a simple God-fearing manner, such as drew tears from the listener.

The most noted of these visitations in the country was that at Eyam,

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The Plague at Eyam. 1665.

one of the beautiful villages in the ravines of Derbyshire. Introduced by a tailor's patterns, the disease raged in the narrow confined valley; but owing to the resolute faith and strong influence of the vicar, Mr. Mompesson, it was prevented from extending beyond it. He sent away his little children; but his wife would not leave him, and he kept his people from going beyond their own bounds, the Earl of Devonshire engaging that provisions and medicines should be regularly sent to appointed spots, where money and letters were placed on a stone, and then passed through vinegar. For seven months this arrangement was carried on faithfully on both sides. Lest infection should be communicated within the walls of the church, Mr. Mompesson assembled his flock in a beautiful little dell, branching out of the ravine, and still called Cucklet Church, every Litany day and Sunday. He lost his devoted wife—not from the plague, but from exhaustion from her attendance on the sick; and when the long quarantine was over at last, only a fifth of the parishioners survived.

It was remarkable that there was no case on board the fleet. There had been inquiries on both sides into the battle of Lowestoft, and it was proved before the Houses of Parliament that the slackening of the pursuit was entirely owing to the forgery of Bronkhard, though the enemies of the Duke of York continued to assert, in the face of evidence, that the cowardice was the master's and the servant only the scapegoat. But James, whatever his faults, was a brave and an honest man. He longed to pursue his victories; but his mother was terrified at the danger he had run, and represented to King Charles that it was not fitting to let the only male heir to the crown thus risk his life when he had only two little daughters—his son having died early. The Earl of Sandwich was therefore appointed to the chief command.

The Dutch, when their shattered fleet came home, were full of rage and despair, and their wrath fixed itself upon Evertsen. Reports had exaggerated the loss, and when he came in sight of the Texel, a small vessel, which had put out to meet him, brought back word that there were no great signs of damage about his ship. He had sent despatches to the States General describing the battle, complaining of the cowardice of those who had fled, and asking permission to enter the river. The reply was a summons to the Hague to answer for himself before the States General.

He started in a carriage, but in passing through Briel he was assailed by a furious mob, who reproached him in the most violent manner, even for the blowing up of the *Eendraght*, pelted him with stones and mud, dragged him out of his carriage on to the quay, where they pushed him into the water. The old man clung to the prow of a vessel, and kept his head above water, though they pelted him to make him let go. However the alarm had reached the burgomasters and garrison, who came rushing down, dispersed the rioters, and rescued the Admiral nearly dead, carrying him to a house round which, while friends tried

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Evertsen's return. 1665.

to revive him, the mob, excited by the tales of sailors from the remaining ships, raged all night.

A Dutch mob, though slow to be stirred, when once excited is apt to be a very terrible, stubborn, and cruel one; and the gallant old Admiral was forced to put on the disguise of a fisherman and leave the town at two o'clock in the dawn of the June morning. An escort of soldiers was required to guard him on his way, and De Witt and the Hollanders managed that the guard before the door of his lodging at the Hague should appear as if watching a prisoner.

The Zeeland deputies indignantly demanded that he should be heard in his own justification, and the old sailor stood before the States, telling simply the history of the engagement, and his appearance showing the outrages he had received; but party was far too strong for justice or patriotism, and instead of applauding the brave old man who had saved the remnant, John De Witt got up and ordered him back instantly to the Texel, to be tried with the other officers by court-martial.

He was taken on board the ship *Middleburg* and treated as a prisoner; but at the Texel nobody would preside at the court-martial, and it came to nothing, since all the captains, indeed all honest and courageous naval men, spoke honourably of him, including Cornelis van Tromp, who was the popular favourite, and was made an Admiral at thirty-four.

The Zeelanders demanded his entire acquittal, with the thanks of the Republic; but the Grand Pensionary prevented this, and they could only give him the thanks of their own province. Deeply wounded, he retired to Flushing, where he still worked at the fitting out of a new fleet, in spite of the injustice of his country.

In the midst of these quarrels De Ruyter came back from his African expedition, having passed very close to the English fleet under cover of a thick fog, He arrived at West Ems on the 6th of August, and the sight of his trophies filled the Dutch with joy, so that many a woman fell on his neck and kissed him in her ecstasy. De Witt, on receiving his despatches, got up in the night and wrote to him that ninety ships of the line were ready for him to join them and take the command. His answer was that he and his captains were ready to serve again immediately, but that his ships needed cleaning and repair and his crews rest. At once he was appointed Admiral-in-Chief, and went to take the command at the Texel a fortnight after his return without even seeing his wife and children.

He was received with great delight by all the navy, and though he was of the Lowestein faction, and Cornelis van Tromp and Cornelis Evertsen were Orangemen, his fame overbore everything. Many of the sailors held to the house of Orange, and to keep this feeling in check De Witt himself went on board, and made a cruise with De Ruyter to Bergen to escort home the Indian fleet. The storms that blew the plague from London did much damage to the fleet; two fireships sank,

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De Ruyter. 1665.

and eight men-of-war with two Indiamen ran among the English and were taken. Lord Sandwich and some of the other officers helped themselves to the treasures, privateer fashion, and on this account Sandwich lost the command of the fleet, which was given to Albemarle, together with Prince Rupert.

So much damage had the Dutch fleet undergone that only in October could De Ruyter again threaten the English east coast; but he found every part of the shore guarded, and could attempt no landing before the winter storms sent him home. Holland was ready to give him a triumph; he was bidden to keep on his hat while addressing the States General; a silver vase worth £150 was presented to him, and every possible honour was paid to him. He was a simple-minded, simple-mannered, religious sailor, and was by chance overheard praying in his bedroom against being uplifted by pride and vain glory.

He worked hard at the refitting of the fleet, while De Witt did all he could by diplomacy, and arranged with Louis XIV. a secret reaty for the partition of the Spanish Netherlands, thus inducing France to declare war against England, but against his will, and three months' grace was granted at Charles's request.

De Ruyter had a splendid fleet ready by the spring, eighty-five men-of-war with 5,000 guns, and 22,000 men, sixteen fireships and others, making up the whole number to one hundred vessels. His own flagship was called the *Seven Provinces*, carrying eighty guns and 500 men, and was considered as a marvel of shipbuilding. The young Prince of Orange brought the Elector of Brandenburg to visit the fleet at the Texel, when many manœuvres were performed, so as to make a sort of naval review, ending by a grand dinner on board the flagship. The Prince made a liberal largesse, and one of the crew of the *Seven Provinces* thought to delight him by climbing the top-gallant mast and there standing on his head, but the cool-headed William was disgusted at such foolhardiness, and De Ruyter would have punished it but for the intercession of the Elector of Brandenburg.

The English fleet had eighty-one ships of the line in the Downs, under Prince Rupert, the Duke of Albemarle, Sir George Ayscue, and Sir Thomas Allen. The three months' grace was over, and the Duke of Beaufort was reported to be at Bellisle meditating an attack, while the Dutch fleet was said to be not ready to put to sea. In consequence Rupert started with twenty-five ships in pursuit of the French, but both reports were untrue, the French were in the Mediterranean, and the Dutch had sailed out in three divisions, under De Ruyter, Cornelis van Tromp, and Cornelis Evertsen.

On the 1st of June Albemarle was astonished at the sight of the sea covered with ships at anchor off the North Foreland. His numbers were inferior through the absence of Rupert's squadron, but he had criticised the caution of Sandwich, and felt himself bound to give battle, while moreover his vessels, though fewer, were the larger. About one o'clock, therefore, Ayscue, under the white flag, begun the battle with

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Battle of the North Foreland. 1665.

Van Tromp. The combat was tremendous, neither gaining a decided advantage, though Van Tromp's ship was so much damaged as to be unmanageable, and two of his squadron were blown up.

Albemarle and Sir Thomas Tiddyman engaged De Ruyter and Evertsen, and there was a continued exchange of broadsides till five o'clock, but on the whole with advantage to the Dutch, as the English were too heavily weighted with guns. Albemarle finally signalled a retreat, fearing to be entangled in the Flemish sands. The *Swiftsure*, where Sir William Berkeley had done wonders in the onset, was so much damaged as to lag behind, when, in spite of her constant broadsides, she was boarded by Captain Adriansen, and there was a desperate fight on her deck. Sir William, with his back to the companion ladder, refused to yield, and fought on, till a pistol shot struck him in the throat. He dropped his sword, and rushed to the cabin, where Adriansen following, found him fallen across the table quite dead. Distinguished respect was paid to his body.

The battle was renewed on the following day, sixteen more ships having joined the Dutch. Again they fought all day, the most remarkable part of the combat being at the close, when Sir John Harman, Rear-Admiral of the white, was slowly drawing off in his much-damaged *Injury*. Evertsen sent a fireship after him so enveloped in smoke that no grappling-irons could be seen, even when they had seized the ship. The boatswain sprang into a boat, and with his axe cut the irons off, but a second flaming ship came up. Fifty men in terror jumped overboard, the rigging caught fire, but Harman, sword in hand, restored discipline, had water thrown over the masts, and the flaming spars cut down. One of these struck him, but though badly scorched and with a crushed leg, he continued to give orders, and the second fireship was sent adrift. Evertsen despatched a third, but the guns of the *Injury* sunk this midway, and the final broadside gave Cornelis Evertsen his death-wound, while the brave Harman steered for Harwich, and there recovered.

Monk stood for the Thames, and all the next day and all night the battle continued. Monk took all the men out of his disabled ships and left them behind burning, but he had only fifty left, and in the evening the *Royal Prince*, the largest English vessel, with 100 guns, commanded by Ayscue, ran aground on the Galloper sandbank. Albemarle signalled that he could not help her, and Van Tromp coming up on one side and a fireship on the other, Ayscue was forced to surrender. He and his officers and his most unwilling men were removed, and as De Ruyter thought so large and heavy a prize would be dangerous, he ordered her to be burnt. Tromp was forced to obey, much to his mortification, but the sailors remembered that it was the anniversary of the explosion of the *Eendraght*, and cheered enthusiastically when she blew up.

By this time Prince Rupert had come back from his fruitless quest of the French, and his arrival with fresh ships swelled the English; but morning showed the Dutch in a desperate condition, and in

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—
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spite of the Admiral's signals all his ships made sail homewards except that of his Vice-Admiral Van Ness, who came on board the *Seven Provinces*.

"What can we do?" said De Ruyter; "I wish I was dead."

"So do I," said Van Ness, "but we can always die when we like. Let us promise not to part company wherever we go."

They shook hands and went on deck, and the next moment a cannon ball came through the cabin window and shattered the chairs they had been sitting upon.

Albemarle, hoping to have taken De Ruyter prisoner, sent a fireship against him, but the *Seven Provinces* avoided this, and after one more fierce and desperate onset, the English fleet could not venture into the shallows on the coast of Holland, where their enemies were familiar with the currents; and thus, in spite of their great victory, they had only captured two ships, though they had killed two Admirals, seven captains, and 1,800 men, while their own loss was ten ships and 3,700 men, besides 2,000 prisoners. Some French officers who were on board were so much struck with De Ruyter's courage and skill, and wrote such an account of it, that Louis XIV. wrote him a letter with his own hand, and sent him the order of St. Michael. As Van Tromp was disgraced by the States for his insubordination, Louis sent an offer of the command of his own fleet with a huge salary, but Cornelis was too true a patriot to accept this proposal, and remained for a time in private life.

A less faithful Dutchman assisted Sir Robert Holmes to take advantage of the shattered state of the fleet of Holland, by taking a squadron of boats and fireships into the channel between Ulle and Schelling, where 150 merchant ships and two men-of-war bound for the Baltic were lying. They were all burnt, with the neighbouring town of Brandaris, and De Witt was so bitterly enraged that he swore that the war should never cease till he had had his revenge. By the beginning of September De Ruyter was at sea with his repaired fleet, Rupert had gone south hoping to join the Duke of Beaufort, so that Monk's numbers were reduced to sixty-one ships, while De Ruyter had only sixty-four much battered vessels. The two fleets, still watched one another, while repairing, and on Whit Monday, the 14th of June, the combat began again, with a desperate and undecided battle which was ended by a thick fog separating the fleets, when both were frightfully damaged and quite exhausted. Still on the whole, if the weather had been clear, the Dutch would have been the winners; but probably no naval battle ever equalled in fury and obstinacy this combat of giants, as the French historian Sismondi calls it, off the North Foreland.

Charles was at church when the news came to him, and he interrupted the service to have thanks given as for a victory. This offended the people, who held it as a deliverance instead of a victory, and were very sore at the loss of the *Royal Prince* and the shattered state of the rest.

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The Fire. 1666.

John de Witt was impressed by the English valour. "They may be killed," he said, "they cannot be conquered." The Dutch rejoiced as for a great victory, and in nineteen days another fleet of sixty men was ready. Well might Ayscue exclaim, "You have a prompt nation." Old John Evertsen came forward again, as patriotically as ever, and on the 2nd of August fought another battle in the same waters, in a calm, the small amount of wind being in favour of the English. Old Evertsen was attacked by Sir Thomas Allen, and the lack of wind prevented De Ruyter from coming to his assistance. The gallant old man died on his deck, a fate he probably preferred to another return as a defeated man to an ungenerous populace.

De Ruyter fought ship to ship with Monk, but had to draw off. Van Tromp had disobeyed orders, and thus had been drawn away in pursuit of Sir Jeremy Smith, so that there was no one to support the little exhausted squadron of the Admiral-in-chief, where there were so many dead and wounded men that it was difficult to get the guns properly served, and Prince Rupert, spreading his ships into a crescent form, shut them in on three sides. Night gave a respite to the English fleet, but there was a good deal of sickness on board, and De Ruyter had been very severely injured by a fragment of burning fuse which had struck him in the throat. Moreover Prince Rupert with his fleet appeared midway, and the Dutch were too dispirited to fight with their Admiral unfit to command, so they ran into Boulogne harbour; while Rupert went to encounter the French under the former *roi des halles*; but the dry, hot east wind which had blown all the summer suddenly changed, and drove him back to take shelter at St. Helens on the 5th of September, while Beaufort got safely into Dieppe.

That wind was a memorable one elsewhere. It had been a hotter summer than even the last, the season of the plague, and everything was dried up, water very scarce, when on the 2nd of September, about 2 A.M., a fire was detected in a bakehouse in Pudding Lane, near Fish Street Hill. Water was not to be had, the pipes from the New River were empty, and the whisper ran about that a Papist named Grant had been seen turning off the water. The warehouses holding marine stores soon caught fire, and by the next night all Gracechurch Street was burnt, and the flames were spreading all along the river-side. The Lord Mayor Budworth had hurried to the spot; but at first he did not believe in the urgency of the need, and would not call in the aid of the soldiery, and then he lost his head, and, though active enough, was of little use, and when an old woman advised the blowing up of a row of houses to check the progress of the flames, he demurred because he needed the consent of their owners.

The wind rose more and more, and the flames leapt from roof to roof, seizing on places that seemed out of reach. The night, for ten miles round, was as light as day, and a vast and awful column of smoke and flame extended to the sky, broken by the wind into flakes of fire which carried the destruction further and further. In the midst, the cry broke

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The Fire. 1666.

out that the French, or the Dutch, or the Papists were burning the city and about to massacre the inhabitants; but though this added to the terror, no blood was shed, and indeed the loss of life from the flames was very slight.

The King and Duke of York brought the power of command and organisation. They divided the city into districts, put the Privy Councillors in charge of each, brought in the soldiery, and were always to be found where the need was most urgent, and the danger greatest. They took upon themselves to blow up the houses, but till the storm of the 5th abated, the wind often carried the flakes of fire over the spaces and it was impossible to save St. Paul's Cathedral; though the Duke's resolution, in demolishing all food for fire round the Temple, saved that ancient Church, and on the 6th the King in like manner preserved Whitehall and Westminster Abbey. On the afternoon of the 6th, the wind began to subside, and with it the fire; but there was another outbreak in the night near the Temple, and only the King's promptitude in the demolition of the houses near the Tower prevented the flames from reaching the magazines there.

By the middle of Friday, the 7th, the fire was really dying down, after raging for five days, though it smouldered in the ruins for weeks after. People observed that it had begun at Pudding Lane, and ended at Pie Corner. All the space between the Tower and the Temple lay in ashes, St. Paul's was a black pile of ruins, so were eighty-eight more churches, the Exchange, the Custom House, part of the Guildhall, almost all the beautiful old halls of the City Companies, four of the City gates, 400 streets, containing 13,200 houses, and between three or four millions of property. Some goods, chiefly books, had been stored in the crypt of St. Paul's as a safe place, but they were so heated as to burst forth into flames four days after when the air touched them, and completed the utter destruction of the Cathedral buildings.

In the fields, chiefly between Highgate and Islington, were 200,000 houseless people, most of them beggared. Charles, who for once was showing the better side of the character of Henri IV., exerted himself with all his might to have them fed and lodged, and work in repairing soon was to be found. There was an inquiry into the cause of the fire. A poor mad Frenchman accused himself, but was so evidently insane that he was not convicted, and there could be no reasonable doubt that the fire was the result of accident. Still the habit of attributing every misfortune to the Papists made it habitual with the populace to reproach them with the fire on every occasion when hatred broke out against them.

Rebuilding was next to be undertaken. People flocked back to the ruins, helped by friends, and set up little sheds, and John Evelyn, and Christopher Wren, the nephew of the Bishop of Ely, who had suffered so much during the Rebellion, both sent in plans for a new and splendid city on a regular scheme. Rights of property however interfered with any such system, but the ruins were cleared, and enough of

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The Dutch in the Medway. 1666.

St. Paul's patched up for a solemn service of fasting and mourning on the occasion of the fire held on the 10th of October. William Sancroft, who had been made Bishop of London on Sheldon's promotion, preached an eloquent, plain-spoken sermon on the vices of the nation, not sparing Charles himself, who was present, and again showed himself like his Bourbon grandfather, by honouring, though not obeying, the plain-spoken preacher.

St. Paul's however was past repair, and Wren was commissioned to prepare plans for that and for many more of the London churches, not reproducing their Gothic architecture, which the taste of the time despised, but in that adaptation of the Classic style to modern requirements, which is known as Palladian, from Palladio, an Italian architect of the *Cinque-cento.*

Money was scarce, and the fire had made scarcer. There was great discontent and displeasure. The Nonconformists, suffering under the Five-mile Act, and scandalised at the dissipations of the Court, held that the Plague and Fire were caused by the Restoration; the republican party thought their dislike to a monarchy fully justified; and Algernon Sidney actually had gone to Paris to endeavour to obtain the aid of the French King in restoring the Commonwealth which had been the ally of Mazarin. The Parliament called for the accounts of the expenses of the war, and the great difficulties of finding means to carry it on made both England and Holland listen favourably to Louis's attempts at mediating between them. Four out of the seven Provinces withdrew their contributions to the war, and on the other hand, Charles, unwillingly, and contrary to the representations of his brother, consented that his larger ships should be laid up in ordinary, and only two small squadrons of light vessels kept afloat.

De Witt saw the opportunity of taking his revenge. There were fifty-one Dutch vessels still afloat, and while commissioners were actually discussing the terms of peace at Breda, the seventeen lightest Dutch ships entered the mouth of the Thames, went up the Medway, and bombarded and burnt Sheerness.

Monk hurried to the spot, and tried to barricade the river by sinking ships, but the Dutch found a passage and sailed in, one by one, wind and tide favouring them. They cut off and took the *Royal Charles* and the *Mary*, which were unrigged. In the *Royal Charles* perished a Captain Douglas, who refused to leave her when in flames, because "a Douglas never deserts his post."

There was great terror in London; numbers of disbanded seamen were there waiting for pay, which the Admiralty could not give them. Monk did his best from the land batteries, but the enemy reached Upnor Castle, and burnt four more ships there. Prince Rupert had blocked the Thames further up, and the Dutch retreated. They attempted the same feat at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Torbay, but in vain; and when De Ruyter again attempted to enter the Thames, Sir Edward Spragge beat him off with eighteen ships.

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Peace of Breda. 1667.

But this danger so near at hand rankled in the English mind, and "the Dutch ships in the Medway" were remembered as a national disgrace, and charged upon Charles II.

This is however far from just. The chief disgrace was the Grand Pensionary's, for taking advantage of the understanding between civilised nations that hostilities should cease whilst treaties are discussed. Charles and James had both most unwillingly lessened the defensive power of England, and had vainly striven to fortify the very points attacked, but there were absolutely no means at the King's disposal. The naval war could not but be exceedingly costly, and trade had been so much injured by the condition of London in the plague and fire, that customs and dues were far below their usual average, nor had the system of national credit been then discovered; and though it was perfectly true that the Court was dissipated, luxurious and expensive, it was not this that drained his resources, but these universal misfortunes.

Both nations were however exhausted enough to be ready to sign a peace at Breda on the 1st July, 1667, and Charles II. bore so little grudge to his enemies that when young Engel de Ruyter visited England the next year, he was knighted by the King's hand as a token of admiration of his father.

CAMEO XXIV.

THE CABAL.

1667—1670.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1660. Charles II.	1643. Louis XIV.	1665. Charles II.
Germany.	*Pope.*	
1658. Leopold I.	1655. Alexander VII.	

CAMEO XXIV.

Death of Philip IV. 1665.

THE self-worship of such a man as Louis XIV. could not but include love of glory, as he and his people termed lust of conquest. His mediation between England and Holland had been for no humane end, but in order to obtain allies for purposes of his own.

France had always cast a covetous eye upon the corner of land between the Alps and the sea, which formed her only exposed side, and most of which had belonged to the great Valois Dukes of Burgundy, and from them had passed to the sovereign of Spain. The northern portion had revolted, and established itself as the Seven United Provinces; but the southern had either been faithful to Spain, or had been reconquered, and was as zealously Roman Catholic as the provinces were Calvinistic. It was on this region that Louis fixed his attention. His father-in-law, Philip IV. of Spain, had died on the 17th of September, 1665, leaving—besides his two daughters by his first marriage—the Queen of France and Empress of Austria, one son by his second wife, Mariana of Austria. The poor child, Carlos, was only four years old, had a soft skull, had not cut his teeth, and could neither speak nor walk. His mother was a woman of little capacity, and the power of Spain had been ebbing ever since the death of Philip II., while France had advanced in strength, and Louis was resolved on a further enterprise.

An old edict in Brabant, made to discourage second marriages, gave the inheritance to the daughter of the first wife in preference to the son of the second; and although at her marriage Marie Thérèse had solemnly renounced all claim to her father's succession, Louis was determined to claim the coveted Flemish and Brabantine territory in her right.

He had sounded De Witt, and finding him alarmed at the notion of

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Reconciliation of Condé. 1667.

having France so near a neighbour, deceived him by talking of a free Catholic Confederacy of the ten Belgian provinces. To arrange matters with England, Louis sent his aunt, Queen Henrietta, on a visit to her son, and the two kings corresponded under cover to her, finally agreeing that in consideration of a subsidy from France, enabling him to be independent of his Parliament, Charles should abstain for one year from assisting Spain, when Louis should put his designs into execution. This was kept secret when the Treaty of Breda was signed, and all that was there openly done was the surrender of conquests on each side in America.

The Spanish Government knew nothing of all this ; and the Viceroy of the Netherlands, the Marquis of Castel Rodrigo, had only 7,000 or 8,000 men under his command, when, in May, 1667, with an army directed by Turenne, Louis made his attack, taking fortress after fortress. All his Court went with him in State carriages, Queen, Mademoiselle de la Vallière, the Duchess of Orleans, and all, as far as Compiègne, and Louis rode about in splendid uniform, with a glittering staff of nobles, the admired of all beholders. Douai, Oudenarde, Courtrai, Lille, had to surrender one after the other before the approach of winter sent home the gay Court party, leaving Turenne to hold the territory so easily gained.

There was much alarm at the rapid conquest throughout Europe, and in England a great deal of discontent and displeasure. The vicious indulgences of the King justly shocked the right-minded, the severity against the Nonconformists alienated all who pitied them, and distress caused by the national misfortunes could not but aggravate all feelings of opposition, and, above all, the insult to the navy was bitterly felt and charged upon the Government.

It was on the Lord Chancellor Clarendon that the general hatred directed itself. He and the King seem to have intended to play the parts of Sully and Henri IV. ; they were on excellent terms ; and there is a series of notes preserved in the Bodleian Library which passed between them when Clarendon was sitting in the House of Lords, and sent up questions to which the King scrawled an answer. Sometimes a rejoinder follows, Clarendon's in the old English hand, Charles's in the flowing Italian. It is like hearing them converse, more especially as we can trace when the King was perplexed, by the great spider he has drawn in a blot of ink at the bottom of his paper!

Clarendon was grave, solemn, and pompous in manner, a very strong Royalist, and extremely saving, not to say grasping, both for the State and himself, and thus he made many enemies. The courtiers laughed at him, and derided his serious, haughty tone, and the King made merry with them, but still trusted the old statesman more than any of them. Especially hostile to him were Lady Castlemaine, who knew what he thought of her, and the Duke of Buckingham.

This nobleman had much of the beauty and personal fascination of his father, the favourite of the two last Kings, and was more dissipated.

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Fall of Clarendon. 1667.

He had been the companion of Charles in his wanderings, and on the Restoration had married the only daughter and heiress of Lord Fairfax, the Puritan General. He would not insult this lady by making her visit Lady Castlemaine, and that violent woman had therefore a furious quarrel with him. He began intriguing with some of the disaffected, but was betrayed, and had to escape from London to avoid being sent to the Tower. Probably it was while in exile in Yorkshire, and finding it very dull, that he uttered his famous malediction on a troublesome dog—"Cur that you are, I wish you were married and lived in the country!"

However his accuser died, he made his peace with Lady Castlemaine, and was welcomed back by the King. At once he and his friends, Shaftesbury, Arlington, Albemarle, and all who hated the Chancellor, began to beset the King with accusations. They pointed to the grand house he had completed to prove that he had been bribed, and had helped himself to the money for the sale of Dunkirk; they declared that he wanted to ruin the Constitution; Tangier had been given up as too expensive—this was also said to be on account of bribery; and that in order that his own grandchildren might inherit the throne, he had induced the King to marry a sickly girl unlikely to have children.

The mob broke his windows, and painted a gibbet on the gate with this rhyme—

> "Three sights to be seen,
> Dunkirk, Tangier and a barren Queen."

Even Andrew Marvel wrote the scurrilous epigram on his having purchased some of the materials of old St. Paul's—

> "Here lie the sacred bones
> Of Paul beguiled of his stones,
> Here lie golden briberies,
> The price of ruined families.
> The Cavaliers' debenture well,
> Fixed on an eccentric basis.
> Here's Dunkirk town and Tangier Hall,
> The Queen's marriage and all.
> The Dutchman's *templum pacis.*"

Charles stood out for a good while, though Clarendon had often rebuked him for his evil courses, so that the ladies used to exclaim, when they saw the Chancellor approach, "Here comes your schoolmaster!"

A mocking procession was got up, in which Buckingham represented the stately Chancellor marching to the Court of Chancery, Colonel Titus strutting before him with the fire-shovel over his shoulder as the mace, and another of these buffoons carrying the bellows by way of purse.

Charles laughed heartily, but the discontent of the country was all turning against the Chancellor. The Dissenters hated him for his severities, the narrower Churchmen for not being more severe, and the Romanists for preventing the King's indulgence to them; and Charles at last was turned against him by finding that he had given fatherly counsel to the beautiful, thoughtless Frances Theresa, *la belle Stuart.*

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Charles was enough in love with her to have actually consulted Archbishop Sheldon on the possibility of divorcing poor Catharine, and the Archbishop warned the Chancellor. Frances, already frightened at her position, had declared that she would marry any honourable gentleman who had £1,500 a year, and Clarendon encouraged the young Duke of Richmond to wed her privately and carry her off from Court, where she left a letter for the Queen, imploring her pardon for any vexations she might have caused, and for the King all the few jewels she had accepted from him.

As a Christian and a statesman, Clarendon had acted wisely; but the depraved minds of his enemies believed it had been with a view to his own grandchildren, among whom there was now another boy. In the midst of these anxieties, Lady Clarendon died at Tonbridge, and a few days later Charles sent for the Chancellor and requested him to resign the Great Seal, as if voluntarily, to content the Parliament.

Clarendon said that of course he would humbly give it up; but that he could not resign it merely at the bidding of the Parliament. The King said he could not dispute with the Parliament, and was himself at their mercy; on which the Chancellor gave him a lecture on his letting himself be bullied by his Parliament, to which Charles listened favourably; but when Clarendon came to complain of his listening to "the lady," the King showed himself less pleased.

The Duke of York was doing all he could for his father-in-law; but the nobles set upon Charles, and told him he had gone too far to recede, and was as much in awe of the Chancellor as a child of his tutor. Lady Castlemaine "hectored him nearly out of his wits," and actually made him ask forgiveness on his knees, and send off the Secretary of State to demand the Great Seal. Clarendon was actually sealing the Treaty of Breda with it when he thus delivered it up, and on its being brought in, one of the courtiers, named May, embraced Charles's knees, exclaiming, "Sir, you are now a king!"

Many right-minded and honourable men among them, such as Evelyn and Ashburnham, continued to manifest their esteem for Clarendon; but the cry was strong against him, especially because he had favoured the importation of Irish cattle, which the country squires fancied an injury to their interests. When Parliament met, it was with a determination to prosecute him, and an indictment was made out, chiefly respecting the supposed misdirection of public money. The Lords however would not agree to the indictment, at which the Commons were greatly angered, and in the midst of the dispute, the proposal was made that Clarendon should leave the country. He asked for a pass from the King, lest he should be arrested on the way. Charles was afraid to give it, but passed his word that all should be safe on the way, and even went to the Duke of York, who had only just recovered from the small-pox, to beg him to persuade his father-in-law to be gone, for if the Commons insisted, it might be made impossible to save him.

Accordingly Clarendon departed on the 29th of November, 1667,

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Death of Clarendon. 1675.

embarking at Erith for France. He was very ill at Calais, and at Evreux was nearly killed by a party of English seamen employed in the French service, who fancied him accountable for their arrears of pay. They actually stunned him, and were going to have hanged him, when he was rescued by the French authorities. He took up his abode at Montpellier, where he worked at his admirable *History of the Rebellion*, which he had already begun, and which he followed up with the history of his own time. After seven years he removed to Rouen, and petitioned the King for permission to die at home; but he received no answer. His eldest son came to be with him, and he died at Rouen on the 4th of January, 1675. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in Henry VII.'s chapel, probably on account of his connection with the Royal family.

The wits called the ministry that rose upon his ruins the King's Cabal, from their initials. They were Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale. Clifford was of no great note; Lord Arlington was Secretary of State; Buckingham, Master of Horse; Anthony Ashley Cooper, ultimately Earl of Shaftesbury, was already Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lauderdale was the same who, as John Maitland, had been a vehement Covenanter, but had become a boon companion of the King, and a supporter of all that was arbitrary. The new Lord Keeper was Sir Orlando Bridgeman, who was so aged that he could not hold office long, and was only put in as a stepping-stone for Shaftesbury.

The first proceeding of the Cabal as statesmen was wise. They were alarmed at the French conquest of Franche Comté, and knew that Holland had even more reason for alarm, and they therefore despatched Sir William Temple to the Hague with proposals of an alliance to check the ambition of France; and after some demurs this was agreed to, and a Triple Alliance was formed between England, Sweden, and Holland, to support Spain against the aggressions of France.

Louis XIV. thought it best to appear to give way, and a treaty was made, by which he retained the towns in Flanders that he had conquered, but restored Franche Comté to Spain. England had appeared to great advantage in this transaction, and it was a pity that there was neither honour nor stability in the men who guided her affairs to maintain the part she had taken.

The Court was madly gay. The Queen herself took part in strange diversions, going about masked in a sedan chair, and entering unknown into rooms where dancing was going on. Such frolics were customary at both the French and English Courts. Even Anne of Austria and Louis had indulged in them as a reaction from the excessive formality of their State life; but for Catharine of Braganza nothing could have been more imprudent, since Buckingham was seeking for a pretext on which she could be divorced, and her childlessness, as well as her Roman Catholic faith, rendered her very unpopular. It is even said that Buckingham proposed to have her stolen away, and hidden in one of the remote American plantations; but Charles heard of the notion

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with horror, saying it would be a wicked thing to make a poor lady miserable, only because she was his wife and had no children.

Buckingham's lawless dissipation was as scandalous as that of the King. Charles still submitted to the violence of Lady Castlemaine, whom he had made Duchess of Cleveland, with reversion to her son, Charles Fitzroy; but his admiration had drifted away from her to two comic actresses, Moll Davies and Nell Gwynn. They were much more harmless persons than their predecessor, and never meddled with affairs of State; indeed Nell was very kind-hearted and charitable, and in later years became a good woman. Unhappily, these evil passions had so much effect both on public affairs and manners that there is no passing them over in silence. In France, Louise de la Vallière was often in agonies of repentance and fear, but still lingering, although the King was transferring his affections to the beautiful Athenaïs de Mortémar, Madame de Montespan, a much more brilliant and entertaining person than Louise, who had nothing but her beauty, grace, and profound affection for the King, and latterly had become too much depressed to be amusing. It was not till 1674 however that she finally retired into the Convent of the Visitation, where her grief and her penances made a great sensation at the Court.

Deeply and earnestly good people there were at each Court, who were forced to tolerate evil. Madame de Sévigné too often laughed over it; but in England Margaret Blagge, one of the Queen's ladies, who lived in intimate friendship with John Evelyn, went through the Court life like a pure and limpid stream in the midst of foulness, observing her regular devotions, reading good books behind her playbill when forced to attend licentious theatricals, and keeping up her modest dignity whenever the gay courtiers or the King himself addressed her.

Evelyn himself, one of the best and most religious of men, could not help enjoying the conversation of the King in his better moods. Charles's abilities were of a high order, never better depicted than by the epigram that Lord Rochester (the Wilmot of his wanderings) affixed to his bed-chamber—

> "Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
> Whose word no man relies on;
> Who never said a foolish thing,
> And never did a wise one."

No one had more brilliancy in conversation or *repartee*, and people were delighted both with his wit and graciousness, and the familiarity he permitted. "Old Rowley" was his familiar nickname among his own circle, and to those who approached him he always said the right thing, and in the pleasantest manner, so that in spite of all the evils of his life, he was never personally unpopular, and the people of London liked to see him, sauntering among his courtiers in St. James's Park, surrounded by his dogs, especially the little spaniels still known by his name, feeding the ducks in St. James's Park, with a merry word for every one.

CAMEO XXIV.
—
Men of the Time.

He had some knowledge of music and considerable taste, and that in the Chapel Royal at Whitehall was highly esteemed. The great composers, Blow and Purcell, were of his day, and gentlemen of all ranks viewed the science of music as one of the most suitable of accomplishments. Painting was chiefly represented by Sir Peter Lely, whose ladies in easy attire do not do much honour to him or to themselves. There was however a unique wood-carver, Grinling Gibbons, whom Evelyn discovered in a cottage at Deptford, carving a copy of Tintoretto's picture of the *Stoning of St. Stephen.*

Evelyn showed it to the King, who was delighted with it, and sent it to be shown to the Queen, where, to Evelyn's great indignation, it was cried down by a "peddling Frenchwoman who sold baubles to the ladies," and found fault with things "she understood no more than an ass or a monkey." However Charles gave Gibbons an appointment at the Board of Works, and much of his exquisite work is still extant, especially in the choir of St. Paul's. He also worked in marble, and executed a statue of the King for the new Royal Exchange.

There was likewise much scientific research, in which Charles took great interest, and Prince Rupert devoted himself to it. Robert Boyle, son to the Earl of Cork, with whom Strafford quarrelled, was a great discoverer in physical science, and the "Royal Society for Improving Natural Knowledge" was chartered by the King, perhaps after the example of the French Academy, and greatly fostered the advance of physical science.

Literature flourished, as it generally does after the stimulus of a great national convulsion. Milton, after his stormy political career, had, in his old age and blindness, returned to the poetical delights of his early youth, and living in his cottage at Bunhill Fields, dictated to his daughters his *Samson Agonistes* and *Paradise Lost* and *Regained.* These attracted little or no attention at the time, though the grave beauty and the perfect harmony of many passages, especially in *Paradise Lost,* gradually won their way, and placed the author on the same pinnacle of fame with Shakespeare, while, in spite of the Socinian tone of some portions, the poems became to many of the English what Dante's were to the Italians.

Dryden was however the Court poet, and there was a crowd of playwrights, mostly licentious, but whose works Pepys deliberately preferred to those of Shakespeare. Defoe was writing numerous books, of which *Robinson Crusoe* is deservedly the survivor, as one of the universal classics of England. So also is the *Pilgrim's Progress,* the wonderful work of John Bunyan, the tinker, or rather brazier, who was confined in Bedford Jail under the Conventicle Act.

Evelyn, though not a great writer, did much for the beauty of England by his *Sylva,* a book on planting and on forest trees. During the past troubles, great havoc had been made in the fine old parks and forest lands where grew primeval trees, and in the lavish Court of Charles II. there were plenty of gentlemen who defined them as excrescences

CAMEO XXIV. — *Evelyn.*

designed by Providence for the payment of debts. It was Evelyn who first roused the public mind to the beauty and value of the glorious forest-tree, and incited country gentlemen to be careful in the cutting, and to renew the ranks of the fallen by planting. His own estates of Wootton, and his garden at Says Court, were thus rendered beautiful, and the former still bears witness to his taste by its noble timber trees.

CAMEO XXV.

THE SECRET TREATY OF DOVER.

(1668—1672.)

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1660. Charles II.	1643. Louis XIV.	1665. Charles II.
Germany.	*Pope.*	
1656. Leopold I.	1670. Clement X.	

The Conventicle Act.

WE have fallen on evil days in these which followed the Restoration. Strictness of life had been most unfortunately confounded with disloyalty by the young and gay, and society might be said to be divided into three chief sections: that of the Court, deeply tainted with the vices and dissipations adopted during the exile at Paris; that of the sturdy old Church party, the better and higher Cavalier class, who bravely and faithfully endured neglect and depression; and the large number of old Puritans, who were the more revolted by the licentiousness of the Court.

The period of five years, for which the Conventicle Act was to run, had expired, and the King would fain not have renewed it, but the Parliament, who believed that schism involved fresh rebellion, was still set upon the continuation, being afraid on the one hand of the Sectarians coming into power, and on the other, suspicious that the King intended to favour Romanism.

These suspicions were intensified by the Duchess of York, who was in very weak health, becoming a Roman Catholic, in spite of the entreaties of her father, the exiled Clarendon, and of his warnings that she would probably be deprived of her children if she did so. This may have alarmed her the less because she knew how strongly her husband was inclined in the same direction, ever since he had read Heyln's *History of the Reformation*, which contradicted many of the ordinary misstatements on the Protestant side. James wished to attend the Anglican service outwardly, and to be only in secret a Roman Catholic, but the Jesuit mission priest Symonds forbade this, and the Pope refused to grant him a dispensation. He therefore sought a private interview with his brother, and confessed his intention. Charles said his

CAMEO XXV

Conversion of the Duke of York. 1668.

own opinions were much the same, and the two brothers consulted Lord Arundel, the head of an old Roman Catholic family, also Clifford and Arlington, who were both undecided in their faith. Charles lamented the being obliged to profess a religion that he did not approve, and it was agreed that while James, who was always the more straightforward of the two, should openly avow his change of opinion, Charles should wait, try the temper of the nation, and consult the King of France.

For Charles was in close communication with France, through his mother and sister. Henrietta, the young Duchess of Orleans, had developed into great beauty and grace, quite outshining the poor, meek, dull, Queen, and charming all who approached her, except perhaps her husband, who was vain, selfish, foolish, and extremely jealous. Indeed, Henrietta—or Madame, as she was usually called—might well vex a wiser man, for she was passionately fond of pleasure and amusement, and proud of charming as a woman more than as a princess, and she was continually committing imprudences. Her love of admiration made her so careful of her beauty that she would not allow her little daughter to kiss her, for fear of spoiling her complexion. The universal whisper of the Court was that if the King had known what she would become, he would certainly have made her his Queen, and she had a capacity for State affairs such as poor Marie Thèrèse had never shown.

She had always been the pet of her own family, and her brother was wont to write to her merry gossipping letters, so familiar that he called his mother in them by the old baby name of Mam ; and he further told her of his plans, and his motives in joining the Triple Alliance, in a manner showing that he meant all to be communicated to Louis. The French King was ready to purchase Charles's consent to the dismemberment of Holland by a share in the spoils, by subsidies enabling supplies from Parliament to be dispensed with, and by support in case of an insurrection upon Charles being received into the Church of Rome.

Nor was Charles greatly indisposed to accept these terms, shocking as they were to any true-hearted Englishman ; the difficulty was who should conduct the business, since the utmost caution was necessary. Charles proposed Buckingham, but his sister objected, as the Duke had manifested so much admiration for her that secrets with him would infallibly excite the jealousy of Monsieur. It was impossible to admit this last to the scheme, as he was such a foolish, self-important babbler that all the Court would speedily have known it ; and on the other hand, when Madame permitted Buckingham to be an agent, Colbert was not to be told lest he should communicate too soon with the rest of the English ministry. One by one however all the Cabal were admitted to a certain knowledge of the plot, though its details were only fully known to the two Kings and the Duchess.

She, poor thing, had no feelings as an Englishwoman, having been in exile from earliest babyhood, and bred up entirely in France, so as

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Death of Henrietta Maria. 1668.

to look upon the aggrandisement of Louis XIV. as a paramount object, and the conversion of her brothers to the Romish Church as a blessed work; while as to crushing the liberties of the people, the code in which she had grown up was that they ought to have none.

It was intended that she should go to London to make the final arrangements, but this was deferred first by the birth of a daughter, and then by the death of her mother.

Queen Henrietta Maria had for several months been in failing health, and in August she became much worse, with shooting pains, and violent cough, so as not to be able to sleep. Her French doctors prescribed opium, but she protested against this, saying that Doctor Mayerne had warned her against the drug, as specially dangerous to her constitution. However all the French physicians combined to recommend the dose; she was wakened out of a quiet sleep to take it; she swallowed it, and never woke again!

The grief of her children was great, especially that of the Duchess of Orleans. Indeed she had always been a most affectionate mother, and her children a wonderfully united family. She was buried at St. Denys, among her royal forefathers, and four days later, at the convent of Chaillot, all her Court attended a magnificent requiem service, when Bossuet preached one of his most eloquent sermons.

It was considered to have made a deep impression on the Duchess of Orleans, but she supposed her undertaking to be so praiseworthy that religious feeling only impelled her the more. Letters were written by her brothers begging for a visit from her; but as her husband was not included in the invitation, he was much displeased, and refused his consent till Louis angrily told him that the journey was for the interests of the kingdom, and was not to be opposed, and then he would not consent to her going any further than Dover, and that only for three days.

To the outer world, it was to appear that, on Louis going with all his train to take possession of his Flemish conquests, Madame seized the opportunity of a hurried visit to Dover to see her brothers. There was much tragi-comedy in the expedition. There was an enormous cavalcade of carriages and riders, for there went on this journey the King, the Queen, the young Dauphin, Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle, and the whole train of gentlemen and ladies-in-waiting on all these personages, the officers of State, endless servants, and a large escort of cavalry.

They travelled through Senlis, Compiègne, and St. Quentin, but all the time there was pouring rain, and the heavy coaches had to plough their way through ever deepening mud. Mademoiselle, after all her disappointed hopes of crowned heads, had fixed her affections on a gay and impetuous cadet of the Gascon house of Lauzun, and she records all the anxieties she suffered on his behalf, when, as he delivered messages on horseback and bareheaded, the rain streamed down his hair.

CAMEO XXV.

Journey to the Coast. 1670.

Near Landrécies, where the party intended to sleep, the dismal news came that the bridge across the Sambre had broken down under some of the harbingers of the expedition, and that the river had overflowed its banks. Nothing was to be done but to take shelter in a great double barn, where every one was huddled together, with nothing to eat but a little soup, and a few chickens, and as there were no knives and forks, these had to be torn apart, and eaten with the fingers. Lucky were those who could get a straw mattress, or a carriage cushion for the night, and the Queen was greatly scandalised that there was no partition in the barn, though Madame and Mademoiselle tried to laugh off their discomforts. Happily it was the month of May, and at four in the morning Louvois brought the tidings that the bridge was mended; and the party, all looking faded and worn, returned to their carriages, and finished their night's rest in the rooms prepared for them at Landrécies.

Monsieur was in exceedingly bad temper, and made it a subject of conversation that an astrologer had told him he would be married several times. He added that he thought this probable, since Madame was much out of health, could swallow little but milk, and generally went to bed at the end of each day's journey. He tried to retract his consent to her going to England, and only gave way on the positive command of the King. When she parted with the others at Lille he had been treating her in private with so much unkindness that she could not conceal her grief. Her suite was carefully chosen, and did not include any one of such high rank as to make difficulties about precedence. Altogether she carried 237 persons with her.

Lord Sandwich had been waiting for her at Dunkirk, and brought her to Dover, where her brothers, with Prince Rupert and the young Duke of Monmouth, were awaiting her.

She tried to persuade Charles that, as a Romanist reigning over the English after the fashion of Louis, he would be far more secure than amid all the conflicting parties he had to play off one against the other; but whatever Charles might wish, he knew the temper of his people too well to believe such a thing possible, and he told her that he was not so entirely satisfied of the truth of the Catholic religion as to risk so much for it, nor did he believe that his subjects would endure to assist France in putting down the Dutch, so that all that was obtained was a treaty binding England to be neutral when Louis should attack Holland.

Henrietta went as far as Canterbury, where she was met by Queen Catharine and the Duchess of York. The second daughter of the latter, the little Lady Anne, had been over-fed and petted by her mother till her health was out of order, and her eyes affected—she had been sent to her grandmother, Queen Henrietta, and afterwards transferred to the nursery of her aunt, whose eldest daughter was of about the same age.

Henrietta implored her brother to let her remain altogether in

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Return of Henrietta.

England, away from her unkind husband and his minions ; but Charles thought this too dangerous, and though he fondled her, *fêted* her, and gave her a large sum of money, he would not retain her, and this he was soon bitterly to rue.

He told her, when he made her this present, that he wished for one of her jewels. She sent one of her maids of honour, a beautiful Breton girl, named Louise de la Querouaille, to fetch her casket, on which he told her that the fair Louise herself was the jewel that he craved ; but Henrietta refused, declaring that she held herself accountable to the parents for their daughter, though when hard pressed she allowed that if the girl were appointed maid of honour to Queen Catharine, she could not prevent her acceptance of the post.

Tearfully the brothers and sister parted on board ship at Dover on the 12th of June. The Duchess was welcomed by her brother-in-law, the King, who thought she had done his work effectually, but his warmth only enhanced the jealous hatred of Monsieur, who was raging at his wife's importance in negotiations of which he was permitted to know nothing.

Philippe of Orleans had much in common with his father, Louis XIII. and his uncle, Gaston of Orleans, in especial a great love of unworthy favourites. The chief of these was a certain Chevalier de Lorraine, an illegitimate son of the Duke of Lorraine, and a mischievous man, who had done his best to sow dissension between Monsieur and Madame, and had likewise been personally insolent to the King. He had been arrested, and was kept in prison, while Monsieur never ceased to importune the King, and to insist on his wife's doing the same, for the return of his favourite.

Exasperated by refusal, and annoyed at witnessing Henrietta's popularity, and her confidential conversation with his brother, Monsieur carried her off to St. Cloud. There, on one of the last days of June, after wandering by moonlight in the garden with Madame de la Fayette, she fell asleep on some cushions, and on awaking asked for a glass of succory water. She had scarcely swallowed it before she exclaimed, "Oh ! what a stitch in my side ! Oh, what pain ! I cannot bear it !"

She turned deadly pale, and was carried to her room, where she continued to be in great anguish, writhing and rolling from side to side, and nothing gave the slightest relief. She became sure that she was dying, and by poison, but the doctors insisted that it was only colic and there was no danger, and absolutely refused her entreaties for an emetic. When morning came the King, in great distress, arrived with the Queen, Mademoiselle, and the Countess of Soissons (one of Mazarin's nieces). They waited helplessly, and Henrietta told Louis that in her he lost one of his best servants. He wept over her, but did not remain, because the etiquette due to his presence interfered with the last rites, for which she begged.

Her regular confessor was a Capuchin, whom Monsieur himself pronounced to be fit for nothing but to sit in her carriage. Bossuet was

CAMEO XXV.

Death of Henrietta. 1670.

proposed, and she begged for him, but he was not at once to be found, and a monk named Feuillet, a Jansenist, was brought in. He wrote down the account of his interview with the once brilliant, lovely, admired princess, thus cut off at twenty-six years of age.

"You see, M. Feuillet, the state to which I am reduced."

"To a good state," said the priest. "I presume that you will confess that there exists a God, whom during your life you have too little known."

"It is true, my God, that I have not known Thee," she said with a fervour that made the good man hopeful.

"You have been in the habit of confessing?" he asked, and on her affirmative, "I suppose then that you have confessed having many times violated your baptismal vows?"

"I never was told that was an offence against God," she replied.

"How, Madame? If you had made an engagement with a private individual and had not kept it in one clause, would you not think you had done ill?"

"Alas! I should."

"That, Madame, is a contract you have made with God; it has been sealed with the blood of Jesus Christ. At your death angels will present this promise to God on your behalf; by this you will be judged. Madame, you have never known the Christian religion!"

"Oh, what shall I do? I see clearly that my confessions and communions have ever been worthless. Tell me what to do!"

Here followed as full a confession as the condition of the sufferer permitted, and Feuillet then told her, "You have sinned a thousand times, but think of the thousand mercies of God. The thief on the cross has risen to Heaven."

She devoutly communicated, and presently after the English Ambassador, Sir Ralph Montague, came in, and received her last messages for her brothers. Speaking English, Montague asked her whether she thought herself poisoned. The word caught the ear of her confessor. He said (whether the official or Feuillet does not appear), "Madame, you must accuse no one, but offer your life to God as a sacrifice," and she would not answer. She desired that her papers should be given to Montague, sent affectionate messages to her brothers, and a ring to Charles from her finger.

Bossuet came just in time to pray with her.

"I have neglected my salvation too long," she said; but while sinking fast she still paid attention to the prayers, and after this night of agony, died on the morning of the 30th of June.

Was she poisoned? Charles, on the first news, passionately execrated her husband, but recovering himself, commanded that the subject should never be mentioned. Louis privately examined her *maître d'hôtel*, who had no doubt of the foul play, and said the poison must have come from the Chevalier de Lorraine to d'Effiat, who had contrived to throw it into the victim's jar of chicory water. "My brother, did he know?" asked the King.

CAMEO XXV.

Mademoiselle and Lauzun 1670.

"No, sire, none of us were fools enough to tell him. He keeps no secrets."

"That is all I wanted to know," said Louis with a long breath, as of one relieved from a great oppression.

Still he ventured on no prosecutions. Poor Henrietta left two daughters, one about five years old, whose history was as brief and sad as her own, and the other a babe of a few months old.

Monsieur immediately gratified his curiosity by ransacking his wife's papers, and compelling her ladies to help him to read the cyphers; nor would he give up the money which she had charged the English ambassador to distribute among her servants, and when Mademoiselle called on him the next day, she found him absorbed in trying long violet velvet mantles on his own little Marie Louise, her cousin, Lady Anne Stewart, and even the baby. He was now desirous of marrying Mademoiselle, though she was twice his age, but she knew him far too well, and moreover was resolved on wedding no one save the Count of Lauzun.

Monsieur gave his hand after five months to Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of Charles Louis, the Elector Palatine, a strange, rude, clever woman, whose memoirs of the Court are at once witty and coarse, a great contrast to her beautiful predecessor. The King told her privately of his own absolute acquittal of his brother.

As to Mademoiselle, on the 5th of December Madame de Sévigné wrote the following famous, and, it may be feared, untranslateable, letter to her cousin, M. de Coulanges, who was at Lyons.

"I am about to tell you the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most bewildering, the most unprecedented, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unexpected, the greatest, the smallest, the rarest, the commonest, the most remarkable, the most secret until to-day, the most brilliant, the most enviable—a thing of which there is one example in past ages, and that not complete, a thing that nobody believes at Paris (so how can it be believed at Lyons?), a thing that will set every one crying, 'Mercy on me!' a thing to be done next Sunday, when those who behold it will believe their eyes. A thing to be done on Sunday, but perhaps not on Monday. I cannot make up my mind to tell you. Guess! Once, twice, thrice! Give it up? M. de Lauzun will be married on Sunday at the Louvre to—guess whom; I give you four guesses, I give you ten, I give you a hundred. Mme. de Coulanges is saying, 'It is very hard to guess. It is Mme. de la Vallière.' Not at all, Madame! 'No doubt it is Mlle. de Retz.' Not at all; you are very countrified! 'How stupid we are!' you say. 'It must be Mlle. Colbert. Still less certainly it is Mlle. Crequy.' Not yet; I must tell you at last. On Sunday, at the Louvre, he marries, with the King's permission, Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle de—Mademoiselle—guess the name. He marries Mademoiselle. My word—upon my word: on my sworn word, Mademoiselle; the great Made-

CAMEO XXV.

Disappointment of Mademoiselle. 1670.

moiselle—Mademoiselle, daughter to the late Monsieur—Mademoiselle, granddaughter to Henri IV.—Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orléans—Mademoiselle, the King's first cousin, Mademoiselle intended for the throne, Mademoiselle, the only match in France fit for Monsieur. There's a fine subject of conversation!"

But on the 19th Madame de Sévigné had to write: "What is called falling from the clouds took place yesterday at the Tuileries."

Poor Mademoiselle had made the mistake of waiting for a week, during which the King was beset by remonstrances from his brother, his wife, and others. The Prince of Condé declared that he would go to the wedding, and shoot the bridegroom through the head immediately after. The poor lady had given her intended four dukedoms, and he had taken the title of Montpensier, when on the very day when the King was to have witnessed the contract, he sent for the couple and informed them in the Prince's presence that he found that it concerned his reputation, and forbade them to think any more of the marriage.

Lauzun, who had been passive in the matter, listened respectfully, but Mademoiselle shed floods of tears, took to her bed, and after many vain entreaties retired, and kept a curious half literary, half Arcadian court at Eu. Lauzun, beginning to long after the promotion he had lost, begged Mme. de Montespan to intercede for him, and hid himself in her room to listen. Finding that she did not mention him, he afterwards reproached her angrily, and was in consequence arrested and sent to Pignerol, where his society was the first alleviation of the captivity of Fouquet. This year, 1671, Condé, who had always hated the wife to whom he ought to have been so grateful, took the opportunity of a quarrel between her attendants of sending her as a captive to his château at Châteauroux, where this good and faithful woman actually remained in seclusion and disgrace all the rest of her life.

Condé had quite recovered his favour at Court, and the King granted his request to visit him at Chantilly, the old abode of the Montmorencys, his ancestors. Louis had never come before, knowing the enormous trouble and expense his arrival entailed, and actually on this occasion the Prince's *maître d'hôtel*, Vatel, was absolutely distracted, and, under the impression that there was not sea-fish enough for the guests, thought his honour stained, and committed suicide. When the loads of fish arrived, and he was wanted to distribute them, he was found weltering in his blood on the floor of his own room. But the company ate the fish all the same.

In the meantime Charles II., in spite of his grief, did not respect the wishes of his sister, but obtained the nomination of the beautiful Louise de la Querouaille as maid of honour to his wife, and brought her to England, where she used her fascinations to keep him to his French alliance. This brought on poor Henrietta's memory blame she did not deserve—namely, of having brought over *la belle Louise* with the set purpose of ministering to her brother's vices. The Duchess of Ports-

CAMEO XXV.

Death of Anne Hyde. 1671.

mouth, as the lady was entitled, became a reigning beauty as Charles grew tired of the coarse violence of the Duchess of Cleveland.

As to the fulfilment of the treaty, Charles durst not incur the fury of the people by becoming a Romanist. He once said that he was determined never to be sent on his travels again, and whenever Louis pressed him he put the matter off. He must be instructed, and by an Englishman. That man must be not only a theologian, but a scientific man, or the public would take alarm at his conferences with the King. And again, an English missal and Communion in both kinds were made conditions; but after a time Charles avowed that the change would be too perilous; and Louis perceived that if he thus provoked his people's indignation he would become a useless ally.

His more sincere brother, James, became very ill soon after his sister's death, and on the 31st of March, 1671, he lost his wife, Anne Hyde, who, after receiving the Sacraments after the Roman use, was prayed with by the Bishop of Oxford. She left four children: Mary, nine years old, Anne, a year younger, Edgar, five years of age, and Catharine, a babe of six weeks, but both these last died in the course of the following year. The little Lady Anne had been brought home on her aunt's death, and placed with her elder sister at Richmond Palace under the care of Lady Frances Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, and wife of Sir Edward Villiers. With this lady's six daughters the two princesses grew up, but with very little care or attention given to their education.

Strange evil times were those. There were habits of violence beneath the gaiety of the Court. For a contemptuous reference in Parliament to the dissipation of the King, two emissaries of the Duke of Monmouth seized on Sir John Coventry in the Haymarket, beat him and slashed his nose with a penknife, so as permanently to disfigure him. Monmouth, a youth of about eighteen or twenty, was foremost in all manner of vices, and one of his companions was the young Duke of Albemarle, who had succeeded his father, Monk, the General and Admiral, in January, 1670. These young men, with eight others, in a drunken frolic attacked the watch and killed the beadle, intreating for his life on his knees, and Charles, to save his son, pardoned them all for this abominable outrage.

Even the sober-minded young Prince of Orange, though delicate and asthmatic, and of a grave nature, was, when visiting his uncles, drawn into a riot, and broke the windows of the maids of honour by way of proving his spirit to his young cousin Mary, to whose hand he began to aspire. In going home from a dinner with him, on a night in February, 1671, the good old Duke of Ormond was subjected to a strange outrage in St. James's Street—his servants overpowered, and himself dragged out of his carriage, placed on horseback behind a man, to whom he was fastened by a leathern belt. The Duke heard the party sending on some of their number to Tyburn to prepare for hanging him on the common gibbet. It was pitch dark, all the houses shut up, no lights in the streets;

CAMEO XXV.

Blood's Attempt on the Crown Jewels. 1671.

but near Knightsbridge, the Duke, by putting his foot under that of the rider, contrived to drag him off his horse, and while struggling on the ground footsteps were heard, the belt had given way, and the fellow, after discharging two pistols, fled, leaving the Duke but little injured. The King offered £1,000 for the apprehension of the ruffians, but they were undetected; only it oozed out that the leader was a desperate Irishman, Colonel Blood, of Sarney, who had been outlawed for an attempt to seize Dublin Castle.

In the ensuing May, a seeming clergyman called on Mr. Edwards, keeper of the regalia in the Tower, an old man of eighty, with proposals to marry his nephew to Edwards' daughter. A day or two later he called again with two companions, begging to see the Crown jewels; but as soon as they were in the room they threw a cloak over Edwards' head, gagged him, and promised to spare his life if he would be quiet. The faithful old man however fought hard, and was knocked down and wounded before the fellows could seize their prey. The clergyman put the crown under his cassock, the globe was hidden in another man's breeches, the sceptre filed in two and put into a bag; but by this time Edwards' son discovered what was going on, and gave the alarm, and the ruffians were seized and carried before a magistrate.

Charles came to the examination, and the clergyman confessed that he was Colonel Blood, and that he had not only intended to hang the Duke of Ormond, but to shoot the King, only he had been overcome by the awe of majesty! He said he was one of eight hundred sworn to avenge each other's blood, so that if the King put him to death, it would be at his own peril; but to pardon him would make all his friends faithful.

And strange to say, Charles did pardon him, gave him compensation for his forfeited estate, and, stranger still, made him a gentleman of his retinue. The faithful Edwards had the barren recompense of knighthood. These were odd times, but nothing more extraordinary or mysterious than this took place in the reign.

CAMEO XXVI.

THE DUTCH WAR.

1672.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1660. Charles II.	1643. Louis XIV.	1665. Charles II.
Germany.		*Pope.*
1658. Leopold I.		1670. Clement X.

Cameo XXVI.

Influence of De Witt.

THE storm that had been so long preparing against the Seven United Provinces began to break in 1672. As has been already explained, there were two parties dividing this country, which had rent itself from Spain—namely that of the influential province of Holland, which, led by the Grand Pensionary John de Witt, dreaded the preponderance of the House of Orange, and that of the other states, which for the most part preferred that the Stadtholdership should be continued, and in the line of Princes who had contributed to the deliverance of their country. The close connection of the Orange family with England had thrown the opposite party into the French Alliance, and nothing would persuade them to believe that Louis had actual designs against them, as indeed nothing but shameless aggression could lead to such a war.

De Witt had influenced the States-General to abolish the office of Stadtholder during the minority of the young Prince, but he hoped to avert the hostility of England by causing William, now twenty years old, to be declared Captain-General on condition that he should never accept the Stadtholdership even if it were offered to him.

Beginning to take alarm, the States concluded an offensive and defensive treaty with Spain, their old enemy; while on the other hand Louis demanded a free passage through the Spanish Netherlands to chastise the insolence of the Dutch, declaring that, if it were not granted to him, he should force his way with 60,000 men.

Charles, almost at the same time, sent orders to Sir Robert Holmes to attack the Dutch fleet of merchantmen from Smyrna in the Channel and make prizes of them; but the Dutch ships were armed, and fought so gallantly that only five were captured. It was six days later that Charles formally declared war on various small pretexts, insults to

CAMEO XXVI.

Attack on Holland. 1672.

his flag and the denial of the Stadtholdership coming first, and further that caricatures of him had been published in Holland. The Prince prelates of Cologne and Munster also joined in the attack.

The entire force of Louis XIV. amounted to 176,000 men, in four divisions, the principal one being commanded nominally by himself and his brother, and really by Turenne. This collected on the Sambre, and Condé's force at Sédan. The Elector of Cologne gave the army a passage through his territories, and town after town went down before them on the French and German side of their country ; for the Dutch were utterly unprepared for such an invasion, and the burghers in their terror insisted on the garrison surrendering, so as to prevent the horrors of a sack.

Of the Triple Alliance, Holland was standing alone, deserted by Sweden and betrayed by England. The desire of De Witt and De Ruyter was to raise a fleet, make another dash at the Thames, or at some French harbour, and then prevent the English and French fleet from coalescing. And in April De Ruyter put to sea, but with only ten ships, and want of men and money, and general discouragement, prevented his complement from being made up till the 12th of May, when he sailed for the Downs, where he hoped to find the English fleet ; but it had gone, and he was prevented from following, first by a thick fog, and then by a severe storm, and he learnt from a Swedish vessel that both fleets were together off the Isle of Wight. The Duke of York and the Earl of Sandwich were in command, and had forty men of war, many however larger than the Dutch vessels, which only numbered seventy-five, and there was besides the French fleet under La Rabinière and D'Estrées ; and probably the Dutch Admiral was not aware that the King had sent secret instructions to these commanders to expose his ships as little as possible, but to allow the English and Dutch to destroy one another. Sandwich had a presentiment of evil, and when taking leave of Evelyn said, "Had I lost a fleet I should have done better."

Under these circumstances De Witt, whose brother Cornelis was on board De Ruyter's ship, the *Seven Provinces*, as commissary for the States, wrote suggesting the prudence of not venturing a battle, but retiring into harbour ; but De Ruyter's mind was made up.

On the 12th of June the Duke of York anchored in Southwold Bay, between Harwich and Yarmouth, against the advice of Sandwich, whom he rudely asked whether the counsel sprang from prudence or cowardice. However, Sandwich took his own measures, and took his portion of the fleet to the front of the bay. Many of the officers went ashore to amuse themselves, no one believing the enemy to be so near, and when the sounds of battle commenced in the morning, they madly offered large sums for boats, often in vain.

Between seven and eight on the morning of the 12th of June, 1672, De Ruyter's squadron sailed against the Duke of York, and would have surprised him, had not a French brig brought information of the

advance, Admiral Banckers against the French admiral D'Estrées, and Van Ghent against the Earl of Sandwich. The Dutch were in a long straight line, each squadron preceded by six men-of-war and six fireships—the great dread of the English sails; so that the Duke had given orders that the word should not be publicly mentioned, but that if one was seen approaching a ship, information should be given in a whisper to the captain alone.

Cornelis de Witt, though very unwell from a severe cold and sore leg, was placed on a chair of state on deck, and there remained throughout the day, though exposed to the utmost danger. There was no wind, so that the smoke soon hung so heavily about the vessels that the admirals could not see friends or foes, and their signals became invisible, so that the battle was a succession of single combats between the ships. De Ruyter began. Pointing to the *Prince*, which carried the Duke's flag, he said to his sailing-master—

"Skipper Zegel, that's our man."

"We'll let him have it, *mein herr!*" was the answer. And for two hours the two commanders poured an incessant fire upon one another, till, at about eleven o'clock, the *Prince* had lost a third of her men, and lay a mere wreck on the water, her flag shot down. James gave orders for her to be towed to the rear, and at the same time crept out of the cabin window into his boat, and, hidden by the smoke, passed into the *St. Michael*, where he hoisted his flag.

Lord Sandwich boarded Van Ghent's ship of seventy guns, took it, and killed the vice-admiral; but after eight hours' desperate fighting, and having beat off three fireships, his vessel, the *Royal James*, already almost sinking, was attacked by a Dutch vessel on either side, and grappled by one of them. She caught fire, and there were fearful shrieks from the wounded lying on deck. James, seeing the blue flag above the dark fiery smoke, sent the *Dartmouth* to her aid, but it was too late. The Earl and two of his sons perished in the flames, and only about two hundred men were picked up. The senior lieutenant was taken on board the *Seven Provinces*, and, after changing his wet clothes, begged to remain on deck to watch the progress of the action. He was full of amazement.

"Is this fighting?" he cried. "It is not yet noon, and we have already done more than in all the four days in 1661!"

Other English vessels came out from the coast, but D'Estrées drew further away, and merely fired from a distance; and by five o'clock the *St. Michael* was in such a condition that the Duke of York was again obliged to change to another ship, the *London*. He said he had been in thirty battles, but this was the hardest-fought of all. De Ruyter, as evening came on, collected his fleet and drew off, the English lieutenant still expressing his admiration.

"Is this an admiral? He is admiral, captain, skipper, sailor, soldier all in one."

On his ship alone 25,000 pounds of powder and 3,500 balls had been

CAMEO XXVI.

Death of young Longueville.

fired away, and the men had, throughout the battle, been full of alertness and cheerfulness.

Some of the English ships sailed after D'Estrées, but the Duke, with five-and-twenty ships, crept to windward of the Dutch, and claimed the victory. Indeed, he had lost only one ship-of-the-line, and had destroyed three of those of his enemies, and he had held his place against tremendous odds, and with half-hearted allies. In the morning his squadrons reunited, and chased the Dutchmen back to the Wierings, going home with the news of victory.

The Dutch however claimed the victory in right of the damage they had done, and the death of so distinguished an admiral as Lord Sandwich; but they were in evil plight, with the French army in the midst of the country of Cleves, and nothing between them and Holland itself but the branches of the Rhine, the Wahal, and the Rhine proper. Condé himself had always considered these rivers as the chief obstructions to the conquest of Holland. When some empiric offered to teach him the secret of making gold, he answered that he had much rather learn the secret of crossing the Yssel without being knocked on the head. Accordingly, he did not attempt this; but two gentlemen of Gueldres showed him a ford in the Rhine where the water was low from a drought. The Count of Guiche was sent to reconnoitre, and brought word that it was practicable for cavalry; but this was false, for there was a space in the middle of the river where the horses would be forced to swim. On the night between the 11th and 12th of June the passage was attempted, Guiche leading the way. A few were drowned, but the main body crossed safely, though the Dutch army was on the other bank. The infantry crossed in flat-bottomed boats, Condé, with his son Enghien, and his nephew the young Duke of Longueville, a youth of twenty-one, on their first campaign. The Dutch cavalry had fled; a regiment of infantry begged for quarter, but young Longueville, in a fury of savage excitement, rushed forward crying, "No; no quarter!" and fired his pistol at the foremost. The Prince hurried forward to check his imprudence, but too late. In despair, the threatened man replied with a volley of musketry, which stretched the Prince and many of the staff on the ground. Young Longueville was shot to the heart, and his uncle's wrist was broken. The French cut to pieces the whole Dutch troop in revenge, while the Prince was carried into the nearest barn and laid on the straw, bitterly grieved for his nephew, whose corpse was placed in the same barn, covered with a cloak. The youth was the same whe had been born in the midst of the first Fronde, and was godson to the city of Paris. His elder brother had become devout, and renounced the dukedom in his favour on taking Holy Orders, and thus the house of Dunois became extinct.

So many of the officers had been killed or wounded, that Madame de Sévigné writes: "You never saw Paris as it is! Every one weeps, yet every one fears to weep." Madame de Longueville's exclamation was, "My dear son! Was it instant death? Not a moment! Ah, what a

CAMEO XXVI.

Determination of the Dutch.

sacrifice!" and she fell on the bed. She was very ill, but submissive, as became the true penitence in which she lived.

The passage of the river having been thus secured, the King came over in a boat, and thenceforth was compared to Alexander crossing the Granicus. The islands of the Rhine were at his mercy, and though Condé was disabled, Turenne was at the head of the army, and fortresses fell before him every day. A medal struck in commemoration of these victories declared that forty towns surrendered in the space of twenty-two days. Louis so entirely thought the country his own that he went back to enjoy his triumph after releasing 20,000 prisoners without ransom or conditions. Overyssel was entirely lost, and De Witt sent ambassadors, among whom was the son of the great Grotius, to endeavour to make peace; but the terms offered by Louvois were too hard; yet perhaps De Witt might have accepted them if the general body of the nation had not been full of the true Dutch spirit of obstinate resistance, and, backed up by the young Prince of Orange, who declared he would die in the last dyke, were absolutely determined not to submit to France any more than their forefathers had done to Spain, more especially as Louis's restoration of the Roman Catholic worship on his triumphal entrance into Utrecht had shocked them. With one consent, at the counsel of the Prince of Orange, the former defence of Holland was resorted to, the dykes opened and the country flooded, to the utter destruction of many flourishing farms just in summer glory, on ground retrieved from the waves.

Unfortunately the outburst of patriotism was accompanied by savage violence. The populace could not understand that De Witt had been hoodwinked by Louis, and thought all their misfortunes owing to his attachment to France, dislike to England, and injustice to the Prince of Orange. The two brothers were even viewed as traitors. When Cornelis came home to Dortrecht, where he was burgomaster, he was met by a furious mob, who accused him of having caused the loss of the battle of Southwold Bay by his cowardice, robbed his house, threatened his old father and his friends, set up the ensigns of the House of Orange, and sent for the Prince. De Ruyter no sooner heard the report than he wrote a letter entirely clearing Cornelis Witt, whose eagerness for the battle, and courage at the time, he described; but this had no effect, and at the same time John de Witt was attacked by four ruffians on his way from the council chamber, and wounded in two places, the people only lamenting that he had not been killed outright. He resigned his office of Grand Pensionary, which was immediately conferred on Gaspar von Fagel, a friend of the Prince of Orange.

The Dutch nature, though slow to move, can be absolutely savage when fully roused. Cornelis was accused by a barber, named Tichelaer, of having attempted to bribe him to poison the Prince of Orange. He was brought to the Hague, and put to the torture to make him confess. "I will never confess what I never thought of," he said, while his limbs were racked, and he was heard repeating aloud the ode of Horace—

"Justum ac tenacem propositi virum."

CAMEO XXVI.

Murder of the De Witts. 1672.

After three hours of agony he was sent back to his prison, and the court sentenced him to banishment.

But Tichelaer was not satisfied. He inflamed the populace, who mobbed the magistrates' houses and abused them for their mercy.

"They are traitors," cried the barber, "but we will have our revenge first on those we have!"

A message was brought by a false friend to John de Witt that his brother wanted him. His daughter begged him not to trust it, but he would not listen to her.

"How do you come here?" cried Cornelis, as he lay on his bed exhausted.

"Did not you send for me?"

"Certainly not!"

"Then we are lost!"

A troop of cavalry still kept back the mob, but a report was brought to the magistrates that the insurgent peasantry were coming to pillage the Hague; and their commander, Count Tilly, was ordered to scour the country. He would not go till a written command was sent.

"I must obey," he said, "but the brothers are lost."

No sooner were the soldiery withdrawn than the prison doors were forced, and the mob rushed into the room where John sat by his brother's bed reading the Bible to him.

"Traitors, prepare! You are to die!" was the cry.

Cornelis sat up and joined his hands in prayer, John was struck, and they were seized upon as they embraced one another. A blow on the back sent Cornelis rolling down the stairs, where he died; but John calm as ever, though bleeding all over, was dragged into the street, where, as he began a prayer to his God, he was shot through the back. There were cries in favour of Cornelis van Tromp, whom the sailors exalted, and he was suspected, probably unjustly, of instigating the mob. The corpses were dragged about and insulted, and only on the next day was the poor old father able to recover them, shockingly disfigured.

This terrible tragedy took place on the 5th of August, 1672, and on the 6th William of Orange entered the Hague, and made no point of seeking the murderers. He afterwards said that he had never instigated the crime, but that he could not help being relieved by their death; and there can be no doubt that this was true, though he had certainly been glad that the passions of the people should be inflamed against the men who were keeping him out of the position occupied by his predecessors, and had, in their fear of a family despotism over their country, shut their eyes to its true danger from the ambition of their grasping neighbour. William was no assassin, and never personally violent or cruel, but he was cold-blooded in temperament, and incapable of any strong sentiment of indignation, especially against the perpetrators of crimes profitable to himself. So that there was justice in the pun that declared that he had De Witted his enemies.

He was at once proclaimed Stadtholder in Holland and Zeeland with

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Attack on De Ruyter's House. 1672.

great demonstrations of joy. Two other provinces, Friesland and Groningen, were under the government of his young uncle, John Casimir; and the three others, Utrecht, Gueldres, and Overyssel, were in the hands of the enemy. The hatred of the Hollanders to the Govenslein faction was by no means appeased; all the officers in the army were cashiered, to be re-appointed by the Stadtholder; privileges of the upper classes were rescinded; and there was a tendency to divide the whole power between the Prince and the populace. De Ruyter himself did not escape suspicion. He was cruising in the Channel, and his horror at the murder of his two friends having been reported to the mob at Amsterdam, they rose in a fury and surrounded his house, when there was nobody in it but his wife, daughter, niece, and some maid-servants. At the first alarm she sent for her son-in-law, Smit, who lived a few doors off, and he, standing on the steps of the house, demanded what they wanted.

There was a general roar that the Admiral had sold the fleet to the French. The sailors' wives, who were many, shrieked that he was to receive a gold piece for each of their husbands, and others declared that he had been seen the previous day brought as a felon to the Hague with hands and feet tied.

Vrow De Ruyter, running into her room, fetched a letter.

"Does any one know the Admiral's handwriting?" Smit asked, and being answered in the affirmative, he gave to be handed about a letter dated from the *Seven Provinces*, in which the Admiral declared that he hoped soon again to meet the enemy. Still the fierce mob were not appeased, and the house would have been wrecked had not the burgher guard, a file of cavalry, and a gunboat on the canal, all come to the rescue and dispersed the rioters. A special protection was sent from the Stadtholder for the house and family, but a strict guard had to be maintained; and when the Admiral came home he was followed into his own house by a ruffian with a long knife, whom his servant knocked down with a ladle.

CAMEO XXVII.

THE PEACE OF NIMEGUEN.

1675-1678.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1660. Charles II.	1643. Louis XIV.	1665. Charles II
Germany.		*Pope.*
1658. Leopold I.		1670. Clement X.

CAMEO XXVII. — *Shaftesbury Chancellor.* 1672.

THE Provinces were straining every nerve for fresh resistance as autumn came on, since they knew that, though Louis and his Court had retired to spend the winter in stately gaieties, in hunting and planning buildings at home, there were garrisons in all the cities, and the spring would bring all out again for a campaign. It was hoped that now that his nephew was Stadtholder and so resolute in the defence of the Republic, Charles II. might quit the French alliance and come to the support of Holland. But neither the King nor his ministers, the Cabal, had any such intention at present. Louise de Querouaille, created Duchess of Portsmouth, was in the ascendant ; and even more than Buckingham, the King trusted the second A of the Cabal, Ashley, whom he had made Earl of Shaftesbury, and who obtained the Great Seal, *vice* Lord-Keeper Bridgeman, now an aged man.

Shaftesbury revived the old custom, disused since coaches had come in, of making all the officers of the law ride on horseback in procession along the Strand to Westminster Hall in their robes, to the great annoyance of some of the old judges, who were unused to horsemanship. He sat in his judicial seat in the novel garb of an ash-coloured gown, silver laced, displaying the ribbons which adorned his pantaloons ; but he was an admirable judge, and his powers as a lawyer were much respected. The poet Dryden, who hated his politics and showed them up in the poem of *Absalom and Ahitophel*, praised him highly as a lawyer :—

> "Yet fame deserved, no enemy can grudge,
> The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
> In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
> With more discerning eye or hands more clean ;
> Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress ;
> Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
> Oh ! had he been content to serve the Crown
> With virtues only proper to the gown."

These lines were the only laudatory ones in a piece full of invective; but Shaftesbury, at the very time that the town was ringing with abuse of him as "false Ahitophel," presented Dryden with a nomination for his son to the Charterhouse School. The Duke of Buckingham had also been shown up in the character of Zimri, and his requital was to hire three ruffians to cudgel the poet soundly as he left his coffee-house, then bestowing a purse of gold, saying the blows were for the impudence, the money for the wit.

Milton was happier in spite of his blindness, living, retired from courts and tumults, at Bunhill Fields, in a cottage where he had returned to the poetical delights abandoned during his political career, and dictated to his daughters *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. Into these he threw the full strength of his mighty intellect, and showed himself, as in those earlier, sweeter poems of his youth, a marvellous master of the music of language. His works met with little attention at first, being only known as long religious poems of the blind old Puritan secretary of Cromwell, and they only gradually rose by their inherent power to be regarded as classics, while, in spite of the Arian doctrines traceable in *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, the former so influenced people's imagination that Milton became almost an English Dante.

It was an era of English classics. John Bunyan, the brazier of Bedford, was, amid imprisonments incurred by his preaching, producing a series of allegorical writings, quaint, homely, and searching, culminating in that prince of allegories, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, where, as has been truly said, the very names are epigrams, and the parable is so mingled with human interest and individuality that the characters are realities to us.

The old Puritan and Nonconformist party could not but be bitterly grieved at the depression in which they were kept; with the Five Mile Act, banishing their ministers, and the Conventicle Act, preventing their public worship, while the scandalous habits of the King and Court shocked and horrified them, and, as with the Huguenots of the previous century, made them identify democratic feeling with religion; and though a royal Declaration of Indulgence might give them some relief, they utterly distrusted it as favouring the Roman Catholics.

For the present, Charles was silencing the voice of opposition by avoiding the assembling of Parliament; but as the war with the Dutch would render subsidies necessary, there was much hope founded on the absolute need of calling it together in the February of 1673; but there was a strong opposition organised under the leadership of Colonel Strangways, an old Cavalier.

The King spoke ably in explanation of his very questionable proceedings, and Shaftesbury followed him by declaring that a republic was the natural enemy of all monarchies, and that war with Holland was then the war of all the English, even quoting the Roman decree, *Delenda est Carthago*. He sneered at the old Triple Alliance which

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Perversion of James of York. 1673.

Charles had deserted, and pronounced the only true Triple Alliance to be that between King, Parliament, and people.

Charles was so much delighted that he declared, "My Chancellor knows more divinity than all the bishops, and more law than all the judges."

But in a week's time Shaftesbury changed his tactics on seeing the tone of the House. A considerable grant of money was indeed made for the war, but this was coupled with the strongest protest against the Declaration of Indulgence. The Anglicans hated it as permitting all sorts of Nonconformity, and the Dissenters themselves preferred persecution to toleration in company with Romanists. It was declared that the King had no power to suspend any penal statute without the consent of the Parliament, and this assertion was sent up to him in an address. Most of the Cabal urged him to resistance. Shaftesbury, who hoped to gain favour with the nation as well as to get rid of his Romanising colleagues, recommended him to give way. The Dutch expected that the Parliament would be dissolved, and the grant to be used against them lost; and Colbert, with the same anticipation, came over from Louis to advise him to give way for the present. Thus Charles sent a message that the Declaration should take no effect for the present, whereupon there were great rejoicings, bonfires being lighted in the streets of London. Moreover, an address was sent up requesting the King to dismiss from the army every officer and soldier who did not take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and receive the Holy Communion after the ritual of the English Church. He felt obliged to consent, and when at Easter, 1673, the Duke of York refrained from the public Communion which the King received, it was necessary that he should resign the command of the fleet, which passed into the hands of Prince Rupert. Clifford for the same reason ceased to be Lord Treasurer, and the office was given to Sir Thomas Osborne, who was created Viscount Latymer. He was the descendant of the apprentice who leapt off London Bridge to save his master's daughter, and the ancestor of the Dukes of Leeds.

James Crofts, whom Charles had made Duke of Monmouth, still professed to be a Protestant, but he was a wild, profligate youth, with no real religion of any kind. However, he was brave, and was held to have distinguished himself in the command of the forces sent to assist the French. There had been a slight attempt at negotiation, and Louis had offered the Prince of Orange the nominal Stadtholdership under the protection of France, and therewith the hand of his daughter by Louise de la Vallière, proposals on all grounds rejected with scorn; and the war was renewed by sea and land with the spring.

Rupert had a fleet of ninety sail; and De Ruyter, in his sixty-sixth year, was straining every nerve, with all the activity of a young man, to get the Dutch fleet into an effective condition. The Prince of Orange brought about a reconciliation between him and Van Tromp; they shook hands, and the younger admiral consented to serve under

the elder, to lower his flag, and to give the foremost place to the *Seven Provinces*. The peril of the country put an end to all jealousies, and the *Golden Lion*, Tromp's ship, was to win honour in a better spirit than before.

Three battles were fought that summer between Rupert and the two admirals—the first on the 28th of May, the anniversary of the Battle of Southwold Bay; the second a week later, in which Rupert had to leave his ship for another; the third on the 11th of August. They are called the Battles of the Texel, and were desperate, but indecisive, except so far that Rupert did not land on the Zeeland coast the 10,000 soldiers on board, under Marshal Schomberg; but whether this were owing to a quarrel with Schomberg on military and naval etiquette, to the Dutch resistance, or to his own reluctance to ruin the country that had sheltered his mother for so many years, is uncertain; at any rate, he took the troops back to Yarmouth and landed them. Schomberg was very angry, and sent him a challenge; but the King prevented the duel, and the Marshal quitted the English service.

Schomberg was a French Calvinist, who had exiled himself because of the depression of those of his religion. Turenne had, after much deliberation, been converted by Bossuet, and was a thoroughly devout Catholic, a man of the highest and most blameless character, greatly respected by all, and adored by his soldiers. He was one of the most gentle and amiable of men in private life, but in the savage habits of warfare of his day, obedience made him execute the most cruel commands.

The Elector Frederick William of Brandenberg was an ally of Holland, and Turenne was commanded to ravage his country in the depth of the winter of 1673, putting the villages to fire and sword. The Elector retired before him through the principality of Halberstadt. Here it was that Turenne, having lain down to rest under a bush while the army was passing through a defile, a long operation, fell asleep, and a snow-storm coming on, he found himself sheltered under a tent formed of the cloaks of which the soldiers had eagerly stripped themselves for his benefit. The incident was thought very touching as proving the affection that he inspired, and was made the subject of one of the pictures commemorating the glories of Louis XIV. The Elector was obliged to take refuge in Berlin, and there signed a treaty promising neutrality.

However, the Emperor had been roused, and sent his best general, Montecuculi, to oppose Turenne. Spain was slowly beginning to move; the Prince of Orange retook Naerden and Bonn; and at the same time it became plain that the English nation was thoroughly disgusted with the war with its Protestant neighbours, and in alliance with the great Roman Catholic power. It was a further shock to the nation that the Duke of York had not only avowed himself a Romanist, but had sought a bride of the same faith. She was a

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The Este family.

daughter of the old house of Este, a branch of the original Guelfs or Welfs of Germany, the same family who had first patronized and then persecuted Tasso, and in honour of whom he had created his crusading hero, Rinaldo d'Este. The head of the family was Duke of Modena, and at the actual juncture was a young boy, Francisco II.

He and his sister, Maria Beatrice, were carefully bred up by their mother the Regent, Duchess Laura Martinozzi, one of the nieces of Cardinal Mazarin. Maria Beatrice was goddaughter to Louis XIV., and he seems to have recommended her to James. The sons of that Prince having died in infancy, and his daughters being thus far Protestants, while the Queen had given up all hopes of children, the Roman Catholic party abroad and at home were as anxious for the birth of a male heir, to be bred up in their own faith, as the Anglicans feared such an event.

The young lady's portrait was procured, and she was found to be a very lovely girl of fourteen, dark-eyed, dark-haired, with an ivory complexion and a long, graceful neck. Five other ladies were rejected, and the Earl of Peterborough was sent out as proxy to marry her. She had been taught Latin and French, was a good musician, and could paint; but though not convent bred, like Catherine of Braganza, she had never heard of the Kingdom of England nor of the Duke of York till she was told her destiny.

The poor child was very unwilling to be carried off to a strange country; she begged to become a nun, and with tears in her eyes told the envoy that there were princesses enough of a fitter age for his master. Another difficulty arose, because James, though privately reconciled to the Roman Church, had never made open submission. It would have appeared likely that the Papacy would have rejoiced to win the heir of England on any terms. And the reigning Pope, Clement X., is said to have written with his own hand to the young princess to overcome her scruples; but he was a very old man, past eighty at his election, and his affairs were entirely managed by his nephew, Cardinal Alfieri, who kept him in such subjection that once when he wanted to have his own way about the choice of cardinals, the poor old man said, "You have been pope for six years, you might let me be so for four hours." There was a standing quarrel with Louis XIV. respecting the rights to the royalties or first-fruits of benefices, and from the Italian point of view the English princes were politically considered as adherents of France, therefore Alfieri chose officially to regard James as a heretic, and to refuse a dispensation for a marriage with him.

The Dowager Duchess was however resolved on the match without one; and really it was needless, since James had joined her Church and was not of the most distant relationship to Maria Beatrice. However, Alfieri, in his uncle's name, threatened excommunication to any priest who should celebrate the marriage. The Bishop of Modena refused, and at last the ceremony was performed by one White, an English Jacobin monk, so poor that he had nothing to lose.

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Marriage of the Duke of York. 1673.

The bride was very unhappy, and wept so bitterly that at last her mother consented to accompany her to her new home; but in the meantime the English had taken alarm, and Shaftesbury, though himself of very little faith of any kind, headed a demand that the King would prevent the landing of the Papist princess in England. Charles replied that he could not put so great an affront upon his brother. Certainly, as he and his father had both wedded Romanist princesses, there would have been no consistency in forbidding his brother to follow the example, especially as poor Mary Beatrice was legally his wife already.

She was being much *fêted* at Paris, and greatly admired, but she was still very miserable, and was very ill there for some days. Vessels were sent to meet her at Calais, and when she landed at Dover, the Duke himself received her in his arms. He was a very ugly, dark man of forty years old, and though he was charmed from the first moment with the lovely, graceful girl of fifteen, all his tender kindness and courtesy and her spirit of dutiful submission were needed to conquer her first sense of repugnance. They were married at once by Dr. Crewe, afterwards Bishop of Durham, after the Anglican ritual, the Roman Catholic marriage apparently not being renewed, but being declared legal, and there was afterwards a grand procession to London, in the royal barge, up the Thames, the King coming to meet them at Gravesend. He was so kind that the young bride was won over to him at the first meeting. She was only four years older than her eldest stepdaughter, to whom the Duke announced his marriage by saying, "I have provided you a playfellow."

They did not however live together, the two Ladies Mary and Anne being brought up at Richmond, where their tutor, Henry Compton, Bishop of London, took care that they should thoroughly follow the ritual and theology of the Church of England, but left the rest of their studies a good deal to chance and their own inclination. Mary, who was by far the handsomest and cleverest, learnt when she pleased; Anne never did please, and grew up in ignorant indolence, partly on account of the weakness of her eyes. Each had a friend, who exercised a strong influence on her after-life. Mary's was Anne Villiers, her governess's daughter; Anne's was Sarah Jennings, who had been introduced as playfellow to the little ladies of York.

The Duke and Duchess took up their abode at St. James's. The Duchess of Modena left them after six weeks, and though Mary Beatrice grieved most bitterly at the parting, it was from that moment that she dated the affection and confidence she always felt for her husband. But the marriage was exceedingly unpopular, and Shaftesbury, taking the lead in the remonstrances against these Popish measures of the King, was dismissed from the Chancellorship, and Sir Heneage Finch, created Lord Nottingham, obtained the Seals.

When Parliament met, the anti-Roman party was strong, and having Shaftesbury to instigate them, they petitioned for the removal of Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale from the King's Council, so

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Peace with Holland. 1674.

that the Cabal was broken up; and moreover supplies were not readily granted, and the King saw that the war was so unpopular that it must be brought to an end; and he therefore sent Sir William Temple to negotiate a treaty of peace with Holland and Spain. It was stipulated that the Dutch flags should be lowered to the English, and that the arrears of the late Princess Royal's pension should be paid to her son, and the Stadtholdership was secured to William by the States so as to prevent any raising of the question. This was on the 11th of February, 1674.

Old Admiral De Ruyter was invited over to England, to be received with the enthusiasm with which the English always welcome a brave enemy; but he so much disliked pomp and ceremony that he sent his son in his stead; nor were any honours lacking in the reception. Hints were even given that the Stadtholder might aspire to the hand of his cousin Mary, but he made answer that this was no time to think of marriage; and indeed he still had his hands full, although England's retiring from the contest had encouraged the neighbouring German States to join with Holland.

The troops commanded by Monmouth, being held as volunteers, had not been recalled from the French army; and among them was serving one who was one day to use against their own armies the arts of war he was learning under Condé and Turenne—namely, the handsome young officer, John Churchill. On the other hand, among the Scottish volunteers under the Prince of Orange, was another officer, equally beautiful of countenance and equally brave, though destined to be remembered in a very different manner—namely, John Graham, of Claverhouse.

Condé had recovered from his wound, and took the command of the army of Flanders in the summer of 1674. Sixty thousand men were arrayed against him, but they were of different nations—Dutch, German, and Spanish—and the Prince of Orange was as yet too unproved to inspire the confidence felt in his adversary, or to obtain the ready obedience of the allied generals.

Condé was encamped between the Sambre and its tributary the Piétou, watching the movements of the allies. The Prince of Orange advanced to Seneff and offered battle; but as this was not accepted turned aside on the 11th of August, intending to encamp between Marimont and Binche. He had to pass through several defiles, only three leagues from the French army; and Souches, the commander of the Germans, who formed the vanguard, let himself get to an unsafe distance from both Dutch and Spaniards.

Condé perceived this with his eagle eyes from a height. "We have but to charge them, and we have the victory," he cried; and he dashed upon the Spanish rear. These were being cut to pieces, when the Prince of Orange came back with the Dutch, and there was a desperate battle. Prince William was unhorsed, and saved by Claverhouse, who disengaged him from his fallen steed and gave him his own.

The Germans having joined them, the army took up their position in the village of Fay, where they had the advantages of hedge and wood, and a marsh on one side, and here Condé again attacked them ; but his troops were weary and had lost many of their best officers, and he could not force a single position. Twice his horse was killed under him, and the second time he fell into a ditch, whence he was drawn out with difficulty by his son.

Night drew on, but they fought by moonlight. Condé had been seventeen hours on horseback, and gave his orders lying on a cloak. Only when the moon set, an hour before midnight, did he desist, after the loss of 27,000 men. He meant to renew the fight at break of day, but his troops were too much scattered, and both armies drew off the field in opposite directions as morning dawned, Condé declaring that if the Swiss had come to the attack, his success would have been complete.

As it was, it was a drawn battle, and both sides claimed the victory. The Dutch were very proud of their young Stadtholder having kept the field in his first battle against one of the greatest captains of his age and the most victorious troops in Europe. Condé himself declared that his adversary had, after the first error, acted like an experienced leader.

Louis XIV. accepted Seneff as an absolute victory, had a *Te Deum* sung, and when Condé came home, hobbling with gout and apologizing for advancing so slowly, said, "Cousin, do not hurry ; when one is laden with laurels, one cannot walk very fast."

The Duch fleet meantime was sent off in two divisions—De Ruyter to attack the French West Indian island of Martinique, and Tromp to attempt a descent on the French coast. The preparations were however too slow, and there was warning enough for preparations to be made, so that the Dutch gained nothing, though there was a most dreadful panic throughout Normandy and Brittany. Tromp then sailed on southwards, and at his approach the French fleets which were blockading the Spanish ports fled from him ; but as he had extended his expedition without orders, he met displeasure instead of thanks from the Prince, and the States-General, and was not allowed his expenses.

However, he received warm recognition from Lords Arlington, Ossory, and Danby, who had come to the Hague on a mission from Charles II. They paid him many compliments, and invited him to return with them to England, where, they said, their King was very anxious to see such a distinguished admiral. William of Orange was gratified, and accompanied the party to Brill, whence they crossed in three English yachts. All London turned out in crowds to see their gallant adversary ; the streets were blocked when he went to visit the King, and Charles made him a baronet of the United Kingdom—an honour previously offered to De Ruyter. Enthusiasm and rewards to a brave enemy are certainly peculiar to the generous English spirit.

Turenne was in command of the French army of the Rhine,

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Death of Turenne. 1675.

watching Montecuculi in the Black Mountains. "This time he cannot escape me," he said; "I must catch him."

On the 27th of June, 1675, Turenne attacked the village of Sababach. The young Count of St. Hilaire found him sitting under a tree, up which he had sent an old soldier to report to him. Hearing that M. de Roye needed reinforcements he mounted his favourite piebald charger "*La Pie*," as it was always called, and rode along a hollow way in order to be sheltered from two Austrian guns, which were firing constantly. "I do not want to be killed to-day," he said. The elder St. Hilaire rode to meet him, and as they came to an open space, he asked what was the column coming forward. The elder Count was showing him, when a ball from one of these guns tore away St. Hilaire's left arm and his horse's neck, and then struck Turenne on the left side. The Marshal sank on his horse's neck, and—about twenty paces further on—fell, a dead man. St. Hilaire exclaimed, as his son tried to raise him, "Not me," he cried, "do not weep for me, but for that great man! Never will you find such a general. What will become of the army? Leave me to what God wills. Do your duty!"

A cloak was thrown over Turenne's corpse, and it was carried away, the soldiers uttering cries of lamentation which were heard two leagues off, and raging to be led to battle and avenge his death. Montecuculi paused and took off his hat: "A man has died to-day who was an honour to mankind," he said. The attack was not made and the army retreated.

Turenne was sixty-four years old, one of the greatest captains the world has produced, and one of the best and most blameless of men in evil times. Reared in Calvinist strictness, he never lost his lofty morality, but he became an earnest Catholic under Bossuet's instructions. He was so kindly that not only his soldiers, but the poor in his neighbourhood, passionately loved and lamented him; and the only flaws reported of him are the admiration of the fascinating Madame de Longueville, which, together with resentment at the treatment of his brother, led him into the cause of the Fronde; and likewise the cruelty of the ravaging of the Palatinate, for which indeed he was far less responsible than were those who had allowed this mode of warfare to grow up. All France mourned, and for weeks after his death the letters of Madame de Sévigné are full of anecdotes showing the general affection and grief.

Condé, who was sent to replace him, said, "I wish I could have only two hours' conversation with the ghost of M. de Turenne."

It was his last campaign likewise, and Montecuculi's also, though they both came off unhurt, for the Austrians retreated without a battle. Condé's health was sufficiently broken to make him dread exposure to weather, and he refused to take the command in the ensuing campaign, retiring to Chantilly, where he spent his time in laying out his grounds, and attending to his flower-garden.

Montecuculi said that after fighting with Condé and Turenne he

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Death of De Ruyter. 1676.

could not feel it worth while to fight with new and inferior men. Nothing remarkable took place by land, but the Dutch resolved to send an armament to the Mediterranean to assist the Spaniards against the French. It only consisted of eighteen men-of-war, and De Ruyter remonstrated, but was foolishly taunted with cowardice. Old and unwell as he was, and much displeased with the equipment of even this scanty fleet, he sailed in the *Unity*, his good old *Seven Provinces* being disabled. When he reached Naples, he heard that twenty-six Hungarian Protestant ministers were working as galley slaves in the Spanish vessels. He instantly requested their release, but the Viceroy made numerous difficulties, first saying that they could not be traced, and then that it was all a mistake and that they were really pirates. However, after De Ruyter had driven the French from the coast and the Viceroy came to visit him on board his ship, he pressed the demand more urgently, and at last the poor pastors were delivered up to him, half starved, clad in rags, and covered with sores and vermin.

On the coast of Sicily, April 22nd, 1676, beneath Mount Etna, the great Admiral fought his last battle with the French fleet, thirty strong, while he had only twenty-seven, besides the Spanish squadron, which did not fight at all. De Vivonne watched the battle from the heights of Etna, and saw his own ships make a good resistance, but finally give way. The Dutch however were not rejoicing. De Ruyter had fallen with half his left foot shot away and his right leg torn open. Still, as he lay below, he cried out whenever he heard the cannon discharged, "Courage, boys, courage! That's the way!"

His piety, calmness, and resignation during the ensuing week were the marvel of all. During his worst sufferings, he repeated the verse, "My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh also longeth after Thee in a barren and dry land where no water is." When the surgeons ceased to hope, his cabin was thronged with the captains, and all their Dutch composure gave way as their beloved leader breathed his last, on the 29th of April, 1676, in his sixty-seventh year, after a service of fifty-eight years, and having fought fifteen great naval battles. They embalmed his body, and wished to bury his heart in a church in Syracuse, but the heretic heart was denied a resting-place there, and was interred on a tiny islet in the bay, covered at high water.

When he was gone, the Spanish and Dutch fleets were defeated by the French, who proceeded to bombard Palermo and do terrible damage.

Still the war went on. Marshal de Luxembourg was in Turenne's place, the King himself and Monsieur were in Flanders, the Duke of Lorraine at the head of the German commanders; but the world was weary of the conflict, the Dutch especially so, though the Prince of Orange would have continued, being sagacious enough to perceive that any peace with Louis must be hollow.

Charles II. offered himself as mediator, and conferences began at Nimeguen; but the demand that the French should give up all their

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Marriage of William and Mary. 1678.

conquests in Flanders broke them off for a time, and England threatened to take up arms for the defence of the Spanish rights. Louis however in 1678, set forth again in person, and in ten days' siege took Ghent itself. This was a shock, and the allies abated their demands, so that peace was at last made at Nimeguen, in August, 1678. The reward to the Prince of Orange for withdrawing his opposition was understood to be the hand of his cousin, Mary of York, with all her possible claims to the English crown.

He had come to England in 1678, and admired her much, as well he might, for she had a monopoly of the Stewarts' beauty and grace, and was a grand-looking girl, much taller than her intended. It was a very unwilling marriage on her side. She cried bitterly, and when Queen Catharine tried to console her by saying she had been equally miserable at leaving Portugal, the poor girl said, "Ah, Madam! but you were coming to England, and I am leaving it."

On the 4th November, 1678, the marriage took place in private, at nine o'clock at night, and was performed by Bishop Compton of London in the Princess's bedroom, in the presence of her father, his wife, the Queen and the King, who gave her away with the hearty exclamation, "I do." Her sister Anne was thought to be sickening for the smallpox, and was therefore absent. Two days later, hopes of her standing next in the succession were cut off by the birth of a son to the young Duchess of York, but the babe was—like most of the royal babes of the later 17th century—to die in infancy.

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